VOL. XXXV JULY, 1912 No. 5

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

Chronicle and Comment

Literary Permeation

From all sides comes testimony to the impotence of the literary critic in determining the fate of books. Publishers snap their fingers at him and authors thrive in his despite. No Byron of these days could complain that any rising author's soul, that very fiery particle, has let itself be snuffed out by an article. Authors have died and worms have eaten them, but not of literary criticism—not at least within the memory of men now living. It is said that the chance conversation of the dinner table has more to do with the fate of a book than a dozen signed reviews. Hence the absurdity of the suspicion that crops out now and again that reviewers are corrupt. They are not corrupt, even when corruptible, for the simple reason that they are not worth bribing. A plain oral expression of like or dislike, no reasons given, a cheerful ejaculation, a groan, an oath, has more effect on a book's material success than the unanimous decision of a world's parliament of critics. So at least we gather from the experts. Now, such being the state of affairs, there would seem to be a field for a new and very important order of workers. If the offhand comments of one's acquaintances have so much to do with the success of a book, why not engage gentlemanly persons of social tastes to say a good word for it in a casual way and aid in its introduction? Every one knows how well this method used to work in the case of certain champagnes. The agent, a very good fellow indeed, was a member of many convivial groups, and somehow that particular wine was ordered by each group without any one's suspecting why. As applied to books, it seems even more practicable. It would bring much unused talent into play, creating a new class which could readily be recruited from reviewers on the one hand and salesmen on the other. Most reviewers would do better as salesmen; many salesmen would do better as reviewers. On this intermediate ground of polite though mercenary enthusiasm, who can doubt that the natures of both would expand? They would require, of course, a title of some dignity. We suggest that they be termed literary permeators.

No one would suspect a tactful literary permeator of any sordid ulterior purpose. In the most natural way in the world he would refer to what he had been reading and say how much he liked it. By unobtrusive but persistent references he could easily stamp a hundred minds with the impression not only that it was a good book to read, but that everybody was reading it. Indeed, there seems no limit to the possibilities of organised, well-trained, determined literary permeation, provided only that the duties of it are assigned in accordance with the special aptitudes of the respective permeators. That, of course, is very important. The bluff and breezy permeator who would carry all before him in Texas might, for example, fail completely in Boston. It is a profession that would give scope to a great

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

diversity of talent and lead to amazing feats of skill. To take an utterly undesired book, for example, and make it sell in spite of all the obstacles interposed by education, birth, breeding, natural desire, or the exigencies of the human intellect, would be no small triumph. To be sure, something of that sort happens now occasionally, but under a more systematic and specialised arrangement with new methods of industrial efficiency, new devices for the elimination of waste, such wonders might be of almost daily occurrence. And what of the literary critics? No doubt here and there a pelican in the wilderness; but by that time the function of the critic generally would have passed from the Matthew Arnold to the Samuel of Posen type of man.

Sweated Writers

Now that American authors are solidifying into a guild or league or phalanstery or whatever the thing may be called, it seems proper to ask if some sort of special labour organisation cannot be found for those pen-workers of a lower grade who are actually sweated. We refer to the hackwriters, especially to the reference-book hacks, a class about whom little is known in this country and in whom no public philanthropic body has ever shown any interest. The authors who took that momentous step in May toward the formation of a serried phalanx in defence of a prompt and living wage, comprised chiefly the rich and powerful. They have our good will, but not our pity. It is impossible to regard Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Jack London, Mr. George Barr McCutcheon, Mr. George Ade, Mr. Augustus Thomas, Kate Douglas Wiggin or any others on that illustrious roll as among those whose faces society with its iron heel is grinding. On the other hand, a proposal for a hackwriters' union or lexicographers' Holy League or even for a hackwriters' Vehmgericht or Black Hand confraternity would have appealed very strongly to our emotions. Nobody who knows how encyclopædias are made or dictionaries happen, no one who has ever seen a Compendium of the World's Best Literature exude, could blame the hackwriter for any sort of reprisal. An uprising of hackwriters, however bloody, would seem, after all, only natural.

Society's occasional sympathy with the under dog has never been extended to the hackwriter. There are types of him in our large cities that would be exceedingly pathetic, did we not, all of us, regulate our feelings with great precision, and blame the under dog for being under. And what would you have? We should find other people's sufferings altogether disagreeable, if we could not blame the sufferers themselves. And when a hackwriter is in all other respects blameless there is one blot on his character that always can be found. He has no economic sense, whatever. He will not study how to meet demand. He waits for demand to come his way. He is content with only occasional tangency to a public need. He is, therefore, never to be found comfortably and permanently on the inside of it, safely hedged like a concentric circle, or like some thrifty and romantic novelist whose thoughts are sweetly bounded by the public appetite. In these commercial days it looks like carelessness. He is in and out and off and on. What becomes of him in those long intervals when he is not wanted, no man can surely tell. Some say he dries up like a rotifer only to come to life again when a new reference work is in the wind. Publishers believe that throughout these unemployed periods he lives in a cocoon. However that may be, he reappears after each interval, a little thinner indeed and more leathery, but eager and fecund as before. And the brilliant bargains that can be made with him!—better and better as the intervals increase; for, like the banana, he cheapens as he grows more wizened and yet he may be none the worse inside. Now the chief element in these bargains is that the scholarly hackwriter—and that is the type most successfully sweated—actually loves his work. This gives the commercial person a chance to say, Verily, in his work then hath he his reward; and, as in the case of certain country parsons, his salary is drawn mainly from on high, thus leaving the commercial person a comparatively small cash balance to remit. Spiritually subsidised labour

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may be always had on easy market terms. Besides, the creature's prehensile fingers are fairly quivering for the pen, and so long as you supply its simple need of nutriment it will produce for you.

Nevertheless, society has an interest in these bargains. The hackwriter has more power than is commonly supposed. All the nameless common jobs of compilation in our works of reference are done by him. He has a great many of us at his mercy and he holds the young mind in the hollow of his hand. From the cradle to the grave thousands throughout the world are believing what he says. That is the measure of the damage he can do. His faults and his misfortunes are so mixed up that it is easiest to assume that he gets what he deserves. This, however, is often unjust, and the hackwriter knows it. So, once in a while, he retaliates on society with a string of plausible and insidious lies or by intentional stupidities in the works of reference about which he hovers. When you encounter these things, it is not safe always to assume that the writer knows no better. It may be that some downtrodden hack has turned at last. The most splendid encyclopædic pretensions cannot protect you against his wrath, when once he realises his wrongs. There are ample traces of his vengeful hand in the last *Encyclopædia Britannica*. He has worked on every encyclopædia since Diderot's time, and he will go on working so long as there is a letter in the alphabet. He cannot be killed by heat or cold or pestilence or hunger. The attempt may only nerve him to bide his time and avenge himself by misleading all mankind which he has come to regard as his enemy. It is a far more dangerous class than that of successful novelists, and society has a deeper interest in its living wage.

Mr. Howells on Rag-Babies

In the reminiscences of his long association with the house of Harper, Mr. Howells recalls the six years' warfare that he waged in the "Editor's Study" against romanticism and the romantic writers. Hating the "sentimental and the romantic in fiction" he determined to free his mind on the subject, and to use "The Study" for that purpose. He turned it into a battle-ground from the first, sparing no romanticist great or little, alive or dead. He was so sure he was right, he says, that he did not mind much the abuse that was showered upon him, although he soon had every lover of romance down upon him in a fury not merely æsthetic, but often personal. He adds, however, that now he is not so sure he was right. After giving up the "Study" he talked the matter over with Mr. Harper.

> I owned that it had been a rigorous experience which I was very willing to have end. I had felt that I had something to say in behalf of the truth, and I had conscientiously said it. I believe that we agreed the effect had been injurious to my books, which had not been so well liked or so much bought as they had been before I began my long fight. The worst of it—I did not then perceive, or know that my long fight had been a losing fight; I perceive now that the monstrous rag-baby of romanticism is as firmly in the saddle as it was before the fight began, and that it always will be as long as the children of men are childish.

There is sage benevolence in that last remark. Many who remember Mr. Howells as an æsthetic warrior of those days, will recall their devout wish during this rag-baby contest that he were as far as possible away from the shouting of the captains and the tumult. He seemed too good a man to waste on criticism. Nor was he an especially good fighter. He had not the gaiety of battle in him, and he was often wounded by a kind of missile that he should not have allowed himself to feel. There were plenty of champions of this school or that school—thousands who could tell just how a novel ought to be written. There was, however, hardly any one in this country who could write a novel but himself. What was the use of his doing work that could be done as well or better by Professor Junk, of Cambridge, Massachusetts? Was there the slightest chance that Professor Junk would ever write *The Kentons?* To assail Mr. Howells as a critic, bitterly, indecently, was therefore both reasonable and complimentary. It was a tribute to his prowess as a novelist.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moreover, as a critic he displayed the very qualities that he attacked. He was both "sentimental" and "romantic" as many a reader could testify, who, thanks to his advice, was constantly reading the wrong thing, lured by Mr. Howells's chivalrous praises of this or that bothersome young realist merely because the realist's heart was, artistically speaking, in the right place. He did good, no doubt, in turning American fiction toward Continental instead of English models. But he also inspired a great many inadmissible young writers to do their worst. He became a sort of kingfisher in announcing literary promise, and a rainbow to the deservedly unsuccessful. It was impossible for a reader to follow him with any comfort at that time. His censure was for books like *Vanity Fair* and *Ivanhoe,* and his praise for almost any one who presented a fairly accurate picture of a potato patch. The pathway of his praises was strewn with the blasted hopes of those who read as he advised, and many of them made up their minds not to read any more American realistic fiction unless Mr. Howells wrote it himself. When he did begin writing novels again, then of course one could feel the force of his argument for realism, and everybody who knew what was what preferred to go and buy a bonnet with Mr. Howells any day than to follow most romanticists through a dozen deadly combats. From which phenomena we have always inferred that Mr. Howells had a great talent for doing the thing and none whatever for telling how to do it—and surely in his case the one was enough.

Ten Years Ago

It is not without profit occasionally to glance back through the fast fleeting years, to realise how quickly we forget, and how ephemeral are many books and reputations. Ten years ago, and in turning over the old familiar pages it seems like yesterday! In the corresponding months of 1902 we were chronicling many deaths, and some of them of literary figures of genuine importance. Francis Bret Harte had just died, thirty-four years after the appearance of "The Luck of Roaring Camp." Frank R. Stockton had died without answering the riddle of "The Lady or the Tiger." The tragic death of Paul Leicester Ford had just taken place. The death of Thomas Dunn English recalled vividly the revival of the poem "Ben Bolt" in the pages of George Du Maurier's *Trilby,* published eight years before. In England Sir Walter Besant and Etha Carberry, the Irish writer and the wife of Seumas McManus, had died, and in France Xavier de Montépin, who, while in no sense a literary artist, numbered his readers by the hundreds of thousands.

It was the death of Frank Stockton that led to the printing of columns of anecdote, and this anecdote inevitably related to "The Lady or the Tiger." There was the story of Rudyard Kipling's tilt with Stockton on the subject in the Authors Club, of New York, and the Anglo-Indian's humorous threat to extort the secret by the application of a highly refined form of Oriental torture. There were the innumerable tales of ambitious young men who had invaded the magazine offices with propositions to supply every month narratives just like the Stockton story. There were accounts of tricks resorted to by hostesses in the hope of wresting from the author some kind of a clue, as for example, that lady who served the novelist two blocks of ice cream, one made in the form of a lady and the other in the form of a tiger, and asking him which he would take; Mr. Stockton, of course, retorting like a flash: "A little of both."

The death of Bret Harte brought to light the fact known to very few that he had once written an opera libretto. This was based on the story of "Alkali Dick," and was undertaken at the suggestion of Emanuel Moór, a Hungarian composer. Although the opera apparently never had any great success the lines and verses were said to be admirable. This was the plot

The hero of the opera is a gentleman who, in search of a lark, has joined Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show as a cowboy. Grown tired of the life, he leaves the show in Paris and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

H. G. WELLS. FROM A RECENT PORTRAIT

rides across country to take passage for home. He loses his way in a forest adjacent to an old château, and creates a great sensation which he can in no way understand, among some young maids who are preparing for the fête of their mistress. He does not know that in his cowboy costume, which curiously resembles that of a cavalier painted in the time of Vandyke—an observation which Bret Harte said was the cause of his writing the story of "Alkali Dick"—he is taken for the ghost of a Count Armand, an ancestor of the present occupants of the château, who, condemned on account of sacrilege, is obliged to wander forever through the forest. The young mistress of the House of Fontenelle, who has always been mysteriously attracted by the face and fate of Count Armand, on beholding the American, falls into the same error, which leads to strange complications. The mother represents the old *régime,* the Abbé is the humorous character, and the *deus ex machina,* a young cavalry officer, who arrives from Paris at the proper moment to vouch for the respectability of the supposed Count, now unmasked as a circus rider, who in the meantime has of course fallen in love with the young Countess.

The fact that July, 1902, marked the centenary of the elder Dumas naturally was not neglected. The affair of Mad-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ame Humbert and the mythical millions was then a celebrated case and it was recalled that the gigantic scheme of fraud had been inspired by the reading of *The Count of Monte Cristo*. The Dumas centenary was responsible for the presentation to English and American readers for the following typical story:

When M. de Villemessant was founding *Le Grand Journal* he wrote to Dumas asking for his assistance. Dumas at once prepared a romance in six volumes. In the meantime the editor asked him for some articles or causeries which were to be published immediately. "I have the very thing!" cried Dumas. "I was just about to start on a whole series about snakes." "On snakes?" "Yes. I have the entire subject at my fingers' ends. I spent half my life studying them. There's not a soul who knows anything about the dear, interesting little creatures. You will find it will be a great success—this article." The editor, half-convinced, agreed to accept this article "on snakes," saying to himself: "After all, Dumas is very likely to hit on something effective." "If you want a little cash in advance you can draw on me." "I have plenty," said Dumas, "for the first time in my life, I confess; but still, I really have enough." They parted, and the editor returned to his office. On arriving there he found Alexandre's secretary waiting for him with the following paper ready signed: "Received the sum of fifteen napoleons on account of my story. A hearty squeeze of the hand. A. D." The next day the secretary arrived with the first *feuilleton,* and a letter which ran: "My dear friend: Be kind enough to hand the bearer the sum of nine napoleons. A. D." The very same evening came a despatch from Havre: "On receipt of this please send twenty napoleons to my lodging at Frascati. A thousand thanks. A. D." An hour later came another: "My Dear Boy: I should have said thirty, not twenty, naps. You are my best friend. The *feuilleton* is on the road. A Dumas." The finale of this capital story is no less characteristic. The *feuilleton* arrived by post the following day, and was found to contain exactly four lines of Dumas's composition—two at the beginning and two at the end of the paper. Thus it ran: "I copy from my good friend, Dr. Revoil, the following particulars about snakes." Then came a long essay on that subject, all copied out in his own neat handwriting, and closed by this original remark: "In my next I will deal with the boa constrictor, the most curious of all the snakes."

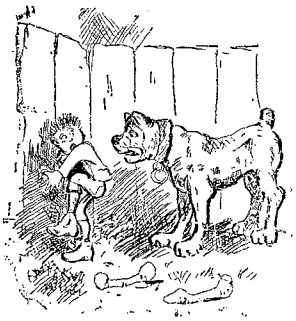
It was, we think, before Dr. Osler had propounded his famous theory, but in England they were discussing vigorously the subject of man's achievement after he had passed the age of fifty. It was pointed out that Samuel Richardson was beyond that age when he produced *Pamela,* his first novel; that Boswell had passed fifty when his *Life of Johnson* appeared; that Cervantes was fifty-eight before he found the opportunity of finishing the first part of *Don Quixote;* that Defoe was the same age when he wrote *Robinson Crusoe,* and Milton one year older when *Paradise Lost* was published. The number of great men who have died in the fifties was a phase of the matter that was brought up. At fifty-one Tasso, Sir Humphry Davy, Henry Fawcett and Walter Bagehot, Madame de Staël and Cavour; at fifty-two Shakespeare and the great Napoleon, Thackeray, Eugène Sue, William Hazlitt, Alfred the Great and Lessing; at fifty-four Descartes, who in his early days had planned the restoration of the patriarchal period of life, on the ground that he could not accomplish his work in a shorter term of years. Hugh Miller's brave heart cracked, to use Carlyle's words, at the same period. Dante died at fifty-six, and so did Francis Drake, Captain Marryat, Philip Massinger, George Whitefield, Pope and Paganini. Blackstone died at fifty-seven, and so did Canning, Heine, Charles J. Fox and Vanbrugh. At fifty-eight Defoe, Charles Dickens, Andrew Marvel, John Donne, Richard Steele and Ann Radcliffe passed from this world. Montaigne, Oliver Cromwell and Lord Macaulay were among many who died at the threshold of sixty.

These books were the best sellers of ten years ago: Charles Major's *Dorothy Vernon,* Emerson Hough's *The Mississippi Bubble,* Conan Doyle's *The Hound of the Baskervilles,* Henry Harland's *The Lady Paramount,* Miss Hegan's (or was it then Mrs. Rice?) *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,* and Thomas Dixon's *The Leopard's Spots.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2 THE ROLLING STONE.

THE PRIMARY CLASS.



See Tom and the dog.
Will Tom hurt the dog?
Oh, no! Tom will not hurt the dog.
Tom will give the dog a bite to eat.

Here we have Kate and John.
Will Kate fight John or rail at him?
Oh, no! for Kate loves John.
He bought her a nice ring.

See him do it.
Can John find the ball?
Is it in the cup?
No, it is not in it:
Neither is John.

Can the horse run?
Yes, the horse can run.
I don't think.

Did he go up?
Oh, yes! he did go up.

Will you go in?
Oh, yes! I will go in.

FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF "THE ROLLING STONE" WHEN IT WAS UNDER O. HENRY'S EDITORSHIP. THE INFLUENCE OF EUGENE FIELD'S "TRIBUNE PRIMER" IS MARKED

"Rolling Stones"

Rolling Stones will be the title of the new book of O. Henry material which has recently been brought to light from the old attics and storerooms where it had been forgotten for many years. Most of this material is taken from copies of O. Henry's little magazine, *The Rolling Stone*, which was edited by him in Austin, Texas, early in his career. Also, there will be a number of letters written by the author of *The Four Million* and several short stories hitherto unknown. Besides this, *Rolling Stones* will contain several early photographs of O. Henry and several examples of his cartoons and caricatures which were published in his magazine. The volume is intended by the publishers, Doubleday, Page and Company, to round out the existing O. Henry collection and complete the picture of his work.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

6 THE ROLLING STONE.

PAGE FROM

THE dIUNKViLLE PATRIOT.

THe PLunkViLle PaTriOt.,

o'o Published nEarlA eVEry Friday. o o

COL. ARISTOLLE JORDAN,
Editor & Excandidate for **COUNTY JUDGE.**

O&ce next door to the colored gap-graaeyarp, over $mith's Tin shop.

Subscription per Year - - - $1.00
" ,' 6 moS - ; .200

writeUp for candipates 5c per linee.
Obituary poetry 10c "

R. R. timetable.
N. bound arr. Plunqville 7 15 AM
" leaves " 7-15½ "

☞We point with pride to our special edition this weak containing a writeup of the city of Plunkville illustrated without regard to cost.
We have printed a mammoth edition of 840 copies for distribution over the States & territories. It is a rather sad commentary on the enterprise of our citizens that we state that the combined assistance that we have recieved in our effort to Boom this town amounted to $3.84-100. Two dollars of this amount was contributed by our Mayor on our agreeing not to print the portrait of him we had made by our special artist. The balance is the result of two weeks hard canvasing for ads, and the price of our support for of the late populist Candidate for congress.

PLUNKViLLE'S PROGRESS.

THE GARDEN CITY GROWS IN GRANDUER.

Follows Fastin the Wake of Chicago and New York.

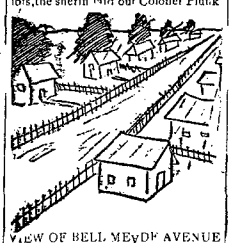
A Brief Discription of her Mammoth Emporiums, Business Enterprises, Educational Intsitutions, factories, Mills and Special Features.

A Literary Center, and the Biggest Hide and Bone Market in the County.

Every Advantage Offered to Persons Coming to Stay Over Night

A $ketch of Plunkville as it is Today.

When in 1857 Silas Q. Plunk laid out the then little town of Plunkville little did he think it would be the city it is today. If he had he would have kicked himself down avenue C, torn up his plans and saved trouble. General Plunk came to Texas in 1427 about one mile in advance of the sheriff of Sangaree Co. Ohio. He and the sheriff made friends and laid out the town of Plunkville. Some difficulty arisiug about corner lots, the sheriff laid out Colonel Plunk



VIEW OF BELL MEADE AVENUE looking South.

Today Plunkville has nineteen stores, 21 saloons, 8 undertakers, one school, 1 proposed opera house, one insane asylum, one Y. M. C. A, and 2 establishments for throwing rings over knives.

The 2nd Nat. Bank.

This bank was established by Mose Mordecai in 1880. Col. Mordecai, now the president of the bank, whose portrait we present in this issue, is one of our sterling citizens. He is conscientious to a degree in his management of the bank. We left the door of his private office open one day last winter and allowed a draft to enter He protested it and charged our account with four $, making an overdraft of 11 instead of $7. Col. Mordecai is a member of the Clan na Gail, New York Worlds Little Defenders, and the Rosh-hodeosh Savanna, Ga.

COLONEL MOSES MORDECAI, President of the 2nd Nat'l Bank.

OTR PROMINENT BUILDINGS.

There are many magnificent buildings in Plunkville. The Court house, Judge perkins's barn McCrackin's Slaughter House, the Blue Mass canning factory, widow Pogram's residence and Hefflinger's faro rooms are all model's of modern architecture.

We present below a half tone cut of the 2nd Nat'l Bank.

Second Nat'l Bank of Plunkville.

WIDOW POGRAM.

The residence of Mrs. Pogram is between Belle Meade Avenue and the Fresh Air Fund Soap Factory. The

Widow Pogram's residence

Widow is a daisy. Major Pogram died in 1890 of heart failure while trying to play the joker as a side card with four aces against five jacks. Mrs. Pogram takes a few boarders as a relief from ennui. Her home is a model of neatness and luxury. We have boarded there three years and know whereof we speak. We owe the widow 97$ which we have never been pressed for. Stop at the Pogram House.

The largest and most enterprising firm of grocers in our city is the firm of

JONES and POTTS.

They had quite a stock of goods on hand when we came here four years ago, and we believe have them yet.
The only advertising they have ever been guilty of was free, an don the occasion when Mr. Pott was sued for divorce by his wife on grounds of cruelty and garlic, and when Jones got drunk and broke the window lights out of the Babtist church to let more air into the graveyard where he slept all night under the impression that he was in the Palmer House, Chicago.
We have never seen the color of their money since we have lived in Plunkville.

PROPOSED NEW OPERA HOUSE

The cite of the proposed new opera house to seat 4000 head or rather well say peoplei s at the cor. of 23rd and Jim Turners turnipatch. Mr. Watkins the proposed builder, is a 27 year sof age who was born in Hartford Conn., when quite young. He has raised 64 $ of the amt. required to build the theater, and has gone east in the hopes of interesting some guysin that section. Our private opinion is that if Mr. Watkins ever does succeed in his enterprise it will be so late that the tooting of Gabriel's trumpet will drown out the notes of the first overture played by his orchestra.

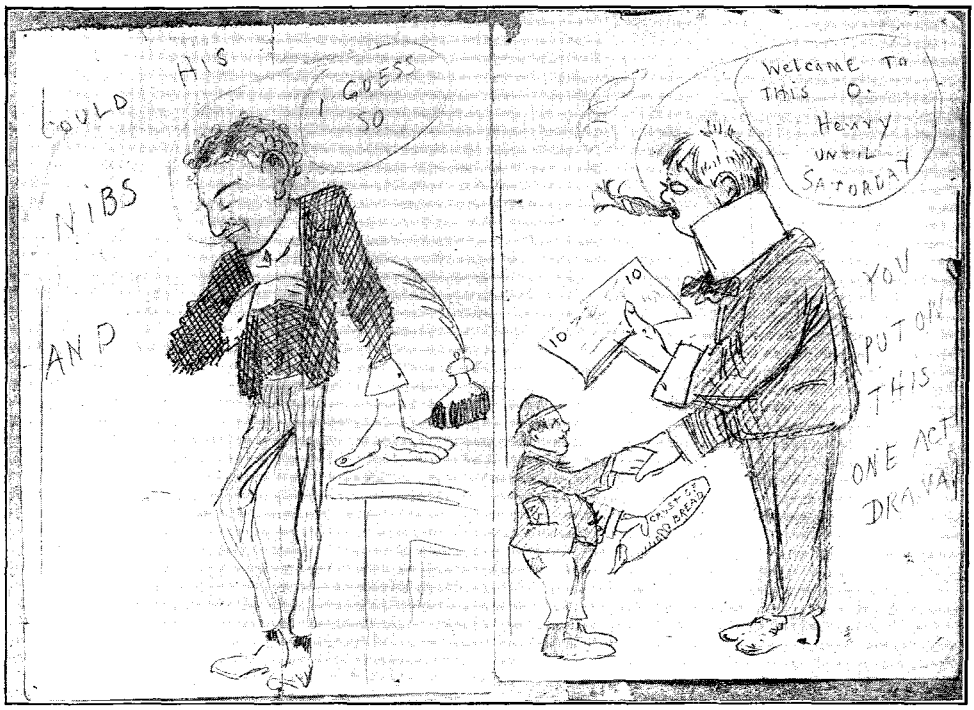
"THE PLUNKVILLE PATRIOT" AS PRESENTED BY O. HENRY IN "THE ROLLING STONE"

Mr. Chesterton on Anglo-American Recriminations

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, whose latest volume, *Manalive,* is reviewed in another column, has recently contrasted British and American methods of dealing with a public scandal. *A propos* of the *Titanic* disaster he remarked in *The Illustrated London News:*

It is perfectly true, as English papers are saying, that some American papers are what we should call both vulgar and vindictive; that they set the pack in full cry upon a particular man; that they are impatient of delay and eager for savage decisions; and that the flags under which they march are often the rags of a reckless and unscrupulous journalism. All this is true; but if these be the American faults, it is all the more necessary to emphasise the opposite English faults. Our national evil is exactly the other way: it is to damp everything down; it is to leave every great affair unfinished, to leave every enormous question unanswered.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE ONLY KNOWN CARICATURE THAT O. HENRY EVER DREW OF HIMSELF

On the one hand he conceives of the British critic as saying that Americans would, if they could, hunt Mr. Ismay from court to court, "as if he were the only man that was saved," just as they hunted Gorki from hotel to hotel, "as if he were the only man not living with his wife."

On the other hand, he conceives of the Americans as retorting on the Mersey Commission that it will shirk the facts just as the facts were shirked in the inquiry under Lord Mersey into the Jameson Raid.

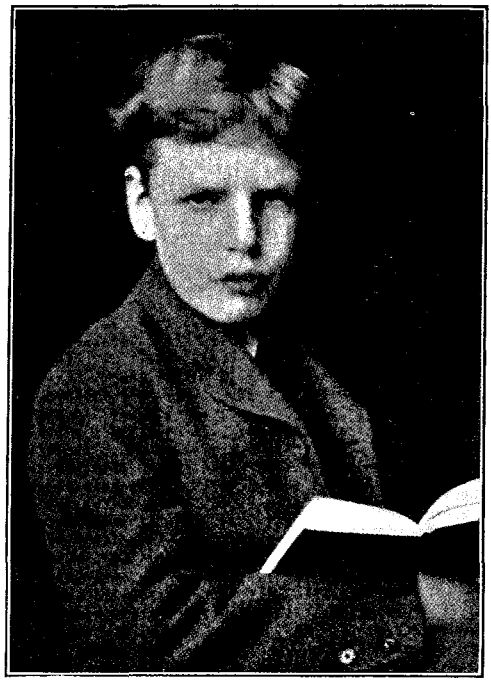
"You will ignore plain questions and suppress existing telegrams to save the face of some rich man, just as you did it to save the face of the African millionaires. We are not so careful of millionaires. We are hounding on the pack, and we think a pack of dogs, even if it is a pack of mongrels, is not so bad a thing for dealing with wolves—or foxes."

Such cross-criticism is, he says, altogether unjust. In the British desire to hush things up there is an element of sportsmanship and generosity, and Americans do wrong in imputing it solely to calculated servility or snobbish deference to class. But Englishmen will be even further in the wrong if they set down the American outcry over the *Titanic* merely to demagogy and sensational journalism.

If there is an element of real clemency in our desire to conceal things, there is an element of real and righteous indignation in their desire to reveal them. I confess that in a case like this I am in sympathy with that element.

As to the Mersey Commission Mr. Chesterton did not agree with the writers for influential British journals, who spoke of it as a serious authority entitled to pass judgment. On Lord Mersey's refusal to admit evidence that might lead to a charge of manslaughter, he printed a satirical skit describing an inquiry by royal commission into the death of Hamlet's father. Horatio is on the stand and the questions are put by Fortinbras, who excludes from the answers any remarks that might bring about a charge of manslaughter.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



G. K. CHESTERTON AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN

FORTINBRAS. We cannot go into that. It would be most improper to go into that. That is a criminal allegation, and should be tried before a criminal court. We cannot have anything about crime or the causes of death.

HORATIO. But the whole story is death and crime, I tell you—the whole, blessed beautiful yarn. What are we playing at?

FORTINBRAS. We are investigating the dynastic calamity of the House of Hamlet, but we cannot go into these individual deaths.

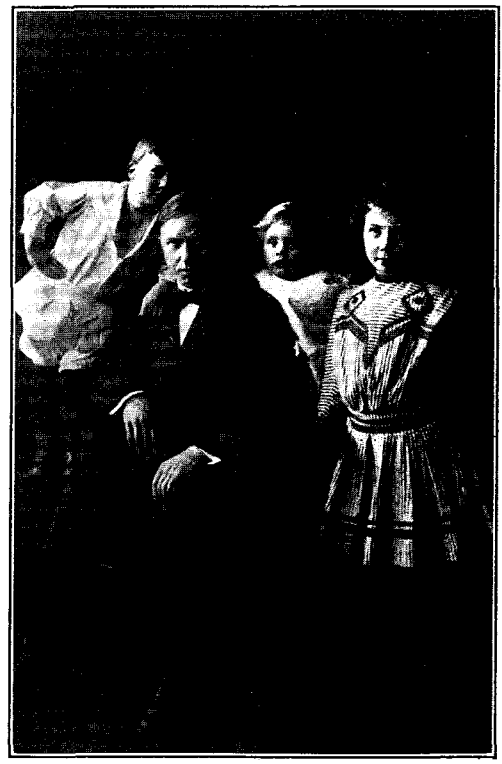
HORATIO. But all deaths are individual deaths.

FORTINBRAS (angrily). If you think a court of justice is a place to be clever in——.

HORATIO (with a deep groan). No, my lord, I can see it isn't.

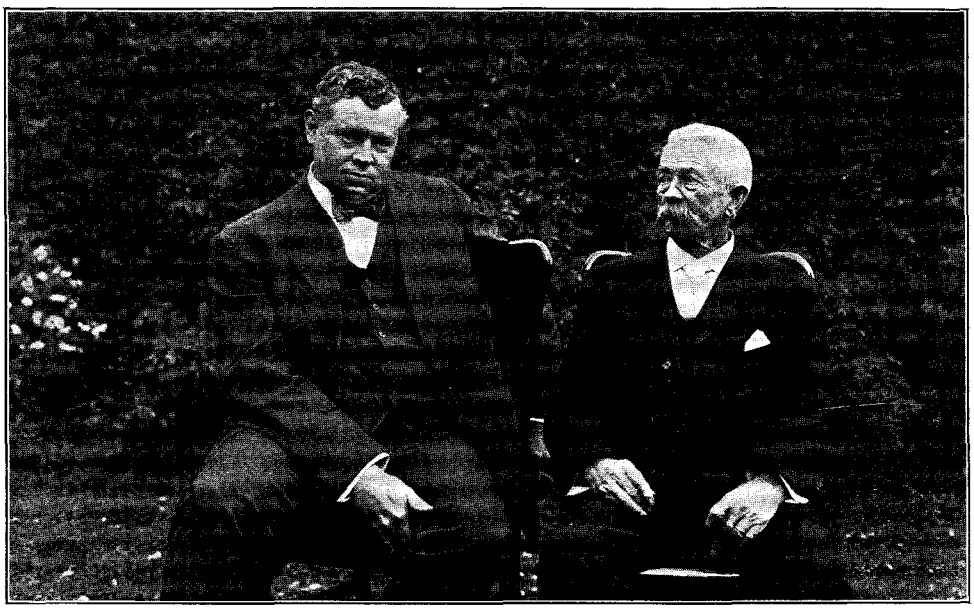
To Set Dreyfus Free

In *A Captain Unafraid,* Mr. Horace Smith has undertaken to chronicle the strange adventures of "Dynamite Johnny" O'Brien just as he chronicled the exploits of Captain George B. Boynton in *The Warmaker,* which was published a year or so ago. There is one chapter in the later book which records a very celebrated case. It tells of a plan to rescue Captain Alfred Dreyfus from Devil's Island at a time when it seemed that the appeals for a revision would be denied. A party of wealthy French Jews had raised a fund of one million dollars and sent an agent to O'Brien asking him to plan and command the rescue. The idea was to convey Dreyfus to the United States, where he could live in some quiet place until the efforts to secure his vindication were successful. The agent who approached O'Brien was supplied with a detailed map of Devil's Island and full information concerning the condition of the captain's confinement; the number and habits of his guards; the hours at which the men who were supposed to keep their eyes on him, day and night, were changed; the paths patrolled by the sentries, and the location of all the buildings, and the character of the ground around them. The detachment of troops on the Island at that time numbered less than fifty men, and it was considered in Paris that even that small force was larger than was really necessary.



WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT AND HIS CHILDREN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



HORACE SMITH AND "DYNAMITE JOHNNY" O'BRIEN

The newspapers had said that Dreyfus was to be shot if an attempt was made to rescue him. The conspirators ignored this, believing that the report was circulated only to discourage any such attempt. However, the plan was to strike so suddenly and decisively that Dreyfus's safety would be insured. It was to be a quick and unexpected blow, delivered by a force large enough to take command of the situation in a moment—a plan involving throwing seventy-five or one hundred heavily armed men ashore at night and overwhelming the guards by sheer force of numbers. Two Gatling guns were to cover the retreat. O'Brien found a suitable vessel for the expedition in a private yacht at Charleston, South Carolina. She belonged to a New York man who had tired of her, and was open for charter or sale. She was a beautiful craft, two hundred feet over all, and with a draught of a little less than fifteen feet, and could do nineteen knots an hour or better, which was fast enough to keep clear of any French warships then stationed at Cayenne, French Guiana, or Martinique. As an auxiliary ship O'Brien planned to charter a Norwegian tramp steamer that was lying at New York. She was to meet the yacht one hundred miles north of Devil's Island with a fresh supply of coal, the landing party, and the two Gatling guns. After her cargo had been transferred to a ship painted a different colour and bearing a different name from that with which she left Charleston the tramp was to go on her way, while the yacht proceeded, after dark, to Devil's Island. This plan was all worked out in detail, and O'Brien was just preparing to put it into execution, when the cruiser *Sfax* visited the island and took Dreyfus back to France.

The Apologists

The interest in England manifested in Madame Steinheil's *My Memoirs,* which is published in this country by the Sturgis and Walton Company, has led a writer in the *Yorkshire Observer* to call attention to a curious work, recently published in Paris, entitled *Les Criminels peints par Eux-Mêmes.* In such a collection Madame Steinheil could not figure, for she was acquitted, whereas in this book only those are allowed to "paint themselves" who are convicted. The most remarkable fact displayed in the various diaries and confessions is the way in which these murderers and murderesses regarded their crimes as misfortunes over which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAMUEL MERWIN

they had very little control: "the day I met with my bad luck;" "that unfortunate episode in my life;" "my moment of folly;"—in this way they described the most deliberate and infamous crimes.

The Academy Prize

The French Academy recently awarded its new prize of ten thousand francs to a story called *L'Elève Gilles,* by André Lafon. M. Lafon is, it seems, twenty-five years of age, an usher in school, and this is only his second book.

Samuel Merwin

Samuel Merwin, whose new novel of political life is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, was born at Evanston, Illinois, October 6, 1874. As a boy he devoted so much of his time and activity to the fortunes of a semi-professional fortnightly publication known as *The Boys Herald* that he failed to finish High School. Later he took a special course at Northwestern University, where he wrote college plays and comic opera librettos. His first real newspaper work was with the Evanston *Index.* While with that newspaper he was the assistant local correspondent for the Chicago *Evening Post,* and contributed verse to the *Youth's Companion.* His career as a novelist began when he wrote *The Short Line War* (with Henry Ketchell Webster). He borrowed two hundred dollars from an uncle, went to New York with Webster, and sold the book to The Macmillan Company in three days.

He lived for a year in France, writing *Calumet K* and *Comrade John* with Webster. Alone he wrote *His Little World, The Road to Frontenac, The Merry Anne, The Road Builders,* and various other romances. In 1902 he went to China for the *Success Magazine*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to study the Opium Problem and spent several months travelling. He visited Northwestern Provinces with an interpreter, a cook, two mule men, two soldiers, four mules, two horses, two jackasses and one impressive mule litter covered with red and blue cloth and embellished with bells. Was bitten in the knee by a camel in a mixup in a sunken road, and was arrested in the capital city, Tai Yuan Fu. The result of the journey was a book called *Drugging a Nation*. Then he spent three years as a "muckraker," travelling all over the United States. For four years edited the *Success Magazine*. As correspondent and editor he was close to the fight to pass the Pure Food Law; and tried to found a "People's Lobby" at Washington. He was active throughout the fight on Speaker Cannon and in the Insurgent Movement generally at Washington during the past three or four years. He tried to start a new magazine—of insurgent and strongly progressive tendencies generally—called *The National Post*, in 1910-11.

GEORGE PATULLO, THE AUTHOR OF "THE SHERIFF OF BADGER"

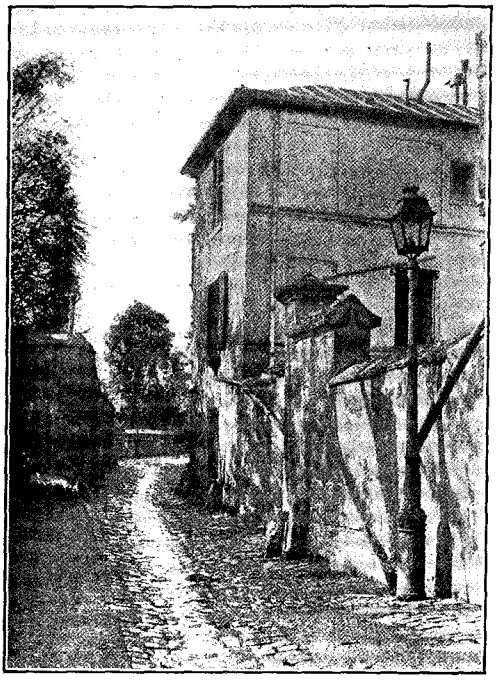
E. R. LIPSETT, THE AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND WELCOMES," DRESSED AS A TRAMP TO GO THROUGH THE WORKHOUSE

This was a failure. During the downhill period he wrote *The Citadel*.

Balzac in Seclusion

M. Georges Cain, who has written so many delightful books about the ancient city of Lutetia, adds another to the list in *By-Ways of Paris*, which, in its English form, has just come from the press of Messrs. Duffield and Company. Wandering through the Rue Raynouard, in what was formerly a suburb, he stops at Number 47 before an old mansion of very simple aspect. In this house Balzac shut himself up for six of the most productive years of his life. From 1842 to 1848 it was not always easy to gain access to this retreat. The great writer used to hide in order to work in peace, and escape his creditors. To carry this refuge required a stiff assault. Most complicated pass words were exchanged. To whisper to the porter that "the season of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BALZAC'S HOUSE IN PASSY

plums had come," enabled one to make the first stage of the journey. Then, however, the visitor was checked by a portress until he whispered a message about the bringing of Bruges laces. Once beyond this point, it became necessary to impart to a trusty Cerberus "the best news of Mme. Bertrand's health;" and then at last one was admitted to the presence of Mme. de Brignols, the master's housekeeper, "a lady of some forty years, stout, quiet, nun-like, a convent portress, the last word of the domiciliary enigma." Mme. de Brignols alone was empowered to open to the initiated the door of Balzac's study.

The "Wessex" Hardy

Owing to certain complications there is not likely to be an American edition of the Wessex edition of the works of Thomas Hardy, which is now in course of issue in England. The Wessex edition is to consist of twenty volumes in all, seventeen of the novels and three of the poems, and to each the author has written an introduction. For the first time chronology is ignored and the novels are classified: (1) Novels of Character Environment, (2) Romances and Fantasies, (3) Novels of Ingenuity. In a general preface Mr. Hardy declares that he has restricted himself to one part of England for his romances because "the domestic emotions have throbbed in Wessex nooks with as much intensity as in the palaces of Europe, and that anyhow there was quite enough human nature in Wessex for one man's literary purpose." The series opens with *Tess of the D'Urbervilles,* and there are a few pages in the story that were not in any previous edition.

The Return of Bennett

Mr. Arnold Bennett has taken a cottage near Brighton and expects to reside there permanently. This information is more than a mere literary personal, because for the last ten years Mr. Bennett has been practically an expatriate. He has been living in various French towns and has visited England only when it has been positively necessary.

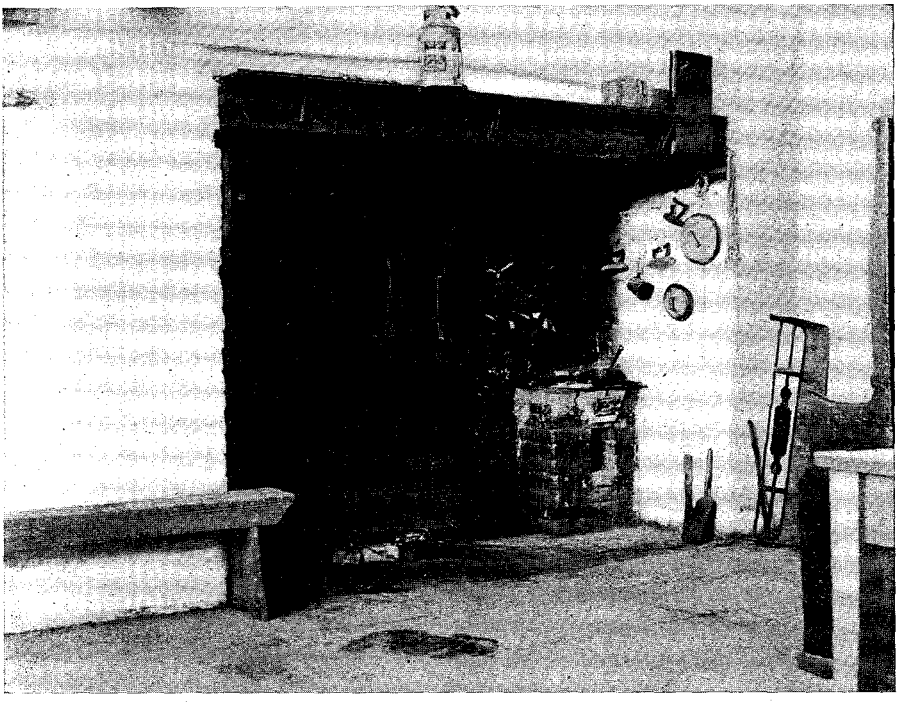
The Arch Reviewer

There died recently in England a man who, four years ago, calculated that he had reviewed forty thousand books. This was the Rev. Alfred John Church, whose work was to be found in the *Spectator* and the *Westminster Gazette.* He became a member of the staff of the former paper in 1868 and remained with it until his death. In view of this long service the number of books reviewed is not so astonishing as it first appears.

Brandes at Thirty-two

Edmund Gosse in his *Two Visits to Denmark,* recently published by E. P. Dutton and Company, gives an account of his first meeting with George Brandes. At the time the latter was a tall, thin young man of thirty-two, looking less, pale, with a great thatch of hair arched over a wide forehead. But when he began to talk he was the soul of impatience. This probably had something to do with the atmosphere of suspicion and anger which he created around him in Copenhagen. He not merely did not hear fools gladly,

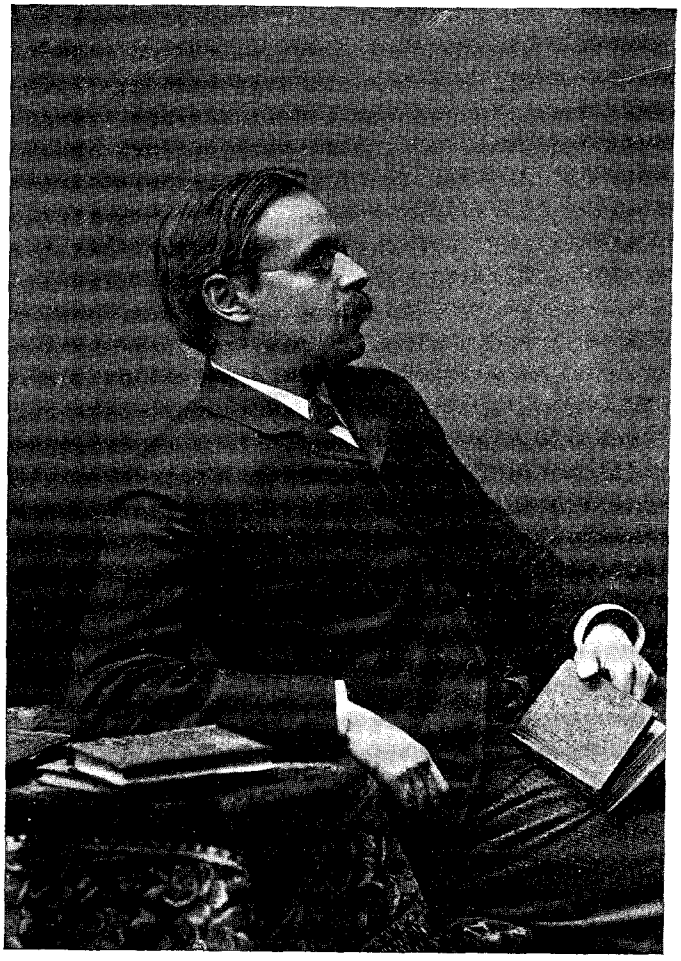
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THOMAS HARDY'S COUNTRY—THE KITCHEN IN WHICH TESS AND HER HUSBAND SUPPED, "TESS OF THE D'URBEVILLES"

TALBOTHAYS, WHERE JESS MET ANGEL CLARE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



EDMUND GOSSE, THE LIBRARIAN OF THE BRITISH HOUSE OF LORDS

but he was easily driven to distraction, by those who were less mentally active than himself. Thus Gosse fell under the ban because he spoke Danish so slowly. The Englishman's broken utterances worried the Dane, and the latter did not hesitate to say so. The result was that Gosse became tongue-tied with embarrassment while Brandes paced the room, infuriated, and snapping his long fingers.

Finally, we hit upon a plan which I have often recurred to in similar conditions. When it is not a case of civility or compliment, but of a genuine desire to get exact information or an interchange of accurately expressed opinion, if each speaker is fairly acquainted with the written language of the other, it is best that each should speak in his own tongue. This is not very easy to do, because the lips instinctively imitate the ear, and the tendency to repeat the words in the identical language of the first speaker is often almost irresistible. Brandes had a good knowledge of literary English, and was accustomed to the pronunciation, but he did not trust himself to talk. I had by this time made more progress in understanding others in Danish than in speaking it myself. It was now no difficulty for me to follow any one with a clear voice who spoke at the average speed, and I was on the high road to enjoying a general conversation where five or six people sat round a table.

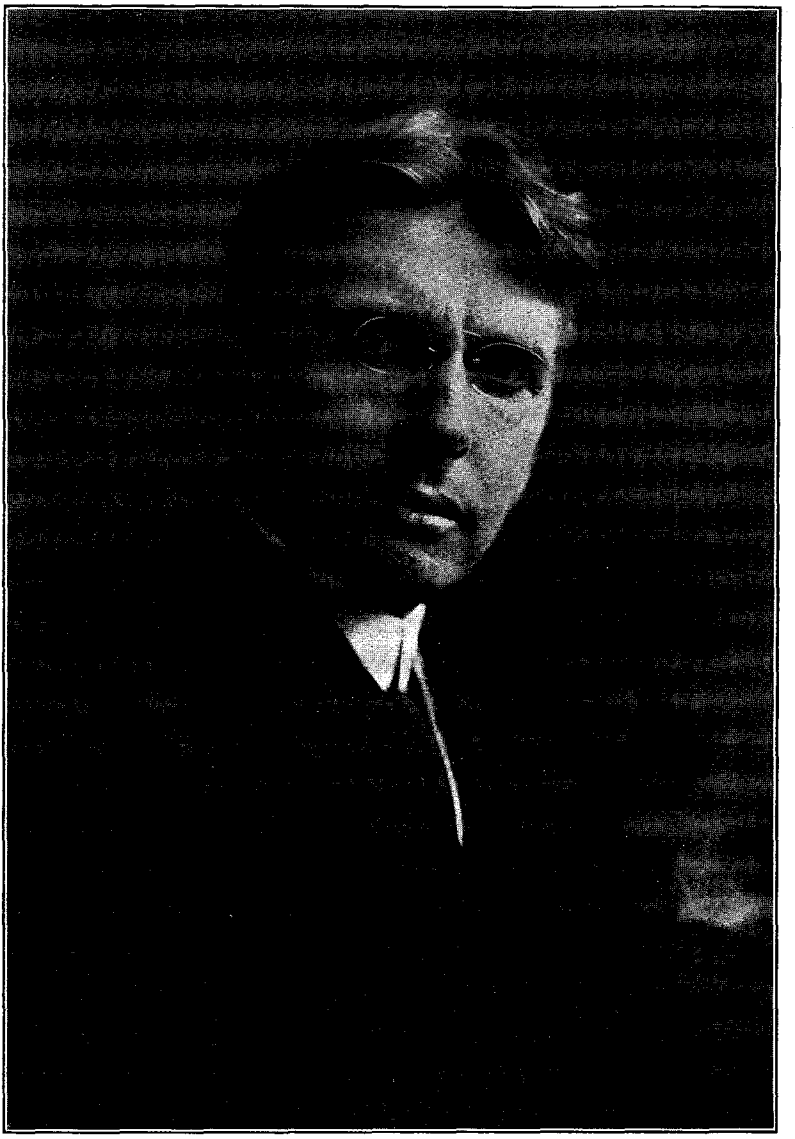
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARIA THOMPSON DAVIES AND A YOUTHFUL ADMIRER

From Professor Christian Molbech Mr. Gosse heard of the antagonism between Ibsen and Björnsen in the younger days in Rome. Ibsen, about 1865, was exceedingly poor and smarting under obscurity and obloquy. Instead of flaunting it in a velvet coat with a row of orders across the buttonhole and neatly shaved as he was doing ten years later, Ibsen then wore a long black beard and had a single coat of shabby leek-green cloth. He used to stalk sullenly up and down the Scandinavian Club in Rome, not speaking a word to any one until supper time, when he would empty a flask of thin red wine, and slowly brighten up, not into geniality exactly, but into loquacity, and dart the scathing bolts of his sarcasm recklessly in all directions. According to Molbech, things were at their worst when Björnsen joined the party. "Oh!" said Molbech, "to be in Rome with Ibsen and Björnsen together, my dear young friend, it was a weary, weary thing! They could not keep apart; they were like two tom-cats parading and snarling and swearing at each other, yet each bored to death if the other were not present. They collected their adherents behind them; there were two well-defined parties. I assure you, if it amused the Norwegians, it was death to us, easy-going Danes and Swedes. At last Björnsen took himself off. Oh! what a sigh of relief we gave. And Ibsen came into the club, glanced around, and snarled, and there was no one to snarl back at him. Then followed the publication of *Brand*, and money came in, and Ibsen grew to be a celebrated character; so he smiled and stretched out his legs and was quiet. But agreeable? Oh, no! Let us use words in their true sense. Ibsen has never been an agreeable man, and he never will be. But he is a great genius, and a very honest person."

Ibsen and Björnsen

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BRAND WHITLOCK

We hope that in drawing attention to an historical error in the New York *Times* we shall not be accused of pedantry. We hope still harder that it will not be set down to what is known in American politics as "animus." We defy "animus," though not quite certain what it means. Nor have we any desire to weaken the force of the *Times* writer's objection to bestowing on Colonel Roosevelt all the powers of England's earlier kings. Had the writer been arguing on behalf of Colonel Roosevelt as an Angevin prince instead of against him, we should have felt it equally our duty to point out his mistake.

"As History Proves"

It can no longer escape anybody's attention that Mr. Roosevelt is unfit to be President, because he is a candidate upon conditions which would prevent any King of England from sitting on the throne . . . .

Before Magna Charta Edward III. could imprison subjects who would not work at old

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

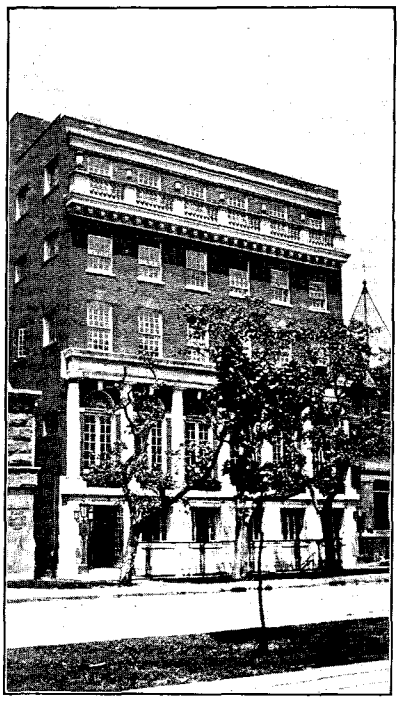
wages when offered by any man. The King can no longer command this.

Out of the ruins of our school learning we are able to produce with no small pride a rather stout conviction that Magna Charta was signed in 1215 at Runnymede by one King John, and a sort of feeling that Edward III "flourished" in the fourteenth century and harassed the workingman in that manner by a Statute of Labourers, which was passed about 1350, after the Black Death, and by other measures, and that Richard did the same after him, and that the workingman indulged in what was known as a Peasants' Revolt, and even then was not happy. After that we are a little hazy about the Richards, Edwards and Henrys, aided only by an occasional snatch of song down to the time

In Harry's reign, when red Lancastrian roses
O'er York's pale bossoms had prevailed in fight,
As wine drives nature out of drunkards' noses
And red triumphantly prevails o'er white.

But however oppressed the workingman may have been throughout that period, and later, we are quite certain that no English king of the fourteenth century ever succeeded in imprisoning a workingman of the thirteenth.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

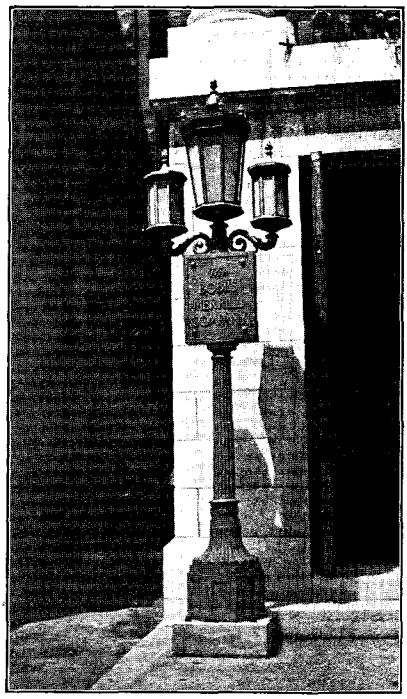


THE NEW HOME OF THE BOBBS-MERRILL PUBLISHING COMPANY, UNIVERSITY SQUARE, INDIANAPOLIS

This is not put forth in a spirit of intellectual superiority. It is not even intended as a basis for an attack on the teaching of history in our public schools. It is presented merely because it illustrates picturesquely what happens to editorial writers in the flurry of political campaigning. And we freely admit that if we were labouring under the same strain as that *Times* writer, the outer pressure, the inner agitation, it would happen to ourselves. Our historical knowledge, shattered already, would be sure to go utterly to pieces in the awful emotional crisis through which the majority of New York editorial writers have been passing. We might retain in mind a few great turning points of history, a few mighty and dramatic figures at the crises of their lives, Ajax defying the lightning, Washington crossing the Rubicon, Luther hurling his ink-bottle at the Referendum in the Castle of Wartburg, Moses receiving the draft of the American Constitution on Mount Sinai, such things perhaps, but of minor matters, Magna Chartas, French Revolutions, there would remain scarcely a trace. At such a time the mind strips for action. After all, its needs on those occasions are but slight and have to do mainly with terminology. "Blatant demagogue," "insatiable ambition," "insane agitator" are by themselves often sufficient when once there is agreement as to the identity of the person by whom they are deserved. Political editorials are not meant to convert the doubtful, but to reassure those who are already perfectly assured. It is a family affair. When the opinion is safe and the heart is loyal, the loss of the head is seldom noticed by one's political friends.

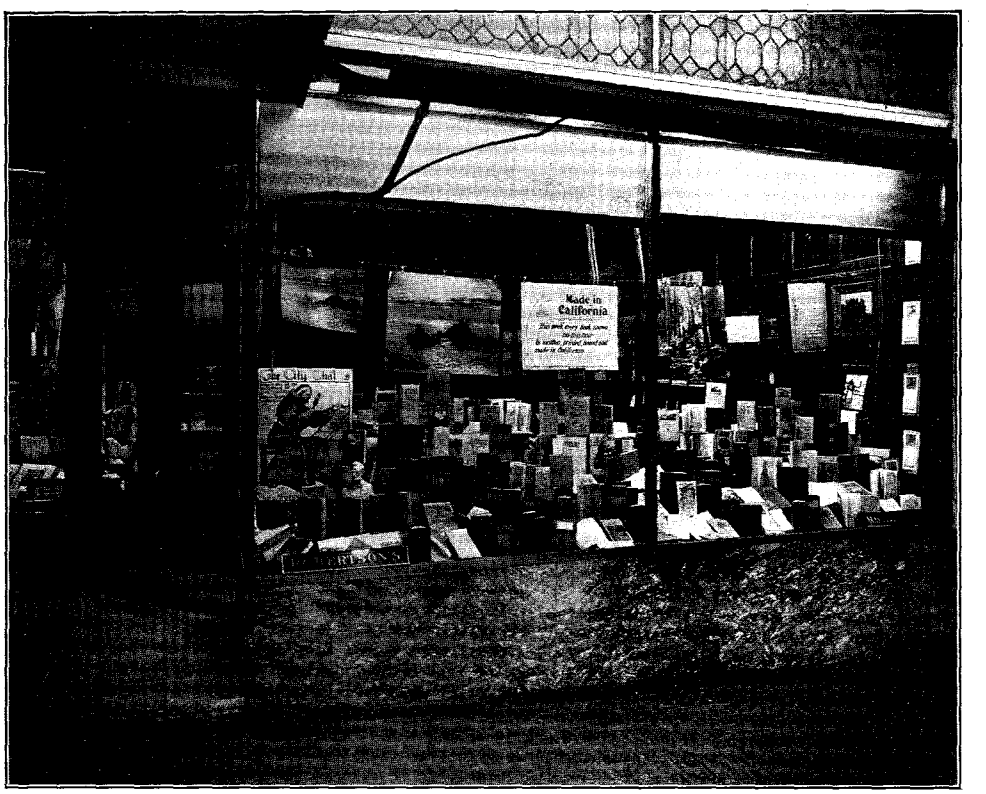
Literary Prophecies

In the *British Weekly* "Claudius Clear" has been conducting a competition dealing with Unfulfilled Prophecies. Of the unfulfilled literary prophecies he quotes: Shelley wrote about Keats: "In spite of his transcendent genius, Keats never was, nor ever will be, a popular poet." It might be maintained that this prophecy has been fulfilled in a sense, for Keats



ENTRANCE TO THE NEW BOBBS-MERRILL BUILDING

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE WORK OF THE NATIVE SONS

Some time ago an organisation, known as the Home Industry League of California, requested the San Francisco merchants to display in their windows for one week articles of California makers only. A San Francisco bookseller elaborated the idea by giving his entire establishment to books, paintings, engravings, cards, posters and so forth, of California design. Only the glass in the windows and show cases was not home-made. The exhibition attracted much attention, as it was the first of such a nature ever given west of the Rocky Mountains.

cannot be said to be a popular poet as Tennyson and Longfellow are popular poets.

The *Quarterly Review* wrote about Dickens in the time of his first fame: "We are inclined to predict of works of this style, both in England and France (where the manufacture is flourishing on a very extensive and profligate scale), that an ephemeral popularity will be followed by an early oblivion." This is a very inadequate list. For example, we venture to add Andrew Lang's prophecy to the effect that Rudyard Kipling's work, while having a few discriminating admirers, would never enjoy any general popularity. This was about a year before the fame of the Man from Nowhere had reached every corner of the Seven Seas.

Lawrence Beeseley

When the news was sent over the world that the city of San Francisco had been destroyed by an earthquake, Mr. Will Irwin, then a reporter on the New York *Sun*, sat down and wrote a description of the San Francisco that he had known and could never know again, that was so vigorous and graphic that it was discussed in every large newspaper office in the country. As a little book it was reprinted under the title *The City That Was*. The incident is recalled by the narrative of Mr. Lawrence Beeseley, one of the survivors of the *Titanic*, whose story of the disaster, published by the Associated Press, stood out very vividly. A later and more carefully considered narrative by Mr. Beeseley, entitled *The Loss of the SS. Titanic: Its Story and Its Lessons*,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LAWRENCE BEESELEY

has just appeared from the press of Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company. In it Mr. Beeseley tells of the voyage of the *Titanic,* the wreck, the experiences of the survivors, the aftermath of inquiry and the lessons to be drawn from the disaster. Mr. Beeseley was graduated eight years ago from Cambridge, taking first class honours in the natural Science Tripos.

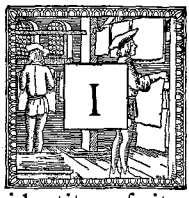
The Title Fits

As a writer of short stories Mr. Melville Davisson Post has manifested his ability to achieve atmosphere and a certain grim terror. We have always taken up a tale by him with a feeling that it would prove just a little bit out of the usual. And the result has seldom been disappointing. Assuming that his new book, *The Nameless Thing,* is a novel, which it purports to be, but is not, we can commend him for a fine sense of literary economy, and for a certain preposterous kind of ingenuity. The method that he has followed in the construction of this book is substantially the method adopted by the late O. Henry when he put together his stories of Central American life to make *Cabbages and Kings.* There the comparison ends, for in *Cabbages and Kings* the end fully justified the means, whereas *The Nameless Thing* is just one more exhibit in the museum of literary curiosities.

SOME REPRESENTATIVE ENGLISH STORY TELLERS

III—Robert Hichens

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



IT is almost a score of years since Mr. Robert Hichens first sprang into local notoriety through *The Green Carnation,* which set all London buzzing hotly anent the identity of its bold literary and social lampoons. It was just ten years later that he obtained at last an international recognition, with *The Garden of Allah,* in which for the first time, and perhaps for the last, the inherent bigness of his theme and the titanic majesty of his setting shook him out of his studied pose of aloofness and sardonic cynicism, and raised him to unexpected heights. And almost at the close of a second decade, Mr. Hichens visited America, to find himself, for the passing hour, one of the most widely discussed of modern novelists, with his latest novel giving promise of becoming a "best seller," his earlier triumph, *The Garden of Allah,* demanding a second recognition in dramatic form, and he himself receiving the doubtful tribute of full-page interviews in the Sunday supplements. Accordingly, Mr. Hichens seems to be one of the contemporary British story-tellers about whom it is distinctly worth while to ask: How much of this popular acclaim is merited

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROBERT HICHENS

on sound literary grounds, and how much of it is not?

Before attempting to answer specifically this natural and legitimate question, it seems profitable to call attention to the treatment which Mr. Hichens has received at the hands of his critics during the past eighteen years as an illuminating example of the average professional reviewer's shortness of memory and lack of prophetic intuition. A glance over the files of the leading English literary reviews leaves the reader amazed at the suavity with which the critics of Mr. Hichens's more recent popular triumphs ignore the many harsh aspersions they cast upon his earlier volumes, and the completeness with which most of them seem to have forgotten their one-time aversion to certain salient features of his style, his technique and his attitude toward life, all of which are just as marked and most of them just as offensive to-day as in the days when he was trying to startle a sated public into attention, by eccentricities like *Flames*, *The Londoners* and *The Slave*.

For, if we examine Mr. Hichens with dispassionate frankness, refusing to be dazzled by those physical and moral mirages of the desert, of which he possesses the incomparable and magic trick,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we must realise that, although he has gained immensely in sheer craftsmanship, and although his instinct for the unerring right word has become surer with practice, his verbal colour more brilliantly lavish, his style more fluent and less epigrammatically crystalline, his development has, nevertheless, been peculiarly homogeneous and consistent. That he has grown, it would be idle to deny; but the growth has been logical, and on certain definite and predestined lines. His gifts, and some of his faults as well, have attained ampler dimensions with the passage of years; but gifts and faults alike there is scarcely one of them, the seeds of which might not have been found already germinating and taking vigorous root in the now almost forgotten *Green Carnation*. It is worth while, as a bit of pertinent literary history, to call to mind the terms in which Mr. Arthur Waugh first brought this volume to the attention of American readers, in his monthly London letter to the New York *Critic:*

> At last London has a sensation. The quiet of the early autumn is broken by the explosion of a genuine bombshell, and every one is rushing to read *The Green Carnation*. . . . It is a satire, brilliant and scintillating, upon the literary and social affectations of the hour; and a more daring, impertinent, and altogether clever piece of work has not been produced for many years. . . . The writer remains anonymous and his preference for secrecy is not surprising, for if it is possible for good-humoured satire to make enemies, he would scarcely find a friend left. Nobody is spared. Mr. Oscar Wilde is, as the title implies, the principal butt of the brochure, but almost every conspicuous writer and personage is touched to the quick.

From the very nature of its naked and unashamed personalities, this first volume was handled rather gingerly by the reviewers, most of whom were fain to dismiss it, after the euphemistic manner of the *Academy,* as a mere "caricature of an affectation in life and literature, an abnormality, a worship of abstract and scarlet sin, which must by its very nature pass away with the personality that first flaunted it before a wondering, half-attracted, half-revolted world." To-day the unwholesome interest of its theme has passed away like a whiff of foul gas; and in its place remains the interest of the human document, for it shows that the author was even then, just as he is to-day, concerned primarily with the abnormalities of life, seeking by preference the tainted mind, the stunted soul, the pathological body. In spite of a life-long straining after startling effects, Mr. Hichens has no great original fertility of plot. Many another novelist before him has built stories upon the themes of metempsychosis; of a woman's slavery to the glitter of jewels or to the fool's paradise of opium; of hereditary fires of passion, that betray the bridegroom on his honeymoon into forgetting the marriage service, or a renegade monk into breaking his vows. Mr. Hichens's distinction lies rather in his special gift for taking world-old problems and modernising them, warming them over to suit a jaded palate, with a dash of the decadent spirit and a garniture of *Fleurs de Mal.* Any one who has read Henry James's *Ambassadors* must remember the sensations of the mild and scholarly Mr. Strethers during his first afternoon in Chad Newsome's Paris apartment, while he listens to the conversation going on blithely and carelessly around him, and wonders helplessly whether all those well-dressed, well-mannered guests really mean all the unspeakable things that they seem to be uttering, or whether his own mind has suddenly become strangely perverted and is playing him tricks. The episode inevitably comes to mind in connection with Mr. Hichens's novels, for it precisely portrays the impression that, with malice aforethought, he contrives to leave upon the mind of his readers. He seems to delight in bringing them to a sudden full stop, with a gasping protest, "surely, he never could mean that!"—and then, at the turn of the page, leaving them with a bewildered and shamefaced wonderment how they could have entertained, even for a moment, such outrageously indecent thoughts!

That this is no arbitrary and one-sided view of Robert Hichens, any one may readily convince himself by merely taking the trouble to glance over the contem-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

porary reviews of his several books. These reviews, with few exceptions, and quite regardless of their favourable or unfavourable tone, form a rich thesaurus of the various English synonyms — and sometimes the French synonyms as well, when the Anglo-Saxon resources run low,—of such words as morbid, neurotic, pathological, decadent, salacious, and unclean. It is true that since the appearance of *The Garden of Allah,* less emphasis has been laid upon the unwholesomeness of Mr. Hichens's themes, and more upon the vivid colour and scintillating brilliance of his style. It may even be conceded that there is justice in this change, and that, on the whole, his later books are more normal, more human, than his earlier. Nevertheless, the taint persists. There is no escaping the obvious fact that his interest is always in the exceptional, rather than in the average, type. Strange people, bizarre customs, alien skies, men and women vainly struggling against some overmastering obsession, physical disability or mental lesion, a long nightmare procession of the socially and morally unfit,—such, as they mentally file before us, is the impression left by the leading characters of Mr. Hichens's novels.

Now the fault with Mr. Hichens is not too great a frankness about life. It is not that he looks upon the world without illusions, recognising the plague-spots of human nature and ruthlessly stripping them bare. A bold, uncompromising handling of hypocrisy and avarice, frailty, and vice is one of the canons of the realistic creed. There is more disease and degradation in Zola's *Lourdes* than in all the pages ever penned by the author of *The Black Spaniel.* And the reason why *The Black Spaniel* is an unwholesome book, while *Lourdes* is not, is simply this: That when he has occasion to expose the ugliness of life, Mr. Hichens, unlike Zola, either cannot or will not emulate the purely scientific zeal of the surgeon, dissecting away a diseased tissue. Underneath the surface impersonality of the realist, one discerns a spirit of prying and unwholesome curiosity, gloating over the forbidden and the unclean. "When I am what is called wicked, it is my mood to be evil," are the words that Mr. Hichens puts into the mouth of Reggie Hastings, in *The Green Carnation,* "I must drink absinthe, and hang the night hours with scarlet embroideries; I must have music and the sins that march to music." And, if we are content not to stretch the comparison unduly, these phrases are not a bad characterisation of the salient qualities of much of Mr. Hichens's fiction. He, too, is fond of hanging the night hours with scarlet embroideries, of showing us sins that keep pace to sensuous rhythms. Like the French artist, Fromentin, one of Mr. Hichens's forerunners in discovering and interpreting Algeria, he has suffered from an innate tendency to see what is picturesque, spectacular, even pretty, rather than what is truly great; and, as with Fromentin, Algeria taught him how to do the bigger thing. It was not until he replaced his "scarlet embroideries" with the vast monochrome of the African sky, the tinkle of drawing-room music with the sublimity of desert silence and solitude, that he attained, for once at least, an epic amplitude of canvas and of theme.

As a bold and effective colourist, Mr. Hichens deserves cordial commendation. His skill in vivid pictorial description is beyond dispute; whether it be a glimpse of a crowded London street, the turquoise blue of Italian sea and sky, or the burning reach of sun-ravished sands, his printed words seem to open up a vista of light and warmth, a moving picture wrought of dissolving and opalescent hues. His colours lack the riotous romanticism of a Théophile Gautier, the wistful melancholy of Pierre Loti, the frankly pagan sensuousness of a d'Annunzio,—yet he owes something of its varied richness to each of these. It is obvious that he loves colour for its own sake,—much as his heroine in *The Slave* loves the gleam of jewels,—and flings it on lavishly, just as he flings on other forms of ornamentation, purely decorative in purpose, with the result that his backgrounds are often crowded with superfluous and confusing detail. This tendency has grown upon him year by year; it is only in his shorter stories that he has learned the value of restraint. *The Garden of Allah, Bella Donna, The*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fruitful Vine, one and all would have gained much by a well-advised and ruthless pruning.

There is a popular impression that Mr. Hichens is a writer of uncommon versatility; and when we consider that his themes range from the morphine habit to the transmigration of souls, and his stage settings from a London drawing-room to the Sahara desert, and from the Nile to the Italian lakes, this impression seems at least superficially justified. But when we begin carefully to sift them over and mentally slip each plot into its respective pigeon-hole, we find that, underneath all his shifting scenes and varied topics, Mr. Hichens's interest in life narrows down to just one form of obsession—namely, the study of human imperfection, the analysis of those various lesions in body, mind or soul which, like a flaw in the heart of a gem, brand certain men and women as unfit, —at best, to be classed as eccentrics, and at worst as monstrosities. Viewed from this point, his themes fall naturally under three heads: first, his social satires, or studies of the passing fads, foibles, petty vices and hypocrisies on which the world of fashion smiles indulgently; secondly, certain mental delusions, occult phenomena, psychopathic hallucinations, such as form the underlying idea of stories of *The Black Spaniel* type,—in which each reader must decide for himself whether he is reading an allegory, a diagnosis of a curious form of insanity, or a report to the Society for Psychic Research; and thirdly, —and to this class belong practically all of Mr. Hichens's later serious novels,— studies in moral depravity, chronic and often incurable maladies of the human soul.

Because of this three-fold classification of his stories, it is impracticable to survey Mr. Hichens's writings in anything approaching chronological order. His sardonic enjoyment of the social extravagances of the passing hour is more or less apparent in every book that he writes, and lends sharp characterisation to many an unforgettable minor character. Yet the only volume since *The Green Carnation* in which it would be fair to say that social satire is first, last and all the time the main issue is *The Londoners,* in which the pretensions of smart society, the pomps and vanities of Mayfair, are, as Mr. Hichens's own subtitle implies, reduced to an absurdity. Of the second class of plots, or those dealing with occultism and pseudo-psychic phenomena of the Jekyll-Hyde order, we have, besides the *Black Spaniel,* a number of weird and fantastic short tales and two novels, *Flames: A London Phantasy,* one of his earliest efforts, and *The Dweller on the Threshold,* which is one of his most recent. This group of stories represent various degrees of cleverness; but they one and all leave the impression that the author has not put the best of himself into them. They simply are the embodiment of certain fantastic ideas which in hours of perversity happened to riot through his brain, and which later he could not bring himself wholly to reject. There is a loathsome and uncanny horror about a theme like that of *The Black Spaniel,* that obviously fastened, leech-like, upon the abnormal side of Mr. Hichens's nature and refused to let go its hold. Yet, even in this instance, the strongest of all his occult horror tales, the thing is not quite achieved. By over-insistence upon obvious details, by under-estimating the intelligence of his readers, and explaining his meaning in words of one syllable, as though to an audience of little children, he defeats his purpose, and destroys the last vestige of plausibility. Mr. Hichens savours too much of the earth; he is far too interested in the frailties and perversions of the flesh, to gain credence when writing of the transmigration of souls or the vagaries of disembodied spirits. Consequently, it is with his third class of stories, serious studies of human delinquency, that we must mainly concern ourselves, in order to take a fair measure of Mr. Hichens, as artist and as student of human nature.

Neither is it worth while to linger over his shorter stories, in any of the three subdivisions. What has so often been said in regard to the collection of Egyptian and Algerian tales that swell the volume containing *The Black Spaniel* to its required three hundred and odd

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pages, namely, that they were fugitive pages from his note-book for *The Garden of Allah,* applies in the main to most of his shorter efforts. He is essentially a writer of the sustained effort type; and it is consequently only fair to judge him by his full-length volumes. If evidence were needed to support the contention that, other things being equal, he ministers by preference to a mind diseased, then such a collection of tales as *Tongues of Conscience* would furnish fertile illustrations. There is, for instance, the story of the famous painter whose peace of mind is destroyed because he holds himself responsible for having inspired a street urchin with a passion for the sea, and the boy subsequently was drowned; or again, in "The Cry of the Child," we have a young doctor, in whose ears there rings ceaselessly the dying cry of his own child, whom he had cruelly neglected in its last hours; and still again, in "How Love Came to Professor Guildea," we are told how a materialistic man of science becomes subject to the obsession of a degraded spirit,—a hideous bit of morbidity, which might pass for a study in insanity, if the author had not precluded that explanation by showing us the Professor's parrot offering its crest to the caresses of unseen fingers, and mimicking the endearments of the invisible and loathsome visitant.

But, as it happens, the longer stories are even more to our purpose than the short tales. Already in 1895, his second published volume, *An Imaginative Man,* clearly reveals the author's natural bent. Briefly, it is the story of an intellectual and highly cultivated man who is destitute of natural affections:

> He (Denison) had never loved his kind, and never even followed the humane fashion of pretending to love them. . . . It amused him to observe them under circumstances of excitement, terror or pain, in a climax of passion or despair. . . . He liked people when they lost their heads, when they became abnormal. Anything bizarre attracted him abnormally.

This curiously unnatural personage marries a charming and devoted wife, because he chooses to suspect something enigmatic about her. Later, when he is forced to recognise that she is normal and simple and true-hearted, his interest turns to a dislike akin to hatred. Accordingly, he leaves her and, after amusing himself for a time in Egypt, watching the impotent rebellion of a boy in the last stages of consumption, he ends his useless career by dashing out his brains against the Sphynx, with which he has perversely become enamoured. Among the press-clippings of that period there is one opinion upon which it would be presumptuous to try to improve:

> It is a story to remain a splendid monument to unwholesome fancy, a thesaurus of morbid suggestion, which exalts mere vulgar suicide into an intellectual resource of the weary-minded, and degrades the humanity of virtue into mere animal instinct.

As a companion picture to this unnatural man, Mr. Hichens shortly afterward gave us an equally unnatural woman, in the person of Lady Caryll Allabruth, the heroine of *The Slave.* Lady Caryll is obsessed by one consuming passion, jewels,—by which, of course, Mr. Hichens wishes to symbolise all the futile luxuries for which women, from time immemorial, have sold themselves. She is fortunate in meeting, while still quite young, an Anglicised oriental of great wealth, who can lavish upon her diamonds, pearls and rubies, who understands her through and through, without one remnant of flattering illusion, and who actually wins her by the dazzling splendour of one huge and matchless emerald. It is her own husband who, in the course of the story, sums her up as follows:

> She was born to live in a harem, petted, as an animal is petted, adorned with jewels as a sultan's favourite is adorned. Such a life would have satisfied her nature. Her soul shines like a jewel and is as hard. . . . A certain class of women has breathed through so long a chain of years a fetid atmosphere, of intellectual selfishness, has sold itself, body, mind and soul, so repeatedly for hard things that glitter, for gold, for diamonds, for the petted slave-girl's joys, that humanity has absolutely dwindled in the race, just as size might dwindle in a race breeding in and in with dwarfs. In Caryll, that dwindling light of humanity has gone out. My wife is not human.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now, it is extremely convenient for a woman who happens not to be human to have a husband who, although aware of the fact, does not seem to mind; so it was rather unfortunate for Caryll Allabruth that her husband died, ruined by her monomania for jewels. In her poverty, however, Lady Caryll managed to retain the one matchless emerald with which he had won her. This emerald is subsequently stolen: and, since it is the one thing left in life for which she cares, and all other means of recovering it fail, Lady Caryll consents to become the burglar's bride, in order that the emerald's green fires may once more burn upon her breast. All of which, in spite of its melodramatic extravagance. rests upon a foundation of perverse and sardonic logic that is eminently characteristic.

The next two volumes, in point of time, while unmistakably expressing the same outlook upon life, show a distinct gain in the direction of sobriety and self-restraint. *Felix* and *The Woman with the Fan,* although neither of them books of real importance in themselves, at least revealed Mr. Hichens as a novelist worth watching for better reasons than merely because he could attract attention with a flow of epigram, as insistent as the cracking of a whip. Moreover, although he had not learned to draw sympathetic characters,—and it is seriously to be questioned whether he ever will learn,—he at least began to get rather nearer the average human level of understanding than in the case of Denison or Lady Caryll. The heroine of *Felix* is not naturally inhuman; she is simply a victim of the drug habit, and unfortunately common and pitiable human weakness, although repulsive and rather nauseating when forced in intimate detail upon our notice. If Mr. Hichens's purpose was to do for the opium habit what Zola did for alcohol in *L'Assommoir,* it is a pity that his misunderstanding of the realistic method has resulted in defeating his object. Zola got his effects by tireless and uncompromising accumulation of facts, flung at us almost defiantly, with no attempt to palliate or to obscure. What his characters made of these facts, whether they understood them, believed them, acted upon them or not, was all of secondary importance: facts, as nearly as he could get them, were the be-all and the end-all of his novels, their excuse and apology for existence. Mr. Hichens, on the contrary, cannot be frank, even if he wants to be; he always proceeds by indirection. It is so much easier to suggest than to tell plainly an unsavoury fact, and then trust the reader's mind to go to greater lengths than the printed page would dare to go! In *Felix* we have probably the best and most extreme case of this method to be found in the whole range of its author's writings. Felix himself is in no wise abnormal; on the contrary, he is just the plain, ordinary variety of young fool, the Kipling type of fool, whose rag and bone happens, to his more complete undoing, to be further complicated with a hypodermic needle. Felix pays a brief visit to Paris, where fate wills it that he shall meet a certain little tailor who in youth had the honour to make Balzac a "pair of trousers without feet," and who initiates Felix into the endless delights of the *Comédie Humaine.* This whole episode of the little tailor stands out luminously against a background of human slime. It is the sort of thing that Mr. W. J. Locke can do so supremely well, a page that might have fluttered loose from *The Beloved Vagabond.* When the final reckoning of Mr. Hichens's achievements is to be cast up, this little masterpiece of Balzac's tailor ought to count heavily on the credit side.

As for the story of Felix as a whole, it is undeniably strong,—as strong as escaping sewer gas. Having read the *Comédie Humaine,* Felix flatters himself that human nature holds no secrets from him; he plunges, hot-headed, into the turbulence of London's fast set, men drugged with ambition, women drugged with vanity, with avarice, with opium. There is an all-pervading sense of something unexplained and inexplicable. Felix's inexperience hangs like a heavy veil before our eyes, and we are forced to grope with him, to piece fragments of evidence together, just as he does and, like him, often to piece it wrong. Especially, out of the other loathsome and unclean horrors, there looms up, as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nauseously offensive as some putrescent fungoid growth, a certain corpulent, bloated, blear-eyed little dog, symbolic of human bestiality. The present writer can recall no episode in modern fiction, not even in the audacities of Catulle Mendès, which after a lapse of some years still brings back the same sickening qualm of physical illness.

The Woman with the Fan, although not by any means lacking in audacities, came as a welcome contrast to its predecessor. In addition to its odd title, it had a somewhat startling cover design, the nude figure of a woman apparently going through some sort of a drill with an open fan. This figure, which proves to be a marble statuette known as *Une Danseuse de Tunisie,* plays a rather important part in the development of the story. It is the fan which makes the statuette wicked, one of the characters repeatedly insists; and the thought which is symbolised by the statue is that of the Eternal Feminine degraded by the artificial and the tarnish of mundane life. In applying the symbolism of this statuette to his heroine, Lady Holme, Mr. Hichens seems to have taken a perverse pleasure in confusing right and wrong, idealism and sensuality. Lady Holme's friends constantly identify her with the statuette, and beg her to "throw away her fan," meaning that there is a taint of wickedness about her, and that she is capable of higher things. The facts in the case, however, hardly fit in with this theory. Stripped of its symbolism, the book is a study of the two elements which go to make up human love, the physical attraction and the psychological. Viola Holme is a woman in whom the finer elements of character lie dormant. She is married to a man of the big, athletic, primitive sort, "a slave to every impulse born of passing physical sensations." She knows that of poetry, music, and all the finer things of life, he has not, and never will have, the slightest comprehension. She knows, too, that he loves her only for the surface beauty of her hair, her eyes, her symmetry of face and form, and that if she lost that beauty on the morrow, his love would go with it. And yet she loves him, in spite of his crudeness and his many infidelities, because he satisfies the demands of that side of her nature which is the strongest,—the side which "holds the fan." Other men, the men who urge her to "throw the fan away," offer her a different kind of love, because there are times when they see in her eyes and hear in her voice, when she sings morbid little verses from d'Annunzio, the promise of deeper emotions than her husband ever dreamed her capable of. Now, a woman of Viola Holme's temperament would never voluntarily "throw aside her fan," and Mr. Hichens is a sufficiently keen judge of women to be aware of it. Nothing short of an accident in which the statuette is broken will accomplish this miracle. So fate is invoked, in the shape of an overturned automobile, and Lady Holme struggles back to consciousness, to find her famous beauty gone forever. In its place is a mere caricature of a human face, a spectacle so repellent that, of all the men who formerly professed to worship the "inner beauty of her soul," only one has the courage to renew his vows, and he a poor, broken-down inebriate, as sad a wreck as herself. Such, in bare outline, is the story of *The Woman with the Fan,* and each reader may apply the symbolism to suit himself. A hasty, snap-shot interpretation would be that Lady Holme would have become a better woman, mentally and morally, if she had discarded her coarse-minded husband and replaced him with a lover of more artistic temperament. But such an interpretation would do scant justice to Mr. Hichens's subtlety. The physical and spiritual elements of love, he seems to say, are too curiously intermeshed to be readily separated; there is no love so earthly that it does not get a glimmer of higher things, no love so pure and idyllic that it does not crave some slight concession of the flesh. If she would hold love, the modern woman must be content to remain a little lower than the angels, she must hold to her fan.

In spite of the implied confession of weakness in solving a rather big problem with the unsatisfactory makeshift of an accident, *The Woman with the Fan* is obviously, even now as we look back at it in the light of his later achievements,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so much bigger and stronger and more vital than all that went before it, that *The Garden of Allah,* when it followed shortly afterward, ought not to have the surprise that it actually was. Of this book, the one really big and enduring contribution that Mr. Hichens has made to modern fiction, there is really absurdly little to say. It is so simple, so elemental, so inevitable in all its parts. It may be epitomised with more brevity than many a short story. There is a certain Trappist monk, Androvsky, who, after twenty years of silent obedience to his order, breaks his vows, escapes from bondage, and meeting Domini Enfilden, an independent English girl with a lawless strain of gypsy blood in her veins, woos her with a gauche and timid ardour, and carries her off for a mad, fantastic honeymoon into the heart of the African desert. The desert, so says a Moorish proverb, is the Garden of Allah; and here the renegade monk, fleeing from his conscience, with confession ever hovering on his lips, and doubly punished through dread of the anguish awaiting his innocent bride when enlightenment comes to her, finds the solitude too vast, the isolation too terrifying, the imminence of divine wrath too overwhelming to be borne. It drives him back to the haunts of men, even in the face of a premonition that amounts to certainty, that his secret will be laid bare and his short-lived and forbidden joy be ended. Now the theme of a man breaking the holiest vows for the unlawful love of a woman is one of the commonplaces in the history of fiction. It is the majestic simplicity of his materials, the isolation of his man and his woman, the sublimity of his remote, unfathomable background that combine to raise this exceptional book almost to the epic dignity of the First Fall of Man. As has already been insisted, in connection with each succeeding book, Mr. Hichens does not possess the faculty of frankness. That Boris Androvsky is a sinner, bearing the burden of an unpardonable and nameless misdeed, is a fact that we grasp almost at the outset; but Mr. Hichens would have been false to his own nature if he had not, before revealing the secret, forced us to suspect his hero of every known crime against man, nature and God. But suddenly his theme seems to have taken possession of him, to have raised him against his will, perhaps without his knowledge, out of the pettiness and subterfuge that have dwarfed so much of his work, into the full light of truth and sympathy and understanding. In a certain sense, the book seems to have written itself; it is a fantastic piece of word-painting, done with a tropical luxuriance of colour, a carnival of Algerian pageantry and African sunshine; and everywhere and all the time is an all-pervading sense of the mystery, the langour, the thousand blending sights and sounds and scents of the Orient. Long after the final page is turned, you cannot shut out from your eyes the memory of the desert, "with its pale sands and desolate cities, its ethereal mysteries of mirage, its tragic splendours of colour, of tempest and of heat;" you cannot forget the throbbing pulsations of burning air, the vast endless monochrome of earth and sky, the primeval tragedy of an erring man and woman, helpless motes in the glare of universal sunshine, impotently fleeing from an avenging God. It is this one book which entitles Mr. Hichens to a serious consideration among the novelists of to-day. Without it, he could have safely been passed over in silence.

It follows that, in various degrees, all the books that Mr. Hichens has given us since *The Garden of Allah* are in the nature of an anticlimax; and for that reason they may be somewhat briefly and summarily dismissed. One recalls with a certain amount of cordial appreciation another and briefer story of Algeria called *Barbary Sheep,*—a book that owes its charm chiefly to its delicate and almost flawless artistry, and its lack of any pretension to be more than it actually is. Just a bit of idle playing with fire, a young English couple gaining their first glimpse of African life and African temperament; and while the husband spends his days, and sometimes the nights, tirelessly hunting Barbary Sheep, the young wife, restless, unsatisfied, craving excitement, is drifting rashly into an extremely dangerous intimacy with a cultured and suave young Arab, an officer in one of the native regiments. What might so

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG.
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

easily have become a tragedy is brought to a safe and final solution by the removal of the Arab from further participation through his death at the hands of a fanatical dervish. And to the end we have the delicious irony of the utter unconsciousness of the phlegmatic English husband, so intent on Barbary Sheep that he passes his wife, where she crouches among the rocks, in the desert moonlight, equally unsuspecting, as he passes, the menace of her Arab lover, and the death-blow that an instant later removes that menace.

Then we have the much over-praised Sicilian story, *The Call of the Blood*, and its stronger and more sanely appraised sequel, *A Spirit in Prison*. Aside from an almost pagan frankness in their unashamed recognition of physical passion, these are conspicuously clean volumes, with little if anything of the author's earlier perversity. The chief weakness in *The Call of the Blood* lies in the difficulty of crediting a leading episode and one upon which the whole structure of the story hinges: namely, the fact that Hermione, the young English wife of Maurice Delarey, feels herself compelled to leave him before their honeymoon in Sicily is half over, in order to hasten to the bedside of Emile Artois, the Frenchman who has long been in love with her, and who is said to be dying. During the brief weeks of her absence, her husband, who has inherited through his grandmother a strain of Sicilian blood, yields to the call of this remote strain and falls under the spell of a young peasant girl's transient beauty, promptly paying the penalty for his infidelity at the hands of the peasant girl's kinsmen. Of the true facts of this tragedy Hermione is never told; she knows only that her husband was drowned, and that she lost some precious weeks of happiness by her absence at the bedside of the Frenchman, whom she did not love and who has lived, while the Englishman, whom she did love, has died. So believing him to be the perfect type of honour and fidelity, she consecrates herself to lifelong widowhood.

It is at this point that *The Call of the Blood* breaks off, with a young and still beautiful woman wasting her best years in mourning for an unworthy man, while the right man, who knows the truth and might easily win her if he chose to speak, feels that his lips are sealed by his unwillingness to destroy her ideal. *A Spirit in Prison* takes up the story some seventeen years later. The scene is no longer Sicily, but a tiny island in the Bay of Naples, to which the widowed bride retired at the time of her bereavement, to await the birth of her child, and in which she and Vere, the daughter, now a girl of sixteen, still have their home. The Sicilian peasant girl, for whom Hermione's husband proved false to her, also had a child, who is now a sturdy young fisher lad, with eyes that are strangely reminiscent of some one whom Hermione has known, some one in the distant past whom she either cannot or will not name even to herself. Her attention is first called to the fisher lad by the interest that he awakens in her daughter, Vere; for the girl, by some curious instinct, has recognised the ties of kinship and has made the boy her protegé and comrade. It takes very little time for Artois, who still loves Hermione with patient hopelessness, and for Gaspare, her faithful old servant, to learn the truth about the boy's parentage; and these two men instinctively conspire to keep Hermione in ignorance. But by doing so they unconsciously prolong her suffering; because her spirit is struggling in the prison of delusion, and can win freedom, and with it love and happiness, only through full knowledge of the truth. Altogether, these two volumes make up a strong, clean, tender human story, admirably handled to bring out all the values that the plot contains. It revealed Mr. Hichens as an interpreter of Italian life somewhere midway between Richard Bagot and Marion Crawford, less pedantic than the former, yet lacking the geniality of the creator of *Saracinesca*.

Mr. Hichens might, had he chosen, gone on indefinitely from this point, doing the fairly innocuous, fairly entertaining sort of story, and letting us little by little forget the days when a new volume from his pen meant an alternate gasp and shudder at the turn of each page. But it is not in his nature to be content with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doing the innocuous thing. He insists upon being conspicuous; and if the only way of being conspicuous is to shock a startled world into attention, he stands ready to do so. Just two more novels demand a passing word: *Bella Donna* and *The Fruitful Vine*. Of these two, the former is of no special importance, either in theme or in detail,—although in its heroine he has created one more unwholesome and abnormal type that lingers in the memory. At the opening of the story, Mrs. Chepstow is summed up as "A great beauty in decline":

> Her day of glory had been fairly long, but now it seemed to be over. She was past forty. She said she was thirty-eight, but she was over forty. Goodness, some say, keeps women fresh. Mrs. Chepstow had tried a great many means of keeping fresh, but she had omitted that.

The facts about Mrs. Chepstow, which Mr. Hichens regards as of moment, are that in the zenith of her youth and beauty she was divorced by her husband; that, having made a failure of one life, she resolved that she would make a success of another; that for a long time she kept men at her feet, ministering to her desires,—and then suddenly, as she approached forty, "the roseate hue faded from her life, and a greyness began to fall over it." In other words, to catalogue the book roughly, it is one more of the many studies devoted to *L'Autôme d'une Femme*. And so, at the opening of the volume, we meet Mrs. Chepstow in the consulting room of a famous specialist, Dr. Meyer Isaacson, confiding to him certain facts about herself, physical, mental and moral facts, which the reader is not allowed to overhear, which the woman herself never alludes to again, but which Mr. Hichens has no intention of allowing the reader to cease for one moment to ponder over, with a more or less prurient curiosity. Incidentally, and to this extent alone is her confession justified structurally,—it is the memory of what she confided to him that at a crucial hour hurries Dr. Isaacson on a desperate, headlong Odyssey to the Nile, in order to save a friend and keep Mr. Chepstow from the sin of murder. But all of this is, frankly, rather cheap stuff, and quite unworthy of the author of *The Garden of Allah*. It makes a normal-minded reader somewhat exasperated to see a rare talent so misused.

The Fruitful Vine has been too recently and too extensively discussed to need a lenghty analysis at this time and place. Of the inherent bigness of the theme there can be no more question than there can be of the fact that the author has unwittingly done his utmost to debase it. The pathos of barrenness, the tragedy of a woman who sees her husband's love alienated because she fails to give him sons and daughters, the whole multiplex problem of race suicide on the one hand, and the impoverishment of too great prolificness on the other,—what these themes may give us in fiction, when handled sincerely and from deep-rooted conviction, we have only to look to *Fécondité*, one of the most honest and most daring novels ever written, in order to realise. But Mr. Hichens gives his theme certain twists that put it on a level even lower than Elinor Glyn's much discussed *Three Weeks*. There, at least, was a temptation worthy of the crime,—an heir to the throne, to be supplied by fraud, to be sure, but fraud matched against fraud, the trickery of rival political factions, to be met with subtler craft,—and a woman's life paying the penalty of success. It was not an unworthy theme, but cheap workmanship that made *Three Weeks* the ephemeral, negligible book it was. But in *The Fruitful Vine* we are asked to believe that a delicately nurtured, refined and cultivated Englishwoman, who worships her husband, is willing to do him the ultimate, crowning wrong that any wife can do,—and then plan to foist upon him, as his son and heir, to carry on his proud old name and hand down the imposition to unnumbered generations of spurious Englishmen, an interloper, that has not the redeeming grace of being a child of love, but one more basely begotten, more purely meretricious than half the nameless waifs that crowd the asylums. A belated sense of fitness makes Mr. Hichens apportion a punishment that in a measure fits the crime. But, oh! the pity and the futility of the book, taken as a whole!

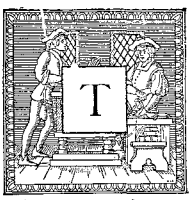
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To sum him up in a few words, we have in Mr. Hichens a man who has covered much paper to small purpose, who has given us a few books that are fairly innocuous, and one book that deserves to live. And the great danger in according the full measure of praise to *The Garden of Allah* lies in this: that by granting its greatness, we seem to put the stamp of approval upon the other works of its author, so many of which, unfortunately, are mentally and morally unclean.

THE NEW ART OF STAGE DIRECTION

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

I



HE acted drama is a compound work of art, exhibiting a coördination of the labours of several different artists, each of whom employs his own distinct medium of expression. Thus, in this multifarious modern age, a single acted play may call into conjunction the diverse arts of writing, acting, dancing, painting, sculpture, decoration, music, and illustrative illumination; and the artist who supplies any of these separate elements to the general and finished fabric may be ignorant of the methods of his fellow-labourers. No one man, unaided, can accomplish the entire work; and yet, if the final product is to be worthy of the name of art, some individual among these many and diverse collaborators must be singled out and made finally responsible for the appeal of the acted drama as a whole.

The drama has altered its complexion from age to age, according as one or another of these associated artists has been set in supreme command, to the subordination of his fellow-craftsmen. Until the present age, the captaincy has always fallen either to the author or to the actor, and the other artists have always been subservient to these. In reviewing the history of the drama from the earliest times until our own, we might easily divide it into literary periods and histrionic periods, according as the author or the actor has, for the moment, assumed dominion over it. A curious and interesting point is that the periods of great authors and the periods of great actors have never coincided. Whenever the artist of one type has been supreme, the artist of the other type has been [necessarily, it would seem in retrospect] merely a contributory functionary.

History, which has engraved on granite the names of the authors of the great Greek tragedies, has told us next to nothing of their actors. The two actors employed by Æschylus, the three employed by Sophocles, were granted very little opportunity for the exploitation of themselves. Their masks robbed them of the personal appeal of facial expression; their stilted boots inhibited any movements except those which were conventionally plastic; and all that was left to them was to give voice to the commentary of the poet on a national and familiar fable. The evolutions of the chorus must have offered scope for the contributions of a master of the allied arts of sculpture and the dance; but the primary and all-important appeal of the drama was invested in the lines. If the verse were spoken audibly and read with dignity, the play would have its chance; and its success or failure depended almost solely on the prowess of the author. Sophocles and Euripides could win prizes by themselves, without any indispensable assistance from a collaborating actor.

Again, in the Elizabethan period, the appeal of the acted drama depended mainly on the author. History has recorded reverently the names of innumerable writers of that spacious age, but has deleted from recollection the names of all but the very foremost actors. Alleyn and Burbage are remembered; but, with the fullest data bequeathed to us by con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

temporary commentators, it is impossible for us to publish the entire cast of any play of Shakespeare's. The reason is that, in the Elizabethan period, the lines themselves were immeasurably more important than any speaker of them, and the actor was regarded only as a secondary, and comparatively unimportant, artist.

But when, a little later in history, we turn our attention to the records of great actors, we perceive [with a little wonderment at first] that they have flourished only in periods when dramatic authorship has been at a very low ebb. Betterton is the first great tragic actor of whom we read in the records of the English stage; and he ruled the theatre at a time when [if we except the two masterpieces of Otway] the authorship of tragedy had sunk beneath contempt. Garrick, the greatest actor that the English stage remembers, flourished in an age when tragedy was absolutely sterile and when comedy had paused to catch its breath in mid-transition from Congreve to Sheridan. He played *King Lear* with a fabricated happy ending, and made his last appearance on the stage in a comedy by the now forgotten Mrs. Centlivre. Later, when Sheridan begins to write, we hear a great deal of him and very little of his actors; and still later, in the early nineteenth century, when dramatic authorship dived downward to the lowest point that it has ever touched in England, we observe [in reminiscence] a great galaxy of actors,—Kean, and the Kembles, and Mrs. Siddons, and Macready.

The obvious deduction from this summary historical review appears to be that the theatre-going public will pay its money for only one thing at a time,—either to hear what an author has to say, or to see an actor act; and that it has never supported the theatre to receive both of these distinct impressions simultaneously and equally. Thus, in a retrospective view of history, we perceive a subsistent antagonism between the author and the actor which has always been contrary to the highest theory of the acted drama.

This unfortunate antagonism may be observed, at nearer view, in the records of the nineteenth century. Throughout the first three-quarters of that most recent of completed cycles, the actor reigned supreme; but [somewhat suddenly] in the last quarter, he resigned his supremacy to some other of his collaborative artists. The period that the veteran critic, Mr. William Winter, remembers with such pathetic eloquence in his backward-looking books was a period of memorable actors; and this [according to our logic] is only another way of saying that, at that time, there were no authors of any consequence. The public was equally interested in the art of Edwin Booth, whether he was presenting a supreme play like *Othello* or a rhetorical and imitative play like *Richelieu,* whether he was acting a great part like Hamlet or an artificial part like Bertuccio. Shakespeare, Bulwer-Lytton, Tom Taylor, looked alike to the admirers of this matchless actor. But, in studying a later and more literary age, we reread *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and forget Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and we perceive that *Mrs. Dane's Defence* is a very well-made play without recalling that Miss Lena Ashwell is an artificial actress.

The most recent shift of emphasis from the drama of the actor to the drama of the author has occurred within the recollection of theatre-goers only thirty years of age; and the greatest British actor and the greatest American actor of recent times belonged to the age that now is past and finished, instead of to the age that now seems blossoming around us. There can scarcely be a doubt that Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Richard Mansfield were the greatest actors of recent times in England and America; and yet neither of them did anything at all to further what Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has aptly termed the "Renaissance of the English Drama" in our days. They made their great successes, for the most part, in inconsiderable plays, like *The Bells* and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* Irving never presented a play by Pinero or Jones,—the foremost authors among his contemporary countrymen; and Mansfield never presented a play by any considerable American author,—if we except *Beau Brummel,* by the youthful Clyde Fitch, a piece in which its author's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

special gifts could scarcely be made manifest. Irving rejected *Michael and His Lost Angel* [by far the greatest play that Mr. Jones has written, and one of the best plays of this modern age], although it contained two admirable parts precisely suited to himself and to Miss Terry,—for the reason, apparently, that he could endure, in his immediate vicinity, no playwright who really counted as an author. Mansfield followed out a similar career,—giving great performances in bad plays by secondary writers, and centring attention always on himself.

But, most recently of all, the drama has taken a new turning, as a result of which the prime responsibility is shouldered no longer either on the actor or on the author, but on a new and very interesting functionary,—the stage-director. This functionary, who has appeared only lately in the history of the theatre, has already, in many instances, assumed dominion over both the author and the actor, and bids fair, in the age that is immediately to come, to be the supreme leader of the acted drama. To this new artist—the stage-director—and to his special art, we must therefore devote particular attention in the present context.

II

The importance of the stage-director in the drama of to-day is rarely appreciated by the uninitiated theatre-goer. The actor appeals immediately to the eyes of the public, the author appeals immediately to their ears; but the stage-director, whose work has been completed in the period of rehearsal, is never seen in the theatre, and seldom even talked about, after his finished fabric has been offered to the audience. Yet nearly all that is shown upon the stage is the result of his selection and arrangement, and the credit for a satisfactory performance is often due less to the actors than to him.

It is the business of the stage-director to coördinate the work of the author, the actors, the pictorial artists who design the scenery and costumes, the electrician, the musicians, into a single and self-consistent whole. He decides upon the setting and the lighting of each act, selects and arranges the furniture and properties, and works out what is called the "business" of the play. He rehearses the associated actors, and patterns their individual contributions into a balanced and harmonious performance.

His work is analogous to that of the conductor of a modern orchestra,—who, although he plays no instrument himself, coördinates the contributions of a hundred individual performers into an artistic whole, regulating the *tempo* and commanding every variation in the emphasis. Or perhaps [since we are now conversing in the summer season] we may call attention to a still closer analogy that exists between the stage-director and the manager of a professional baseball team. It is a well-known fact that baseball pennants are won not so much because of the prowess of individual players as because of the crafty handling of a team by the directing manager. The World's Championship of 1911 was not won by Bender, Plank, or Coombs, or Eddie Collins, or even "Home-Run" Baker: it was won by that astute and taciturn director of their strategy, the non-combatant Connie Mack. The base-running tactics of the Giants were adopted not merely on account of the sprinting speed of several of the members of the team, but even more on account of a theory of the game that was worked out in imagination by Manager McGraw, who never plays.

In some instances the manager of a baseball team may be himself one of the participants in the game, as was the case, till very recently, with Frank Chance of Chicago. In other instances he may be an ex-player, who has retired from actual exercise, like McGraw. Or, as in the case of Hank O'Day, of Cincinnati, he may be a student of the game who was never noted as a player on his own account. To return to our analogy—the stage-director may be the author of the play, as in the case of Sir Arthur Pinero or the late Clyde Fitch; he may be the leading actor, as in the case of Sir Henry Irving or Mrs. Fiske; he may be both of these, as in the case of Mr. Granville Barker; he may be a retired actor, like Mr. Henry Miller when he produces a piece in which he plays no part; or he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may be some student of the stage who is not known to the public as an individual performer, like Mr. George Foster Platt. The ideal situation is indubitably that in which the functions of author, leading actor, and stage-director are combined in one person, as in the classic case of Molière or in the modern instance of Mr. William Gillette; for the greater the measure of the compound imagining that is concentrated in a single mind, the greater the likelihood of a harmonious result. But in cases where the labour is divided among different people, the final and supreme responsibility, in the contemporary theatre, is vested in the stage-director. At the present time, the actor and the author can escape the domination of the stage-director only by assuming his special functions in addition to their own.

Thus, though in reviewing the history of former ages we may divide it into periods of the author's dominance, and must define the present age as a period of the dominance of the stage-director. This all-important functionary has only recently been evolved, to cope with the complexity of our modern Drama of Illusion. We are told by historians of music that in the seventeenth century there was no such thing as a conductor for an orchestra: one of the associated players, while performing on an instrument himself, merely set the *tempi* for his fellow-artists. Similarly, in the early history of baseball, the conduct of games depended almost entirely on the physical skill of individual contestants: it was only later in the evolution of the sport that such managerial expedients as the sacrifice hit, the hit and run, the squeeze play, and the double steal, came to be ordered, by hidden signals, from the bench. The problem of the contemporary theatre, for the first time in the history of the drama, is a problem of team-play, in which the contributions of the individual artists must be studiously subordinated to the directing will of a manager, or conductor, of the stage.

In their own periods people went to hear Shakespeare or went to see Garrick; and neither at the Globe Theatre nor at Drury Lane was a stage-director thought of. But in New York, at the present day, people often flock to the theatre, not so much to listen to the author or to observe the actors, as to enjoy [to single out our most emphatic instance] the stage-direction of Mr. David Belasco,—who rarely writes any of his plays and never acts in them.

The reason for the predominance of the stage-director in the present period is that the drama has recently become [for the first time in its history] more visual than auditory in its method of appeal, and that the visual aspect of any acted play can be estimated and adjudicated rightly only by an advisory artist who sits in front of the production. The actors cannot see how the entire stage looks at any moment; and the writer of the lines [unless he be himself a stage-director] is likely not to work out in detail the visual rendition of his thought.

III

The specialised function of the stage-director was evolved into existence at a period when realism was rampant in all the arts, and when the theatre [for the only time in its history] had become adequately equipped, in its mechanical appurtenances, for an approximate imitation of actuality. It is, therefore, not surprising that the history of stage-direction in the last thirty years has been the history of a return to nature. Never before has the theatre approached our present-day success in holding up the mirror to contemporary life. The plays of Mr. Granville Barker, who stage-directs his own productions as author and as actor, reflect the very look of daily life; and it seems safe to assert that the New Art of Stage-Direction has carried realism to its ultimate achievement in the art of drama.

But the very merits of our current stage-direction at its best carry with them certain concomitant defects. Our pursuit of actuality has lured us aloof from that eternal race wherein the greatest athletes among artists pass onward, in relays, the torch of truth. Our eagerness to record the temporary fact has blinded us a little to the vision of the perennial, recurrent generality. We set

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forth plays that have the very look of here and now, instead of revealing intimations of immortality.

The most obvious errors of our contemporary art of stage-direction [and each of these, of course, is closely related to a merit and a triumph] are three in number. First, by its insistence on details, it disperses and distracts the attention of the audience; secondly, it imposes an unnecessary and unfortunate expense upon the business-manager of the production; and thirdly, it is, in the highest sense, inartistic, because it is unimaginative. Each of these objections may be illustrated in detail.

Our stage-direction is meritorious mainly because of the carefulness and thoroughness with which we reproduce the facts of nature; and it is erroneous mainly because of our too sedulous insistence on details. Mr. David Belasco may be selected, in America, as an exponent of the current art of stage-direction at its best. It takes him nearly two years to work up the scenical investiture of each of his productions; and, when at last he lifts his curtain, he lifts it on a glimpse of life. His only error is a tendency to diseconomise attention by forcing the spectator to look at several hundred interesting details, instead of summarising these details in an impressionistic picture that should suggest at once, and in a single glance, the mood of the action that is to be exhibited. The one room in which the entire story of *The Return of Peter Grimm* is unfolded is extremely beautiful and aptly suited to the story; but the setting is too crowded with details, and the effect of the narrative would be made more simple, and therefore more emphatic, if half a hundred interesting objects were deleted from the picture. When, for instance, an entrance door (right forward) is opened to admit an actor, it reveals a vista of a fully furnished dining-room (off-stage) that is decorated with innumerable objects that attract the eye. Hence the attention of the spectator enters the dining-room at once, and stays there, even though some necessary business of the play is being enacted in the main room on the stage.

Our present avidity for the agglomeration of innumerable accurate details has increased, beyond any reasonable necessity, the expense of the average theatrical production; and this is a very unfortunate thing for the art of the drama, because it tends to make our managers more tremulous in considering the possible production of a meritorious work that may not appeal to great numbers of the public. About a year ago, Mr. George C. Tyler published a magazine article in which he complained that, whereas in 1897 the public was satisfied with a production that cost only one thousand dollars, it demanded in 1911 a production that cost seventy-five thousand dollars,—a new insistence that made the career of the producing manager exceedingly precarious at the present day. The answer is that this insistence has not been made spontaneously by the theatre-going public, but has been stimulated artificially by the managers themselves. The particular production that Mr. Tyler had in mind, at the time he wrote this article, was his own recent production of *The Garden of Allah*. At the present date it is unnecessary to insist that *The Garden of Allah*, considered as a dramatic composition, was not worthy of the expenditure of even fifty dollars; for all the real camels and imported Arabs and mechanical sandstorms in the world could not lift it into living. In other words—to look at the matter from the standpoint of art—Mr. Tyler wantonly wasted seventy-five thousand dollars in working out, in careful and complete detail, an investiture for a dramatic fabric that was worthless in itself.

Yet it cannot be denied that the success of many genuine and worthy plays is jeopardised by the fact that, under the conditions that exist at present, it costs too much to put them on the stage. In recent years Mr. Belasco has required his playwrights to unfold their stories in a single set whenever possible, and at the utmost to shift the scene of the action only once. Thus, for merely economic reasons, he now imposes on the drama an observance of the so-called Unity of Place, which the efforts of the best practitioners of other ages have proved to be an undesirable ideal.

It is obvious that, if the art of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drama is to be allowed to develop freely, our stage-directors must devise some method of decreasing the expense of the average production. And evidently the only thing that can be done is to lessen our present insistence on accurate details, and to invent some summary and more imaginative method for projecting our stories on the stage.

For, finally, the main demerit of our current art of stage-direction is the fact that, though admirably photographic, it is utterly unimaginative. It costs a great deal to make the moon rise on the modern stage, because we invent an artifice that is a marvel of mechanical dexterity; but it cost Shakespeare nothing to make his audience imagine a moon-rise at the opening of the last act of *The Merchant of Venice*. And Shakespeare's method, even for the modern theatre, remains the better of the two. The most enjoyable experience in life is the easy exercise of one's own mind; and the spectators in the theatre will enjoy themselves in proportion as their minds are called easily into activity by the spectacle that is presented to them. The stage-director should therefore study not so much how he may accomplish the creative work himself as how he may contrive to make the audience accomplish it during the two hours' traffic of the stage. There is no advantage in setting half of Rome upon the boards to listen to Marc Antony's oration, if, with a mere handful of supernumeraries, the stage-director can make the audience imagine that half of Rome is present. We have carried the contemporary photographic method to its uttermost development: a change is obviously needed: and it is apparent that the next turn that the art of the theatre must take is a turn toward more imaginative stage-direction.

IV

The stage-direction of the immediate future has already cast its light before it. Already three thoroughly practicable remedies have been suggested for the three evils that have been enumerated. Professor Max Reinhardt, of Berlin, has shown us how we may obtain relief from the insistence on details; the Irish Players have shown us how to save money wisely in the preparation of productions; and Mr. Gordon Craig has shown us in his practice (and endeavoured, somewhat vainly, to teach us in his theory) how we may turn the theatre to more imaginative uses.

It was very instructive, during the recent season, to compare the production of *Kismet*—which was put on, according to our customary photographic method, by one of our best American stage-directors, Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske—with Professor Reinhardt's production of *Sumurûn*. Both of these plays told phantastic Oriental stories imitated from the *Arabian Nights;* but the methods of production were diametrically dissimilar. *Kismet* was made beautiful by the elaboration of details; but *Sumurûn* was made beautiful by the suppression of details. Mr. Fiske's method was to multiply effects; but Professor Reinhardt's method was to simplify them. His scenery was exceedingly simple. He employed bare, blank backgrounds of some single, unobtrusive colour—backgrounds that stopped the eye instead of luring it onward by perspective lines; and by this means he contrived to fling full emphasis upon the costumes of his actors, which became the leading factors in his picture. Much of his scenery was deliberately crude. There was, for instance, a pink palace with wabbly little windows that looked as if a child had painted it playfully in a picture-book. *Kismet* was localised, with archæological accuracy, in the Baghdad of a thousand years ago, and was consistently Arabian; but *Sumurûn* displayed a careful lack of localisation in either place or time. Some of the costumes suggested Turkey, others Persia or Arabia, others China or Japan; and there was no possible means of guessing at any definite date for the story. The architecture belonged to no country and to no age; it was merely phantastically Oriental. Throughout the whole production the truth was impressed upon the eye that the Orient of *Sumurûn* was an Orient of dream; and the setting had no anchorage in actuality. The lighting was similarly simple. There were only two light-values in the striking picture of the bed-chamber of the Sheik; and the scene inside the theatre

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the Hunchback was also a marvel of economy in lighting.

The second problem—the problem of expense—has been coped with practically by the Irish Players. These associated lovers of the drama carry with them an extensive repertory, and they cannot afford to spend any considerable sum of money on the investiture of any of their plays; but they have successfully surmounted this economic difficulty by casting emphasis, not on the scenery and properties, but on the reading of the lines and on the lighting of the stage. When they present a play of Synge's, they let the author do the work, by reading with undisrupted fluency the long roll of his rhythm. At other times they contrive to decorate a scarcely furnished stage by a deft manipulation of their lighting. *Birthright,* for instance, is set in a homely cottage, with only a few necessary bits of furniture and scarcely any properties. There is a fireplace (left forward), and a staircase leading off-stage to the right. The set is very shallow. The back discloses a blank, bare wall, interrupted only by a window and a door. Not a single picture is hung upon this surface of dingy plaster. But the footlights are suppressed. The stage is lighted only by the firelight, a candle on the table, and some unindicated illumination in the flies. The result is that the actors, as they move about, cast huge and varying shadows over the bare surface of the wall and decorate it continuously with fluctuating and impressive designs. Again, in *The Rising of the Moon,* the footlights are suppressed, and the stage is lighted only by two streams of apparent moonlight which come to a focus at a large barrel in the centre, on which the two most important actors seat themselves,—while the wharf and the water in the background are merely imagined in a darkness that is inscrutable and alluringly mysterious. In these two instances, the Irish Players contrived to set their stage with rare imaginative effectiveness, without any expenditure of money whatsoever.

V

One of the leaders of the new movement toward a more imaginative handling of the stage is Mr. Gordon Craig. Mr. Craig has toiled for many years as a designer of costumes, scenery, and properties; he has tried experiments in the delicate art of lighting the stage; and he has made a few productions, in various European capitals, which have been favourably received. He has been regarded by many critics as a salutary idealist, and has been hailed by a few as the prophet of a new era in the theatre. Meanwhile, he has exhibited his designs—all of which are odd and many of which are interesting—and has talked a great deal, in those rapt, ecstatic, and indecipherable terms that impress the uninitiated.

Mr. Craig has recently published in America a volume *On the Art of the Theatre.** This volume is a bewildering production. It indicates that, however able Mr. Craig may be as a designer of scenery and costumes, he is utterly incapable of any exercise of the literary art. His book is inconsecutive and incoherent. He splashes about in a splurge of words, like a baby in a bath-tub. Several of his reviewers have hailed him as a genius—by which they mean, apparently, that he is incapable of intelligent analysis or orderly exposition. His book is an extremely messy work. He begins by damning the entire contemporary theatre—a theatre, let us remember, that is illustrated by the labours of such artists as Pinero, Maeterlinck, and Brieux—and by announcing with prophetical solemnity that he, and he alone, can reform and rehabilitate it; and then he talks and talks, for page after page, without offering any explanation of the method by which he intends to proceed to this accomplishment. Whatever ideas he may have in his head are obscured by his futile efforts to express them. His volume is therefore an exasperating work. The reader feels that he knows less about the author's principles after he has read it than he thought he knew before he began to turn the pages. This noisy and amorphous publication actually subtracts from the reader's knowledge, not only of the general art of the

* On the Art of the Theatre. By Edward Gordon Craig. Chicago: Browne's Bookstore.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

theatre, but of Mr. Craig's particular ideas. If Mr. Craig sincerely desires to contribute to the progress of the stage, he should first gag himself, and then permit some trained and skilful writer to study his designs and explain their purport lucidly and sanely to the public.

Yet, beneath the raving of this pretentious and preposterous indigestion of ideas, the patient reader may perceive the recurrence of certain principles which are more sane than this rabid writer's exposition of them. Mr. Craig, for instance, refuses to regard the drama either as a department of literature or as a department of pictorial art. He regards it as a distinct and independent artistic evocation, of which the elements are action, words, line, colour, and rhythm. He considers the stage-director as inevitably the ultimate, supreme commander of the collaboration required by this compound art. All of this is sane enough; but he then proceeds to deify the stage-director. He even goes so far as to express a desire to abolish both the author and the actor in order that the stage-director may not be hampered by any intermediary artists in the expression of his imaginative ideas. Mr. Craig would supplant the actor by a perfect, but involuntary, puppet, which he calls by the hybrid and horrific term of *Uber-Marionette;* and by a company of these puppets he would have the drama acted without words. Thereby he would cast preponderant emphasis upon the scenery and lighting, and would make the drama only an exercise in stage-direction. It is hardly necessary to remark that this idea is mad.

Mr. Craig has recently made a production of *Hamlet* in the Art Theatre of Moscow; and the accounts of this production are much more worthy of studious consideration than any of his own remarks in the volume now before us. Let us consider the following passage from a report in the *London Times* for January 12, 1912:

> Every scene in the *Hamlet* has for its foundation an arrangement of screens which rise to the full height of the proscenium, and consist of plain panels devoid of any decoration. Only two colours are used—a neutral cream shade and gold. A complete change of scene is created simply by the rearrangement of these screens, whose value lies, of course, not so much in themselves, as in their formation and the lighting. Mr. Craig has the singular power of carrying the spiritual significance of words and dramatic situations beyond the actor to the scene in which he moves. By the simplest of means he is able, in some mysterious way, to evoke almost any sensation of time or space, the scenes even in themselves suggesting variation of human emotion.
>
> Take, for example, the Queen's chamber in the Castle of Elsinore. Like all the other scenes, it is simply an arrangement of the screens already mentioned. There is nothing which definitely represents a castle, still less the locality or period; and yet no one would hesitate as to its significance—and why? Because it is the spiritual symbol of such a room. A symbol, moreover, whose form is wholly dependent upon the action which it surrounds; every line, every space of light and shadow, going directly to heighten and amplify the significance of that action, and becoming thereby something more than its mere setting —a vital and component part no longer separable from the whole.

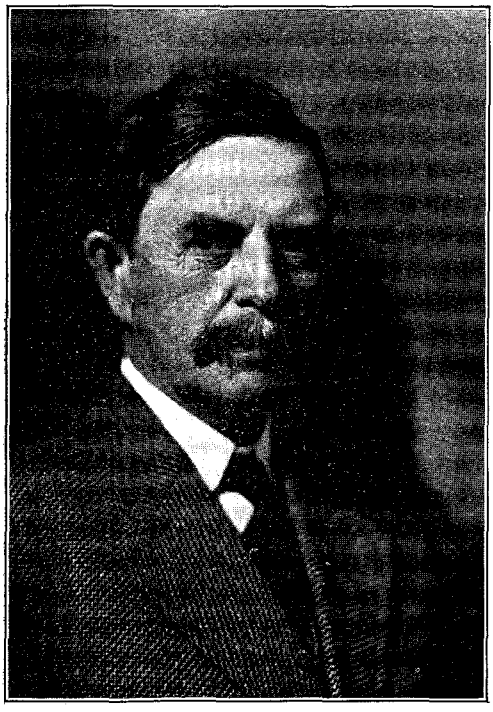
All of this is extremely interesting—though we may wish that the correspondent of the *Times* had been a little more explicit in elucidating precisely how Mr. Craig's arrangement of monochromatic screens became the "spiritual symbol of a room." One point is clear: and that is that Mr. Craig has apparently succeeded in suppressing all superfluous details, in diminishing considerably the expenditure of the producing manager, and in forcing the audience to create in imagination the most telling features of the investiture of the play. In doing this he has pointed the way toward a new manipulation of the exercise of stage-direction, which is more laudatory than the manifestations of this difficult art which are commonly current in the theatre of to-day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MISSION PAGEANT AT SAN GABRIEL

BY WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

On the twenty-ninth of April there was produced at San Gabriel (near one of the oldest missions in California) a mission pageant play—a presentation unique in the annals of American dramatic history. The establishment of this mission play, which is to be an annual institution, is unquestionably an important and significant dramatic event. A special theatre was built, and the actual cost of the first production, exclusive of salaries, was over fifty thousand dollars. Three hundred people, led by the Princess Lazarovich-Hrebrelianovich (Eleanor Calhoun), took part in the performance. The play was produced by Henry Kabierske, who produced the Queen's Jubilee Pageant in England and the Pageant of American History at Philadelphia.



HENRY KABIERSKE, WHO PRODUCED THE "MISSION PLAY." MR. KABIERSKE IS A PAGEANT MASTER OF WIDE REPUTE. HE WAS THE DIRECTOR OF THE PHILADELPHIA HISTORICAL PAGEANT, AND THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE PAGEANT IN ENGLAND.

JOHN STEVEN MCGROARTY, THE AUTHOR OF THE "MISSION PLAY," A SIGNIFICANT DRAMATIC PAGEANT FOUNDED ON THE EARLY FRANCISCAN HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FIRST CHRISTENING OF AN INDIAN IN CALIFORNIA. A SCENE IN ACT I OF THE THEATRE AT SAN GABRIEL, CALIFORNIA. THIS EDUCATIONAL COMMUNITY PLAY IS THE NUMEROUS REQUIREMENTS OF PAGEANTRY, BUT FOLLOWING CLOSELY THE LINES UNIFIED, CAREFULLY BUILT TRAGEDY, ARE ALL HISTORICAL FIGURES; AND THE NARRA- THAT PART OF EARLY CALIFORNIA HISTORY FROM THE FIRST WHITE SETTLEMENT ON THE END OF SPAIN'S DOMINANCE, SIXTY-FIVE YEARS LATER. IN THE PRESENT AND DON GASPAR DE PORTOLA, THE LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION. THE BAPTISMAL OCCURS THE DISCOVERY AND NAMING OF SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

THE CLIMAX OF ACT I OF THE "MISSION PLAY." JUST AS PORTOLA AND HIS LITTLE ASCENDS PRESIDIO HILL AND PRAYS FOR DON GALVEZ'S RELIEF SHIP, WHICH FOR POINT LOMA—AN EVENT WHICH MARKS THE BEGINNING OF CALIFORNIA HISTORY. HAS BEEN IN SEARCH OF MONTEREY; THE SUPPLIES HAVE DWINDLED; STARVATION OF CIVILISING CALIFORNIA IS TO BE ABANDONED AT THE TURNING OF THE TIDE. GREAT AN INFLUENCE DOES HE WIELD, THAT FOR THE LAST HALF OF THE ACT THE FORCE OF THE PERSONALITIES OF ITS CHARACTERS, THE EPIC ROMANCE OF THIS BIT FORM OF PAGEANT COULD REVEAL IT, NO MATTER HOW STUPENDOUS OR IMPRESSIVE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"MISSION PLAY," A HISTORICAL PAGEANT-DRAMA RECENTLY PRESENTED IN ITS OWN
UNLIKE ANYTHING OF ITS KIND EVER ATTEMPTED IN AMERICA, MEETING NOT ONLY
OF DRAMATIC CONSTRUCTION. THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY, WHICH IS A
TIVE ITSELF DOES NOT DEVIATE FROM ACTUAL HISTORIC EVENTS. THE PLAY COVERS
THE SHORES OF SAN DIEGO BAY, TO THE INVASION OF THE GRINGOS, WHICH MARKED
SCENE ARE FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA, THE FRANCISCAN PADRES WHO CAME WITH HIM,
EVENT HERE DEPICTED IS TAKEN DIRECT FROM THE ANNALS OF HISTORY. IN THIS ACT

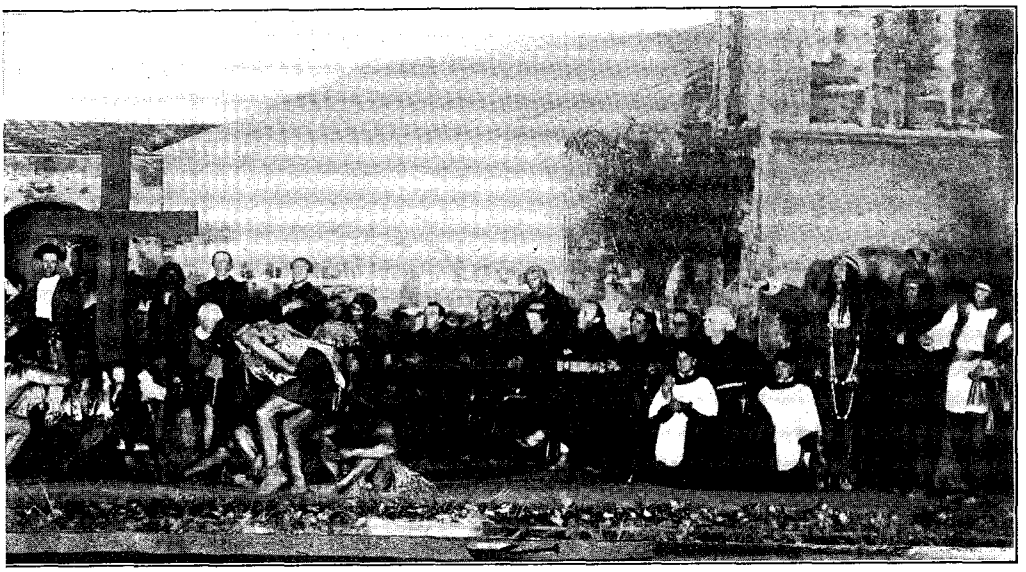
BAND OF SOLDIERS AND MONKS ARE ABOUT TO ABANDON CALIFORNIA, FATHER SERRA
MONTHS HAS BEEN EXPECTED. DURING HIS PRAYER THE FRIGATE APPEARS AROUND
THE SCENE IS ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC IN THE PLAY. DON GASPAR FOR MONTHS
AND SICKNESS HAVE SET IN; THE SOLDIERS DEMAND TO BE RETURNED, AND THE WORK
FATHER JUNIPERO ALONE HOLDS BACK, AND SO POWERFUL A FIGURE IS HE, AND SO
ENTIRE CONFLICT IS CENTRED ABOUT HIM. THROUGH ITS DRAMATIC ACTION AND THE
OF PIONEER HISTORY IS MORE INTIMATELY REVEALED TO THE SPECTATOR THAN ANY
THE SPECTACLE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

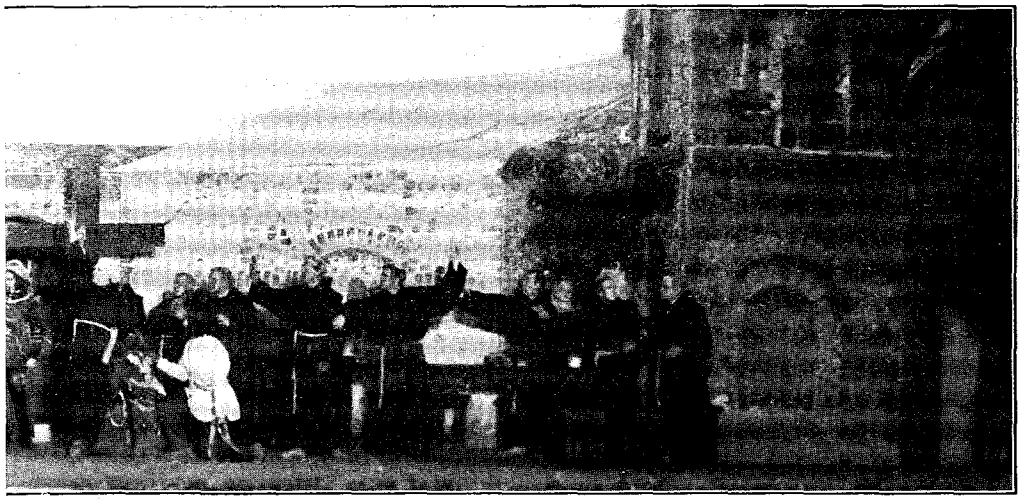
AN INDIAN FOLK-DANCE IN ACT II OF THE "MISSION PLAY." THE MISSIONS HAVE TROL OF THE PACIFIC. CASTILIAN CIVILIZATION IS AT ITS HEIGHT. THE SCENE IS AT THIS ACT THERE PASSES BEFORE THE SPECTATOR A COMPLETE PAGEANT OF SPANISH HERE THE TABLEAUX ARE FUSED WITH THE PERSONALITIES OF HISTORIC PERSON- SEQUENCE OF DRAMATIC EVENTS WHICH RUNS THROUGHOUT THE PLAY. THE PADRES WHOSE HEADQUARTERS WERE AT MONTEREY, AND THE SPANISH POPULACE HAVE GATH THE INDIAN CRAFTS AND THE PERFORMANCE OF THE EARLY SPANISH DANCES. THE AND THE "PROPERTIES" ARE ALL GENUINE HISTORICAL RELICS.

THE DENUNCIATION OF CAPTAIN RIVERA Y MONCADA IN ACT II OF THE "MISSION OF THE KING'S TROOPS. IN THE SCENE SHOWN HERE HE HAS COME WITH HIS SOL- FRANCISCAN NEOPHYTE. THEY ARE SEEN KNEELING AT THE FEET OF FATHER JUNI- BUT IS DISARMED BY FATHER SITJER, A PRIEST KNOWN IN HISTORY AS "THE FIGHTING FOUNDED ON HISTORICAL FACT. RIVERA WAS EVENTUALLY EXCOMMUNICATED FROM WAS A FOUNDER OF ONE OF THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS, AND THE MONKS ARE REPRO- AGAIN, BY REDUCING HISTORY TO DRAMATIC CONCRETENESS, AND BY INVESTING THE OF HISTORY ARE INDELIBLY IMPRESSED UPON THE MINDS OF THE SPECTATORS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



NOW BEEN BUILT. FATHER JUNIPERO IS APPROACHING THE END. SPAIN IS IN CON-
THE MISSION SAN CARLOS IN MONTEREY, DURING ONE OF THE ANNUAL FETES. IN
CIVILISATION AND THE FRANCISCAN ACCOMPLISHMENTS IN THE WEST. BUT EVEN
AGES. THERE IS CONTINUOUS DIALOGUE AND NO SPECTACLE IS DETACHED FROM THE
FROM ALL THE MISSIONS IN CALIFORNIA, THE OFFICERS OF THE KING'S SOLDIERY,
ERED IN THE PATIO OF THE CARMEL MISSION. IN THIS ACT OCCURS THE EXHIBIT OF
INCIDENTAL MUSIC IS WRITTEN BY A CALIFORNIAN FOR THE PURPOSES OF THE PLAY,



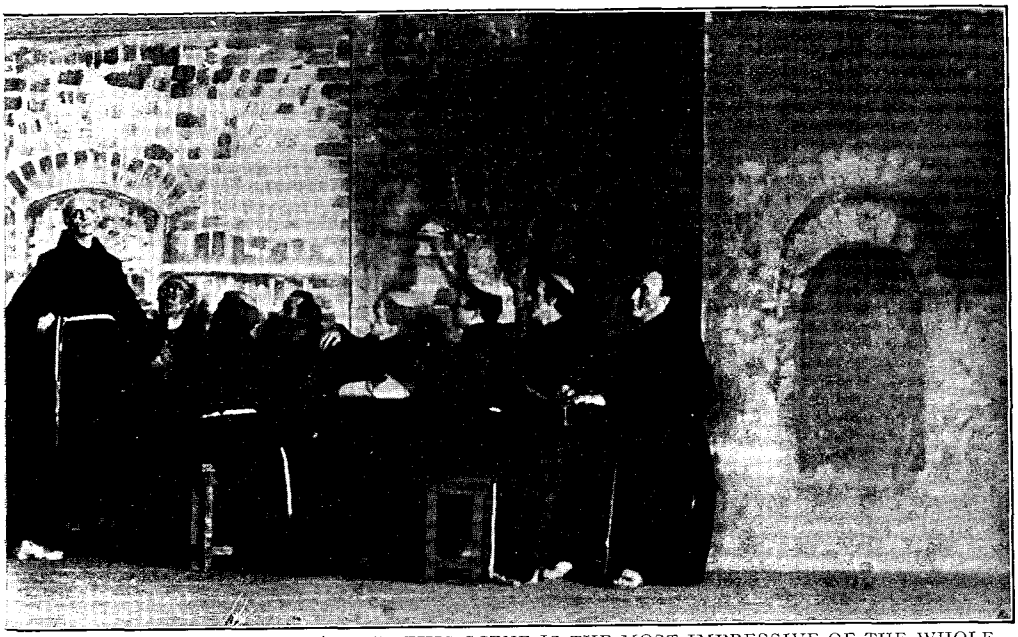
PLAY." IN 1784 RIVERA WAS THE GUBERNADO OF CALIFORNIA AND THE COMMANDANTE
DIERS TO TAKE AWAY ANITA, A YOUNG HALF-BREED GIRL WHO LOVES PABLO, A SAN
PERO, WHO HAS JUST MARRIED THEM. THE GUBERNADO ATTEMPTS TO STRIKE SERRA,
PADRE OF SAN ANTONIO." THE CLASH BETWEEN SERRA AND RIVERA IS A SITUATION
THE CHURCH. EACH FRANCISCAN MONK REPRESENTED ON THE STAGE IN THIS SCENE
DUCED IN THE "MISSION PLAY" NOT ONLY IN CHARACTER BUT IN APPEARANCE. HERE
CHARACTERS WITH DRAMATIC PERSONALITY, NOT ONLY THE EVENTS BUT THE IDEALS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PARTING EXHORTATION OF FATHER JUNIPERO TO THE FRANCISCAN MONKS IN DRAMA, FOR THE PERSONALITY OF SERRA WAS THE MOVING FORCE OF CALIFORNIA'S HERITAGE OF WHICH COLORS NEARLY EVERY PHASE OF MODERN CALIFORNIA LIFE. DEATH BEGAN THE DISINTEGRATION OF THE CATHOLIC RULE IN THE WEST. HIS FARE- REPORTS TO HIM IS A MEMORABLE INCIDENT IN THE HISTORY OF THE MISSIONS. WITH WITH THE NINE SURVIVING CATALONIAN SOLDIERS WHO CAME WITH HIM ON THE TRAYED BY BENJAMIN HORNING, AND SO INTIMATELY DOES HE INTERPRET THE ACTUALLY LIVES, PERHAPS FOR THE FIRST TIME, IN THE HEARTS OF THE SPECTATORS.

THE FINAL SCENE OF THE "MISSION PLAY," ACT III. IN THIS ACT THE MISSIONS THE SACRED SOIL. SENORA DONA JOSEFA DE LA CORTINA DE ARGUELLO, A FIGURE LOVER, THE AMERICAN OWNER OF THE MISSION SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO, ENTERS. THE THIS ACT OCCURS THE DEATH OF THE LAST OF THE EARLY FRANCISCAN MONKS, WHICH, PURPLE OF THE SPANISH SOVEREIGNTY IN AMERICA. IN POINT OF TIME, THIS ACT IS REMINISCENT CARETAKER OF THE MISSION; BUT WITHIN HIM IS THE SPIRIT OF FATHER CALIFORNIA'S EARLY HISTORY—(1) THE ARRIVAL OF THE FRANCISCANS, AND THE PASSING OF THE OLD REGIME AND THE INVASION OF THE GRINGO.

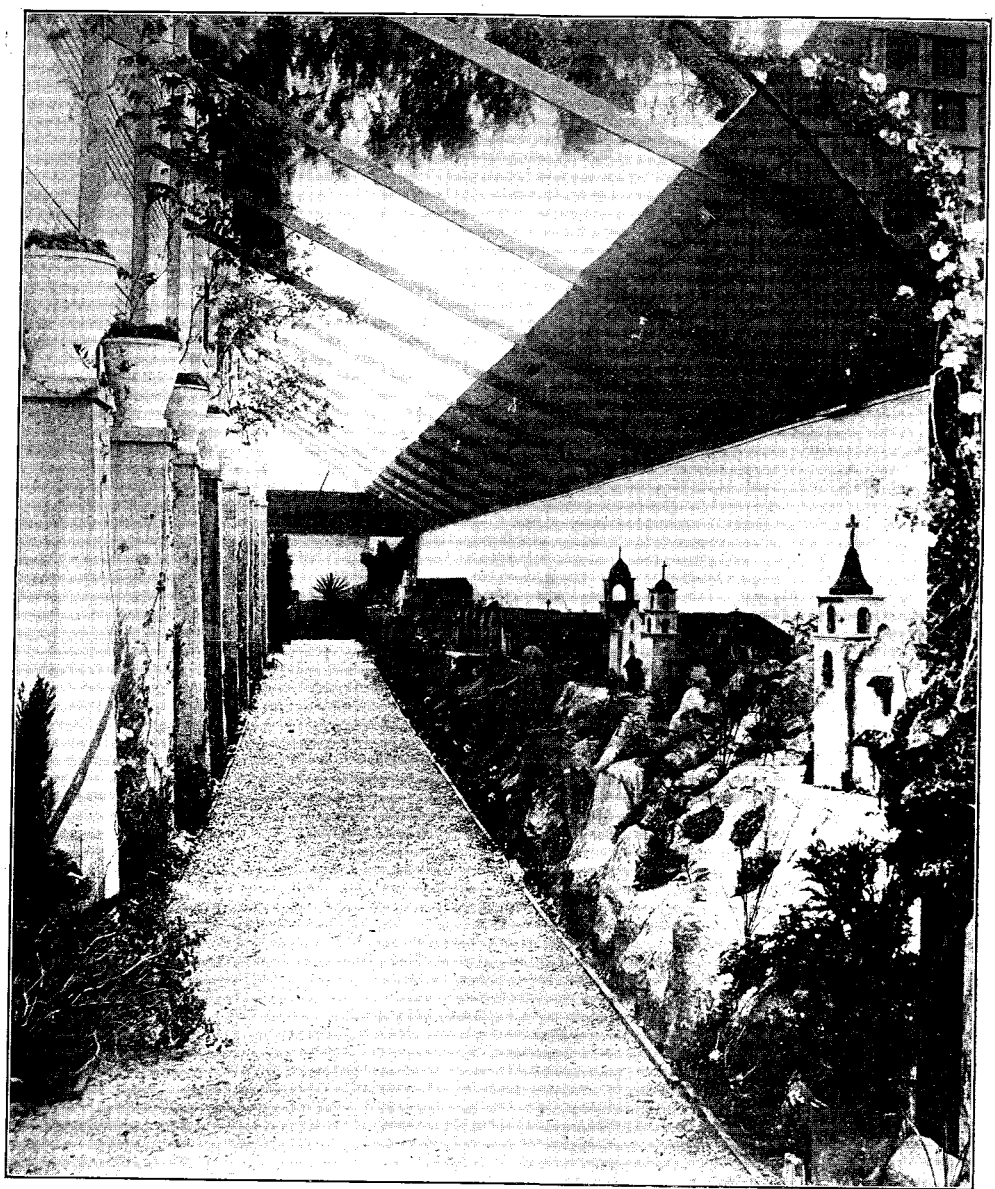
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ACT II OF THE "MISSION PLAY." THIS SCENE IS THE MOST IMPRESSIVE OF THE WHOLE EARLY HISTORY. TO HIS INDOMITABLE COURAGE WAS DUE THE MISSION REGIME. THE HE WAS KNOWN AS THE FATHER PRESIDENTE AND WAS LOVED BY ALL. WITH HIS WELL SPEECH TO THE ASSEMBLED PADRES WHO CAME EACH YEAR TO MAKE THEIR THE PRESAGE THAT HE WOULD NEVER SEE THEM AGAIN, HE CALLED THEM TOGETHER FIRST EXPEDITION, AND BADE THEM GOOD-BYE. THE ROLE OF SERRA IS HERE POR- CHARACTER OF THIS GREAT STRIKING FIGURE OF FRANCISCAN HISTORY THAT SERRA

ARE IN RUINS; THE INDIANS HAVE DETERIORATED; THE GRINGOS HAVE DESECRATED OF HISTORY, HAS BEEN ACCIDENTALLY SHOT BY ONE OF THE INDIANS, JUST AS HER ACTION HERE IS SYMBOLIC, BUT THE DRAMATIC INTEREST IS NOT ABATED. IN LIKE THE DEATH OF SENORA JOSEFA, IS A SYMBOL OF THE TRAGIC FADING OUT OF THE LAID FORTY YEARS AFTER ACT II. ONE CHARACTER REMAINS, THE DODDERING AND SERRA. EACH ACT OF THE "MISSION PLAY" REPRESENTS AN IMPORTANT PHASE OF STRUGGLES OF THE EARLY PIONEERS; (2) THE ZENITH OF SPANISH POWER; (3) THE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE EXTERIOR OF THE MISSION PLAYHOUSE AT SAN GABRIEL, CALIFORNIA, SHOWING A SECTION OF A REPRODUCTION OF THE KING'S HIGHWAY, AND THE EARLY CALIFORNIA MISSIONS IN MINIATURE. THE PLAYHOUSE IS CONSTRUCTED IN MISSION ARCHITECTURE. IT IS FURNISHED AND DECORATED BY HISTORICAL RELICS, ALL OF WHICH HAVE BEEN LOANED FOR THE PURPOSE. THE STAGE IS NEARLY A HUNDRED FEET ACROSS, AND IN THE CAST OF THE "MISSION PLAY" ARE OVER THREE HUNDRED PERSONS. THE PLAYHOUSE IS SITUATED ON HISTORIC GROUND OPPOSITE ONE OF THE OLDEST MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA, IN THE SHADOW OF CENTURY OLD PEPPER TREES PLANTED BY THE EARLY FRANCISCAN FATHERS. THE "MISSION PLAY" IS TO BE AN ANNUAL INSTITUTION RUNNING DURING THE LATE WINTER AND EARLY SPRING MONTHS. THE ENTERPRISE IS UNIQUE IN THE ANNALS OF AMERICAN DRAMATIC HISTORY. THE COMMUNITY, EDUCATIONAL AND HISTORICAL PAGEANT HAS BEEN COMBINED WITH DRAMATIC NARRATIVE WITHOUT LOSING ANY OF THE FUNDAMENTAL ELEMENTS OF PAGEANTRY. THE PARTICIPANTS ARE ALL CALIFORNIANS, THE INDIANS ARE OF THE NATIVE TRIBES, AND MANY OF THE COSTUMES ARE GENUINE HISTORICAL RAIMENT. THE STAGE "PROPERTIES" ARE ALL ANTIQUES, AND THE SCENERY AND MURAL DECORATIONS ARE PAINTED BY LOCAL ARTISTS. THE "MISSION PLAY" IS A RADICAL DEPARTURE FROM THE FORMALITIES OF THE USUAL HISTORICAL PAGEANT, AND MARKS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT STEPS EVER TAKEN IN COMMUNITY PAGEANTRY IN AMERICA.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LAST HOME

BY AGNES LEE

Apart I lie, below the pulsing crowd,
In the last home at last.
Ah well, in the old days I have been proud!
Now meekness holds me fast.

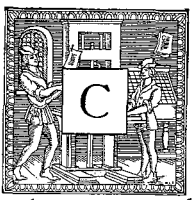
I have been friend to potency and fame.
Fair coins my face enring.
Once to my hearth a lordly prætor came,
And once an Orient king.

They left their pearls upon my brow elate,
Their opals on my breast.
But now in my humility I wait
To house a meaner guest.

Then, little worm, come in, ere time dispraise
The perfect flower it bore.
Ah yes, I have been proud in the old days!
But I am proud no more.

THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATES

BY FLORENCE MINARD



CONTRAST makes the world exist. Without it life would be as invisible a thing as a black cat on a dark night, a white house in a dense fog. A flash of light, a dash of colour,—on such revealing forces reality depends.

A young girl's reply, when asked what finishing school she is going to choose, has in itself little interest, but when viewed against a contrasting background, the careless answer, "Oh, I am not bothering to think about it; mother says perhaps I won't have to go anywhere," springs at once into vital significance.

No opposing point of view could offer a more striking contrast to this lethargic indifference than the fever of eagerness which everywhere pervades the public evening schools of this country.

The power of physical force stimulated by enthusiasm which is met in the night classes is astonishing. Every pupil to a man has done a day's work, has toiled for the earning of his wage. Their day begins at six o'clock in the morning, with the sound of the mill whistle, the musical instrument to which their lives are attuned. To the factories, foundries, shops and offices they hurry. They do not need to read Arnold Bennett to know how to keep busy. They are not paid to sit with idle hands. Yet each night at half past seven o'clock they are waiting as eagerly for the big doors to open as did Alla Baba wait to gain entrance into the cave of hidden treasure. Somewhere in Rose Morrissey's rushing hours behind the glove counter she has found time for stenography and English grammar. Patrick Flynn, grocer's delivery boy, can hardly wait for the laboratory cases to be unlocked to go on with his electrical experiments. Each personality differs from the next, but all alike are infused with will to do and to know, all coming with outstretched hands to receive the gift of power through

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

knowledge, the hunger for self-expression, long repressed through generations, burning in their eyes.

Among no class is found so great a degree of eagerness as that shown by the students from the immigrant population. At once upon landing to find the opportunity to learn "free to all" is a most convincing verification of the wonderful messages which have drawn them across seas.

Not without background are these alien children. To be sure Pasquale knows nothing of American culture and refinement. He would feel strangely at a loss to comprehend the conduct or conversation of a group of students representative of an American university. It will take several generations before he can even rise to their level of social ease. In so doing it is to be hoped some slight trace of his present grace of body and elfish-little-God-Pan contour of head may be left to gladden the upper circles. Of automobiles, hockey and the course of the intercollegiate games he knows nothing. How should he, when, in spite of the untrammelled poise of head and clear glance of eyes, he cobbles shoes all day long, from early morning till dark, and at night cares only to draw—not in evening class merely, but afterward in his own unheated room, huddled over his tiny lamp, he often draws far into the night. "One, two, three o'clock, I draw almost every night." To the superfluous question, "You love it then?" there is a shy affirmative glance, full of indescribable charm, and the mellow voice continues: "After long time, perhaps, I draw like Giotto, you know—right the first time,"

"BLESSED ARE THE MEEK"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"AT NIGHT HE CARES ONLY TO DRAW"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and an eloquent sweep of the hand recalls the legend of the master's perfect circle drawn with one stroke as a sign for the satisfaction of the Pope's messenger. Yet Giotto was only a poor sheep herder who was given a chance, so why may not the dream come true. The world would welcome another such.

But how do they know these things? How is it that out of a perfectly clear sky, with complete simplicity, Ricetelli lingers after class to ask if he may be taught architectural drawing too, because it is well to understand about it even as did Michael Angelo? How can it be that these untrained members of society, these children from the masses, should take great names upon their lips with as perfect familiarity as though converse with them were a matter of daily habit? Has the news come to them that these are things about which one should know? Is it the ambition to be well-informed that is actuating them, the determination to leave no stone unturned along the high road to success?

Perfectly unconscious of any effect they may be producing on others, one has only to look into their faces to see and wonder at the rare quality of their earnestness to feel how much is their unaffected choice of hero the product of centuries of natural intimacy with the works of the illustrious.

Of thoroughgoing Americans there are many who would scorn to be "dagos," yet whose artistic taste is bounded on the north by the cartoons of the Sunday Supplement, on the south by the Pretty Girl Pictures, and on the east and west by desert wastes of utter ignorance. Their creed of pictured beauty is established, their judgment unwavering. They loudly resent any intrusion into the narrow limits where they abide, knowing just what they like.

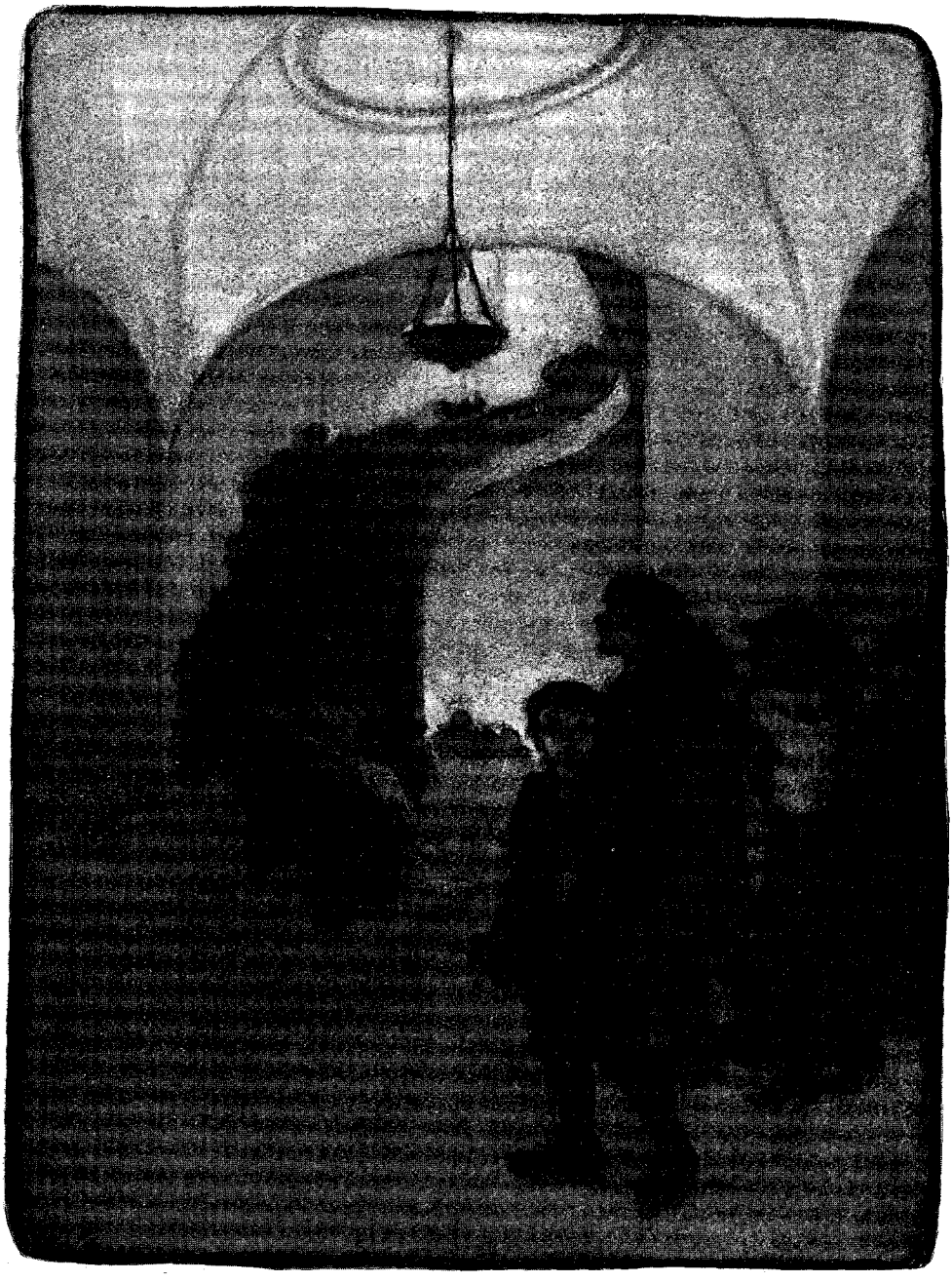
But such as these are not in the evening classes, rather such types as Aquitelus, the Armenian, who speaks English with an exquisiteness of pronunciation delightful to the ear. Graduated from two Armenian universities, working for an American degree, he wishes to be taught drawing that he may understand its underlying principles. "English, I read perfectly, and speak correctly, I think, but I can never get the accent. Everywhere I hear ' 'ry up,' ' 'ry up' so fast. I say 'hurry up,' but no, it is as one word, ' 'ry up' that it is said. Then, too, I say, 'up stairs' " (with careful enunciation of the consonant in up). "They laugh and say that I pronounce it 'uppa stairs.' I do not pronounce it 'uppa stairs,' but I can never say it so rapidly, like one word; it is not so written." He speaks four languages besides his own, "French and German better than English," this quite simply said, without a shadow of boasting or complacency. "The world is so very old, is it not, and there is so much to know. It is too interesting, I think, sometimes, one life is so short and one can learn so little."

The class is as cosmopolitan as art herself and is formed from all nations of the earth. Fleeing from the bondage of Russia, across a continent and a sea, they have found their way at last here, where they answer "present" at roll call in company with Greek and Roman, Jew and Gentile, each one as simply and naturally as though he were indigenous to the soil.

Aquitelus, Luigi, Pasquale, Ricetelli and all the rest, how America should welcome you with widespread arms. If she gives you your heart's desire, shall you not indeed repay her a hundred-fold with the development of your splendid vitality, the richness of your ancient heritage.

"Poor devils," some one says as the immigrants pour up from the docks, struggling with ungainly burdens, bewildered and awkward before the oppressive strangeness of this new shore. But rather these are they of whom we should say, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." This very America to which they have so newly come was discovered, let us not forget, by one of these same eager foreigners, that it might stand through the years a shelter to the oppressed, a place where the downtrodden of the earth, released from tyranny, should grow into their birthright of power and become the sinews of the race of men. Perhaps it was to prepare a place for these, bearing within them the seeds of a finer sensibility, an old world simplicity; in their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

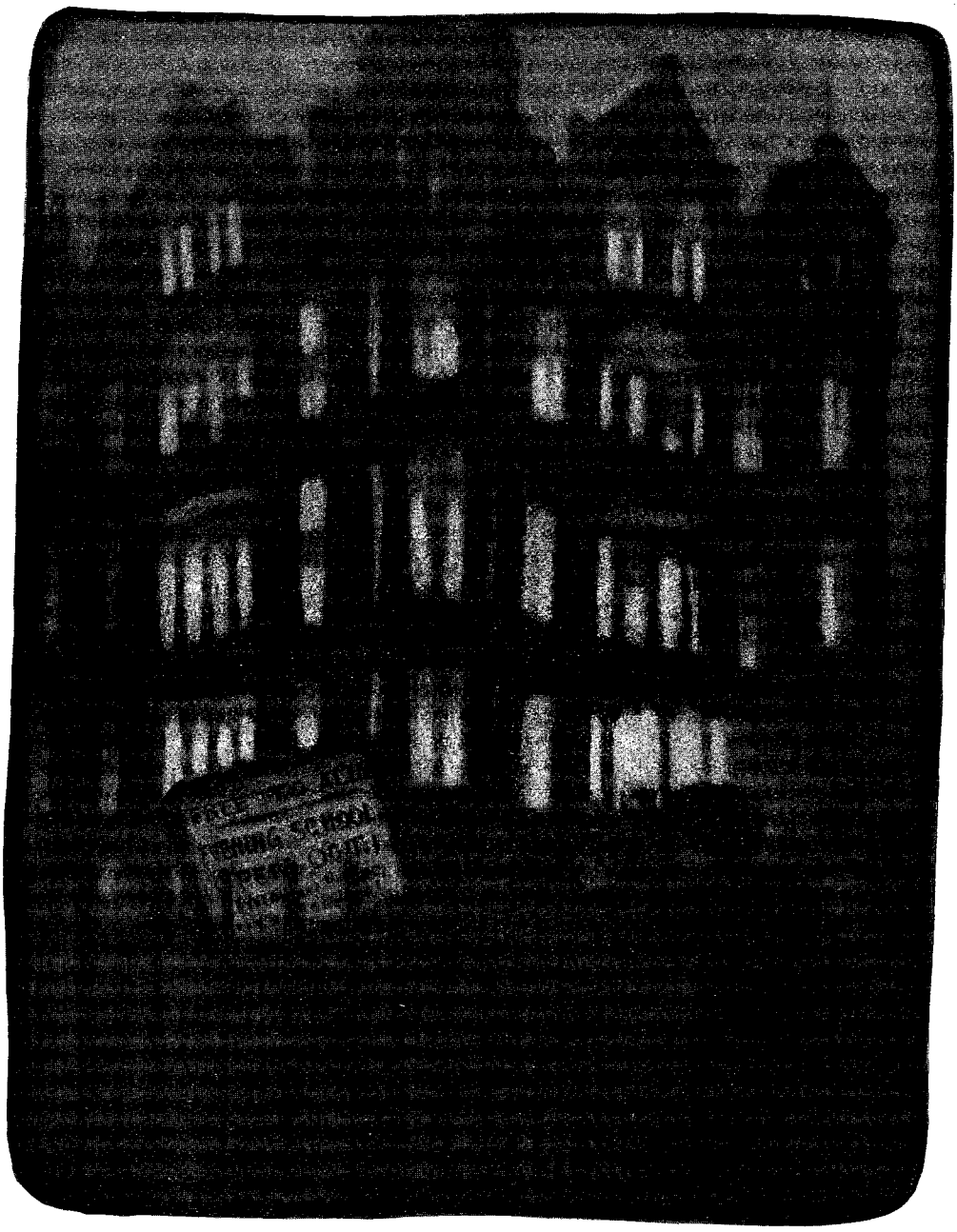


"FROM THE FIRST MOMENT HE WAS CAPTIVATED"

eyes the vision of an ancient art; in their voices the soft tones of forgotten cadences. Perhaps it was to clear the soil, break the stones, hew the timbers and build the walls of this new world habitation ready for their adorning, that the *Mayflower* fathers, austere and rigid, came first, begetting generations of thrift and industry that the land should be full of plenty and prosperity for their coming.

How thorough and culminative seems

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"TO HIS EYES A PLACE OF WONDER"

this age and its accomplishments. Yet, one wonders, centuries after if it will not be regarded substantial and commonplace as a square of honest stone half sunk in earth, while all eyes turn with wonder and delight to the figure of beauty these same immigrants have builded upon it.

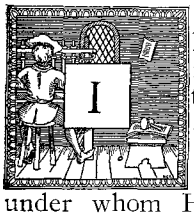
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMING OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

BY AMEEN RIHANI

IN TWO PARTS. PART II

III



N German, Christian Maximilian Habicht is responsible for the first translation of *The Nights* as for the European Arabic Edition. It is certain that De Sacy, under whom Habicht studied a little Arabic, when he was Secretary to the Prussian Legation at Paris, had little or nothing to do with the work. But there are three others, natives to the Arabic tongue, with whom Habicht had considerable literary and linguistic commerce; namely, Father Raphael of Cairo, then teaching Arabic in Paris; Mordecai ibn en-Najjar, of Tunis, who lived with him in the same house; and Antoun Dubbanah Bey, of Cairo, who loaned him his manuscript of *The Nights*. But Dubbanah Bey's manuscript was not considered authentic; Ibn en-Najjar, who transcribed for him many stories from a Tunisian manuscript, was a sorry scribe, a mercenary one; and Father Raphael, though knowing more Arabic than De Sacy, did not succeed in imparting his knowledge to his Austrian student. Hence the garbled text of that execrable patchwork known as Habicht's *Recension of the Arabian Nights,* which was published at Breslau about the time Edward Lane's English translation appeared.

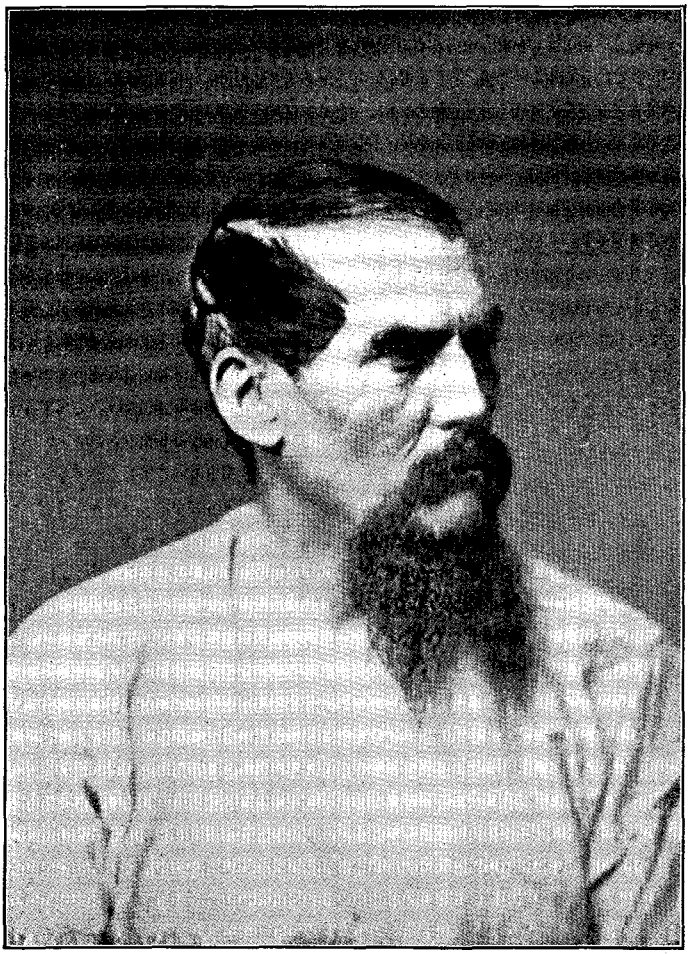
Habicht was an enterprising Orientalist who thought nothing of borrowing or stealing or mangling a manuscript so it fit in the general frame of his work. And this is true of his Recension as well as his German translation, which was made both from the French and the Arabic. He translated from Gautier and Caussin de Perceval, who expanded Galland's, and added what was needed to complete the work from his own fragmentary tales which he collected when in Paris. Even that Tunisian manuscript, with which he hoodwinked even the scholars, was nothing more than the tales he received from the Jewish scribe, Ibn en-Najjar. That much of the success of Habicht's work—if success it be—is due to the industry and friendship of this Tunisian Jew, is undoubted. It seems that he was a professional scrivener, this Mordecai, for he copied stories for others besides Habicht, who, nevertheless, liked him well. On the title page of Volume II of the Arabic Edition is this note: "Following is the story of Seif el Moluk which is copied by my dear Brother Mordecai ibn en-Najjar of Tunis." And as these were received from his "dear Brother" then in Tunis, written on different kinds of paper, they were bound together, without correction or revision, except that here and there, with lead pencil, Habicht would make the (his arbitrary) divisions into Nights. Other scriveners there were, it seems, besides Ibn en-Najjar. For a colophon to one of the volumes says, Written by Herbin of Paris. An enterprising and surprising scholar was Habicht; and any one, indeed, that came his way, and was in any way familiar with Arabic or *The Nights,* had to contribute toward the success of the great enterprise. Even De Sacy was not spared. For one of his manuscripts was called into requisition that some excerpts from it might serve to fill a few gaps in his own. And thus, he numbered *The Nights* and renumbered them to suit his purpose, and printed them without the slightest qualm of conscience, giving grammar, sense, and style a *grand congé.* But Baron Von Hammer and Gustave Weil (the latter's translation is the best and most complete, I am told) made amends for the literary and linguistic enormities of Christian Maximilian Habicht.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IV

We now come to England. Early in the eighteenth century a pinch of *The Nights* was sown in Grub Street, but it did not take root. In his essay on Temperance, Addison gives an epitome of the story of the Physician and the King from the *Arabian Nights Tales*. He also translated and published in another number of *The Spectator* the story of Alnachar (en-Nashshar, the Sawyer), which is that of the Fifth Brother of the Barber in the "Adventures of the Hunchback." But this Grub Street specimen of *The Nights* did not germinate. The seeds that were wafted across the Channel with the down of Galland's thistle were frosted in the pages of *The Spectator*. Historically speaking, however, that was the real first English translation from *The Nights*, excepting, of course, Forster's rendering of Galland's Version.

Then Jonathan Scott tried his hand at the task and failed. He started to translate, inaccurately enough, with a sense of decency undisguised, filling his ellipses with "modesty will not permit, nor is it necessary to relate what happened between the twain"; and ending by copying from Galland. Apparently Scott did not think it necessary to follow his initial purpose, since Galland's translation was, as he admitted, as good as any-



SIR RICHARD BURTON

For twenty years, in all his travels the book of "The Nights" was Burton's only source of solace and joy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing he could do. So he falls to copying from the French author, altering little except the spelling of the names, and repeatedly telling himself and his public that Galland's version was in the main so correct! that it was useless to go over the work afresh. It is strange, indeed, that the first English translation of *The Nights* should have an Habicht-like parentage. But Scott, whose incuriousness was as phenomenal as Habicht's, whose Arabic and Arabism were as bad also, was not as bold, exigent, and laborious as the Austrian translator-editor-publisher. Nor was he desirous of swelling the work into a dozen volumes, lacking, probably, the commercial instinct of Habicht. He struck out at his pleasure many of the Tales, "both immoral and indecent in construction," and others in which "the incidents are too meagre and puerile to interest a European reader of any taste!"

To give one instance of Scott's method: Sindbad the Sailor, reflecting on the time he had lost and the profligacy of his past life, calls to mind the saying of Solomon that three things are better than three things: the day of death than the day of birth; a living dog than a dead lion; the grave than the palace. Which Scott translates: "I remember the saying of the great Solomon, which I had frequently from my father, that death is preferable to poverty." Eminently journalistic!

About the time that Scott was botching it in England, however, a more serious attempt was being made in India. Henry Torrens, Irishman, poet, dilettante Orientalist, was already engaged on a translation which had peculiar and singular merits. But though he felt the glamour of *The Nights* and seemed to have lived and dreamed in them like Mardrus, he was not fully equipped for the task. That he was the most brilliant luminary of an Indian circle, is undoubted. But he knew little Arabic and not as much of the dialects of Egypt and Syria. Nevertheless, he published one volume of his translation. And had it been completed, Payne said, he would not have undertaken his.

He who followed Scott and Torrens accomplished his task, and for forty years his literal translation, which is as unreadable as Sale's *Koran*, stood alone as the then complete and popular edition of *The Nights*. Edward Lane, an eminent scholar, a fine Arabist, an Egyptomaniac, must have been horrified by the methods of both his predecessors. But, like Scott, without the amusing apology, however, he, too, omitted the indecent portions in the text; and unlike Torrens, he tried to impart to the literality the saving tone and flavour of a style which, though dignified, was more suited for the essay than the romance. His work has a few points of advantage, especially in the study of customs and manners. For he lived a long time in Egypt, and he acknowledges the assistance of two natives, Sheikh Mohammed Eyiad and M. Salamé. But how insipid, how jejune, how hideous and hag-like is a literal translation, when the translator lacks the imaginative quality and the Oriental poetic fervour! Lane's work reminds one of the modern expurgated Arabic editions of *The Nights*, made classical and dry by the Christian scholar or the European missionary.

It is curious to notice how one translator seems to react, as it were, on the one preceding him. Scott, for instance, comes out with an undisguised Puritanic version; Torrens with a version of the tavern. Then comes Lane to rebuke both, and with a deference to Mrs. Grundy and Mr. Addison, succeeds only in producing a cold, dry, unimaginative version of the drawing room. It has neither the advantage of being English literature nor a true living picture of the Arabic. Like a too Occidental paraphrase, a servilely literal translation must always prove a failure. In both methods, the grandiose and infantile of Oriental folklore seem ridiculous. And to miss them entirely, as we do in Scott, is better than beholding them cold and dry, as in the pages of Lane. But is there not another medium—the magic medium which no language lacks—through which the picturesqueness, the simplicity, the naïvete, the terseness, the plain childish directness of Arabic, can be made to breathe, not artificially or asthmatically, as in that single volume of Torrens, but naturally, unconsciously, unassumingly, as in the Original? Can the Arabic turn

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of expression retain all its force and beauty in the elegant but sometimes uncongenial disguise of modern idiom? This is the problem. And we shall see how the two succeeding translators have grappled with it. That they both did their best and were more equipped for the great task than any of their predecessors, is beyond doubt.

V

Richard Burton, soldier, explorer, scholar, author, ethnologist, and *rawy,* knew, it is said, thirty-five languages and dialects, especially that of pornography. He served his country in the Bombay Army Corps, and as British Consul, for twenty years, in Asia, Africa, Europe and Brazil. He left a literary baggage of thirty-seven volumes, chief among which are the seventeen volumes of *The Thousand Nights and One Night,* which are now diligently sought only by the curious lecher or the serious scholar. Learned and erratic, Burton was a singular disparate duality of East and West, the Mohammedan *alem* in him locking with the English taverner of Elizabethan days. As remarkable himself as any character in *The Nights,* he attempted a pilgrimage to Mecca, disguised as an Afghan Muslem, under the name of Hajj Abdullah. But that he never entered the sacred precincts of that city is certain.

For twenty years, in all his travels, the book of *The Nights* was Burton's only source of solace and joy. The whole spirit of it flowed into his own, forming a distinct Oriental atmosphere which was more pronounced in his life than in his work. Indeed, the Oriental fancy, making the spiritual and supernatural as common as the natural and material, never extinguished its light in the pinacothek of his brain, to borrow his own term, which was exclusively a picture gallery of the wonderful Tales. Familiarity with the Arabic dialects gave him an advantage over the scholars who might have been more learned in Arabic than himself. And he could as well surprise the native *alem* as entertain the native peasant. In that happy circle before the tent in the desert, he himself would be the central figure, the *rawy;* he would recite to the Arabs in their own dialect the wonderful tales of *The Nights,* and his hearers, exclaiming, Allah, Allah! would roll on the sands with laughter.

Burton's was a real genuine avocation, which he followed with delight for many years under all sorts of conditions;—whether travelling with the Bedu in the desert, or searching for hidden lakes in the wilds of Africa, or exploring the mysterious land of Midian and its gold mines, or excavating ancient ruins, places of enchantment, vanished scenes, perhaps, of the Tales, he still pursued his great task, and never ceased to dream his great dream of putting in the shade all his predecessors, the translators of *The Nights.* But in another part of the world, and perhaps under more favourable conditions, another English Arabist, fired with the same ambition, was then engaged on a similar task. John Payne, too, would startle the English-speaking world, in whose gilding of refinement innocence of the word is more desired than innocence of the thought or the deed, with the bald realism—the naked, unsophisticated, naïve spirit—of a Work which had been distorted into Family Editions, Drawing Room Editions, and such like. Both Payne and Burton were dreaming the same dream, wooing the same task, looking forward to the same laurels. And although Payne was first to bid for them, they were reserved for Burton, who, nevertheless, shared them with his friend. But the great achievement was in a certain sense a failure. Alas, O Hajj Abdullah! even *thy* great work was tamed down to a "Ladies of England" Edition,—eunuchated, as it were, by the hand of thine own faithful spouse. And she burned what remained of the Satodean stuff, Allah be praised! which was to be made a Supplement to the Supplementary Nights.

But why, it will be asked, if Burton was so imbued with the Oriental spirit, so deep withal in *The Nights'* secret of illusion, was his work in a sense a failure? His medium, first of all, failed him. And his literary eccentricities did not serve him well. True, the plain and naïve in the Original are rich and beautiful on many a page of the Translation; the Arabesque decoration, too, marvel-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lous as it is, though losing its form, seldom loses its flavour; but how often they are marred, alas, by a fatal something which has in it the suddenness of the tavern whoop or the outlandishness of an African barracoon. And that racy terseness, that naturalness, in which, now and then, an Oriental quaint conceit peeps coquettishly out of Elizabethan prose,—how often it is defeated by the heavy dragging semi-Biblical gear which is made to represent the whole mechanical structure of Arabic rhetoric. For Burton retained it all, unwieldy as it is. The rhymed prose, however, the cadence, the balance of sentence, the alliteration,—he coined a word when necessary for the purpose,—the assonants and dissonants, —these are often grotesque, sometimes amusing, and rarely agreeable in an Anglo-Saxon dress.

As for the anthropological notes and notelets, gleaned from the Satodean literature of Arabia, India, Greece and Rome—Burton's pornographic Arabic library alone must have made a few camel loads—and supplemented with observations and studies made in the wilds and jungles of primitive tribes,—these footnotes, often dragged by the feet into the book, and cried up by him as the most important feature of it, are instructive, to be sure, and entertaining. But why cumber *The Nights,* which is neither a pathological nor a theological treatise, with all this? Why, indeed, try to fetter romance and illusion with scientific and anthropological dissertations? It is a mistake to believe that no complete translation of *The Nights* can ever be complete without a marginal lumber of some kind. It may seem unjust to speak of an enlightening commentary as "lumber," but what place, I ask, has a three-page footnote on eunuchs in a fairy tale?

And yet, an Occidental reader, become slavishly intellectual and analytical, might prefer these to the poetry interspersed in *The Nights,* which in a translation does seem extraneous. But it is certainly an indispensable portion of the original. Carried by the illusion, than which to an Oriental there is nothing more real, the intensity of his emotions is given a breathing spell in the interruption of the bard. His songs are the pauses in the story, the resting-places on the wayside to the palace of enchantment, to the Kaf hills of dreams. But these pauses, these interruptions are irritating to an Occidental audience, because the illusion to them is not alive, not real. Even if they were done into real English verse, these odes and elegies in *The Nights* would still be as cumbersome as the marginal lumber of the scholar.

But what have we instead of real poetry in all the complete translations? Alas, something which is neither prose nor verse. The literal rendering of either Mardrus or Lane is execrable; while that of Payne is better by far than Burton's. Payne himself was a poet, whatever his "Master Villon," whom he translated into English, might say to the contrary. But the Arabic bard has a right to say more; he and Villon can not share the same satisfaction in their translator.

Both Payne and Burton wrote learnedly and exhaustively on Arabic prosody; the subtle mechanism and the elusive spirit of it, they both perceived and appreciated; but they could not give in a translation the magic and music, the spirit-stirring lyricism of the original. The Arabic rhythm, do what we may, cannot be produced in English, because —and this vital point must have escaped both Payne and Burton—the shortest vowel-wave in the shortest meter has not the minimum pause of a dactyl or an anapest. And this almost continuous flow, with so many unaccented syllables forming an undertone, soft but heady, is the innate lyric charm of Arabic poetry, the secret of its magic power. The translator, therefore, must content himself with the spirit, and let the form, the outward mechanism, go. For the physiognomy of Arabic is quite another than that of any European language. So, too, its genius. Burton tried to find a vernacular suited to the turn of phrase or idea, but he failed miserably. Payne, in preserving the rhyme-scheme and sometimes a mere shadow of the rhythm, succeeded only in raising his lines from the level of prose; but he could not raise them high enough, shackled as they are in their native poetic tradition, to the height of poetry. This can be accom-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plished, not in a translation, but only in what might be called a transmigration.

And what is true of the poetry is partly true of the prose of *The Nights*. All the translators here discussed have only succeeded in giving us either a kind of "punch" in an Occidental bowl, or a peculiarly insipid something in an Oriental jar. The tone, the flavour, the spirit is either too weak or too turbid. The transmigration of *The Nights*, therefore, in their migration to the West, even like an Arabic poem, seems inevitable. And in the hands of a true literary genius, now that it has gone through the hands of the Arabist and scholar, either Payne's translation or Burton's can be made an English classic.

BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF YOUNGER REPUTATIONS

BY LENOX ASTOR

VI—Robert Hichens

I. Published Volumes, with Reviews

The Green Carnation. London: Heinemann (published anonymously in Pioneer Series), 1894; New York: Appleton, 1894; reissue, Kennerley, 1908. Reviewed: Academy 46, 348; Athenæum '94, 2, 419 and 496; Critic 25, 228 and 255; Lit. World N. S. 50, 277.

An Imaginative Man. London: Heinemann, 1895; Newnes, 1906; New York: Appleton, 1895. Reviewed: Athenæum '92, 2, 219; Critic 27, 440; Dial 19, 255; Lit. World N. S. 52, 50; Spectator 75, 153.

The Folly of Eustace and Other Stories. London: Heinemann, 1896; New York: Appleton, 1896. Reviewed: Academy 49, 445; Critic 29, 172; Dial 21, 289; Lit. World N. S. 53, 431.

Flames, A London Phantasy. London: Heinemann, 1897; Chicago: H. S. Stone, 1897. Reviewed: Academy 51, 376; Critic 30, 421; Dial 22, 308; Lit. World N. S. 55, 410.

Byeways. London: Methuen, 1897; Collins, 1907; New York: Dodd, Mead, 1897. Reviewed: Academy 53, 2 (Suppl. Jan. 1); Athenæum '98, 1, 49; Critic 32, 230; Lit. World N. S. 57, 9.

The Londoners: An Absurdity. London: Heinemann, 1898; Chicago: H. S. Stone, 1898. Reviewed: Academy 53, 548 (Suppl. May 21); Athenæum '98, 1, 530; Critic 33, 300; Bookman 7, 526; Dial (W. M. Payne) 25, 21; Lit. World N. S. 259; Spectator 80, 630.

Daughters of Babylon. (In collaboration with William Barrett.) London: Macqueen, 1899; Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1899. Reviewed: Athenæum '99, 1, 368; Lit. World N. S. 59, 217.

The Slave: A Romance. London: Heinemann, 1899; Chicago: H. S. Stone, 1899. Reviewed: Academy 57, 601; Athenæum '99, 2, 683; Bookman 11, 284; Lit. World N. S. 60, 397; Spectator 83, 662.

Tongues of Conscience. London: Methuen, 1900; Collins, 1908; New York: Stokes, 1900. Reviewed: Academy 59, 282 and 383; Athenæum '00, 2, 478; Lit. World N. S. 62, 346; Spectator 85, 531.

The Prophet of Berkeley Square. London: Methuen, 1901; New York: Dodd, Mead, 1901. Reviewed: Athenæum '01, 2, 695; Lit. World N. S. 64, 455.

Felix: Three Years of Life. London: Methuen, 1902; Amalgamated Press, 1908; New York: Stokes, 1903. Reviewed: Athenæum '02, 2, 516; Dial (W. M. Payne) 35, 63; Lit. World N. S. 66, 336; Independent 55, 1994.

The Woman with a Fan. London: Methuen, 1904; Amalgamated Press, 1907; New York: Stokes, 1904. Reviewed: Cur. Lit. (K. D. Sweetser) 37, 430; Dial (W. M. Payne) 37, 38; Lit. World N. S. 69, 312.

The Garden of Allah. London: Methuen, 1904; New York: Stokes, 1905; Illustrated Edition, 1907; Biskra Edition, 1911. Reviewed: Academy 67, 424; Ainslee, July,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1905; Athenæum '04, 585; Atlantic 95, 697; Bookman (D. Osborne) 24, 378; Book News (Norma K. Bright) March, 1905; Cath. World 81, 545; Collier's, June 11, 1905; Critic (C. H. Dunbar) 46, 474; Dial 38, 388; Edinburgh Rev. 203, 79 (reprinted, Liv. Age 248, 736); Independent 56, 787; 59, 1153; Lit. Digest, March 4, 1905; Lit. World N. S. 70, 383; N. Y. Times 10, 394; Outlook 79, 502; Pub. Opin. 38, 214; Rev. of Rev. 32, 759; Speaker, Dec. 24, 1904; Spectator 93, 643.

The Black Spaniel and Other Stories. London: Methuen, 1905; New York: Stokes, 1905. Reviewed: Athenæum, '05, 2, 608; Academy 69, 1079; Sat. Rev. 100, 600; Spectator 95, 658.

The Call of the Blood. London: Methuen, 1906; Amalgamated Press, 1907; New York: Harper, 1906. Reviewed: Academy 71, 266; Athenæum '06, 2, 362; Atlantic (H. J. Smith) 100, 129; Bookman 24, 377; Cur. Lit. 41, 699; Dial (W. M. Payne) 42, 143; Independent 61, 1229; Lit. Dig. 33, 727; and 858; London Times 5, 305; Nation 83, 396; N. Y. Times 11, 719 and 796; North Amer. (Edith B. Brown) 183, 923; Outlook 84, 581; Rev. of Rev. 35, 120; Sat. Rev. 102, 401; Spectator 97, 404.

Barbary Sheep. New York: Harper, 1907; London: Methuen: London, 1909. Reviewed: Athenæum '09, 1, 641; Bookman (E. C. Marsh) 26, 167; Independent 63, 939; Nation 85, 211; N. Y. Times 12, 535; Outlook 87, 45.

A Spirit in Prison. London: Hutchinson, 1908; New York: Harper, 1908; Burt, 1911; Serialised in Harper's Weekly, March-Aug., 1908. Reviewed: Athenæum '08, 2, 398; Bookman 28, 262; Independent 65, 947; Nation 87, 340; N. Y. Times 13, 506, 615 and 743; Spectator 101, 636.

Egypt and her Monuments. Illustrations by Jules Guerin. London: Hedder & S., 1908; New York: Century Co., 1908; Serialised, Century Mag., Feb.-Aug., 1908. Reviewed: Dial 45, 409; Internat. Studio 36, Suppl. 58; Lit. Dig. 37, 901; N. Y. Times 13, 751 and 773; Rev. of Rev. 38, 757; Spectator 101, Suppl. 813.

Bella Donna: A Novel. London: Heinemann, 1908; Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1908. Reviewed: Athenæum '09, 2, 522; Bookman 30, 387; Spectator 103, 795.

The Spell of Egypt. (Cheaper Reissue of *Egypt and Its Monuments.*) London: Hedder & S., 1910; New York: Century, 1911.

The Holy Land. Illustrations by Jules Guerin. London: Hodder & S., 1910; New York: Century, 1910. Reviewed: Bookman 32, 387; Cath. Wld. 92, 400; Dial 49, 469; Independent 69, 1250; Int. Studio 42, Suppl. 50; Lit. Dig. 41, 1101; Nation 91, 558; North Amer. 192, 841; Rev. of Rev. 42, 759.

The Dweller on the Threshold. London: Methuen, 1911; New York: Century Co., 1911; Serialised in Century Mag., Nov., 1910—April, 1911. Reviewed: Athenæum '11 1, 597; Atlantic 108, 566; Bookman 33, 316; Cath. Wld. 93, 535; Cur. Lit. 50, 563; Independent 70, 671; Lit. Dig. 42, 636; Nation 92, 603; N. Y. Times 16, 184; Sat. Rev. 111, 590; Spectator 106, 893.

The Fruitful Vine. London: Unwin, 1911; New York: Stokes, 1911. Reviewed: Academy 81, 827; Athenæum '11, 2, 518; Bookman 34, 308; Cur. Lit. March, 1912; Dial 51, 470; Independent 71, 987; Lit. Dig. 43, 690; Nation 93, 419; N. Y. Times 16, 602; Outlook 99, 405; Sat. Rev. 112, 679; Spectator 107, 862.

II. Appreciations, etc.

Academy, "Robert Hichens," 52, 493.

Bookman, "Hichens at Taormina," 29, 13.

Gaines, C. H., "Hichens: An Appreciation," Harper's Weekly 51, 1206.

Marshall, Edward, "Robert Hichens talks of the Battle of the Sexes," N. Y. Times, Oct. 1, 1911.

Nation, "The Production of the Garden of Allah," 93, 401.

Outlook, "Hichens' Opinions," 99, 304.

Outlook, "A Successful Novel and an unsuccessful Play," 99, 699.

Warren, Garnet, "A Goodby Interview with Robert Hichens," N. Y. Herald, Nov. 12, 1911.

Waugh, Arthur, "London Letter," Critic 27, 47.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMING

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

NOTE: *This poem was written by Mr. Howells when he was less than twenty-three years of age. At the time he was one of the editors of "The Ohio State Journal." The poem was written either in the offices of that newspaper or at his rooms in Columbus, as he had spent almost all of the year preceding the reading of the poem in that city. The poem was read before the Editorial Convention Ohio, at Tiffin, on January 18, 1860, and was printed in the columns of "The Ohio State Journal" on the twenty-third of the same month. Two or three days before the original publication, there appeared in the columns of the Journal, evidently from the pen of Mr. Howells, a prose account of the meeting at which the poem was read. Last year "The Ohio State Journal" celebrated its centenary. Naturally the present staff of the paper is proud of the part that Mr. Howells has taken in its history and part of the work in preparing the centennial edition was an attempt to discover any one who had a personal recollection of Mr. Howells in his offices. So far as was discovered there is no such person living to-day. But the files of "The Ohio State Journal" of the years when the author of "The Rise of Silas Lapham" was in its service contained much interesting matter so clearly from his hand that it requires little skill to pick it out. There are a number of poems, some signed, others unsigned. There are columns upon columns of contemporaneous literary criticism—an occasional eulogy, as upon the death of Bulwer-Lytton—some art and dramatic criticism and many editorials upon the subjects uppermost in the public mind just before the outbreak of the War of Secession. About that time Mr. Howells was beginning to be something of a figure in local circles. Poems by him had been published in the "Atlantic Monthly," and in the year of the publication of "The Coming" he wrote a campaign "Life of Lincoln," in recognition of which he received the Venetian Consulate, which he held from 1861 to 1865.*

I

As in some morning twilight dim,
Men see a wide, disordered train
Move vague and large along the plain,
Like a procession of a dream.

Till shining through the sombre pines
That frown beneath the mountain-brows
Hoar with the world-old, eternal snows,
The sun strikes wide in crimson lines.

And, here and there, amid the stir,—
Unlitten, men of meaner frame,—
Smites the steel warrior into flame,
From burning helm to gleaming spur;

We see, in all the dawns of Time,
The unknown many of the past,
Obscurely noisy, darkly vast;—
And shining out of these sublime,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The men whose great souls caught the sun
On mails of proof and arms of might,
Riding to battle from the night
Of years where nothing has been done:

The Martyrs, that in heathen-lands
Have wrestled with all shapes of death,
(The quick soul strength to wasting breath,)
And won the victory from his hands;

The Prophets, that in speech have stood,
And preached the Right, and shown the Truth,
Launching rebuke, and sparing ruth,
Amid the furious multitude;

The Champions, that with sword and lance,
And iron hands and mighty blows,
Have struggled with the people's foes,
And conquered, in forlorn advance.

The Men that make the vanished past
So brave, the present time so base,
And people, with their glorious race,
The golden future, far and vast!

All ages have been dark to these;
The true Knights-Errant! who have done
Their high achievements not alone
In the remoter centuries;

But ever to their dawn's dim eye,
Blinded with nightlong sorcery.
Warring with Shadows seemed to be,—
In victory, seemed to fail and die!

Noons glowed. The poet held each name
In hushless music to the ear—
Low for the thinking few to hear,
Loud for the noisy world's acclaim;

And pondering, one that turns the page
Whereon their story hath been writ,
Gathers a purer lore from it,
Than all the wisdom of the sage;—

A simple lore of trust and faith
For Life's fierce days of dust and heat.
To keep the heart of boyhood sweet
Through every passion, unto death—

To love and reverence his time,
Not for its surface-growth of weeds,
But for its goodly buried seeds,—
To hope, and weave a hopeful rhyme.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

II

In these, the later years, must be
The man to mirror in his soul,
Gentle, and brave, and true, and whole,
Young dreams of olden chivalry:

A soul of warm and catholic creed,
Striking in man its roots abroad,
And lifting up its head to God—
Blossoming thought, and ripening deed;

The friend of all that have no friend—
Close-clasping to a father-breast
The orphanhood of the oppressed—
Quick to redress, strong to defend;

The succour of all helplessness
Widowed by wrongs beyond the laws,
The champion of the righteous cause
Of innocence, in false duress;

Foe of the cruel and the base—
The servile cheat, the subtle rogue,
The cantling priest, the demagogue—
That trick for gain, and mouse for place!

When such a man shall be, his day
Shall find him, not where former suns
Have shone upon their mighty ones,
Far-beaming in the early rays;

Not on the field where battle blooms
To crimson garlands, and the flowers
Leap red and rank, through all the hours
Of after-summers out of tombs;

Not on the bench where judgment frowns
On Justice, with the ermine-snow
Folding in colder heart below
Laws, not for men, but wigs and gowns;

Not in the Senate where the slow
Result of party cripples all,
Where fettered act and speech are thrall
To puerile threat and ruffian blow;

Not in those meadows, where the round
Sleek, velvet-handed pastor feeds
His flocks with wisps of musty creeds,
And pipes old songs of pleasant sound;—

Not there! but where the Press's heart
Beats life through all the veins of thought!
There shall the day's great work be wrought.
There shall the worker have his part!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There shall the man be found. "The still,
Strong man"—the perfect type,
The fruit of knighthood's flower ripe—
Firm hand, clear head, warm heart, swift will!

And, haply, as in old romance,
By the enchanter's magic spell
Gifted to be invisible—
Unhurt by any foeman's lance.

The good knight strikes amid the host,
Till all the giant foes in flight
Draw, trembling, to their caves of night,
And victory hath been won and lost;

So, of the latest chivalry,
The knight shall be—impersonal.
A mind, an individual,
Invulnerable, secret, free!

Invisible to many—known
In every brain and every heart—
Achieving mighty things apart,
In all the embattled throngs alone.

Content to live without a name
(If so the higher good demand,)
Dying, to haunt the grateful land,
A fragrant mystery of fame!

III

O not of us, but after us,
That talk to-day, and jest and dine,
And view the future through our wine
Red with the dawn and glorious—

Shall come the man. For us the toil,
To fell the trees, to clear the land,
With steadfast heart and willing hand,
To plough the field, and sow the soil.

Slow moves the work. Our hands are fast
In manacles of Prejudice:
We will not that, we date not this,
We doubt and falter to the last.

On tongues that else would speak in sooth,
The palsying touch of Fear is placed—
On many opening lips is pressed—
To lock within the rising truth—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Want's bony hand. The sepulchre
Of Custom many a living heart
Holds in its narrow dark apart,—
To vainly beat, and dumbly stir.

Envy, and Avarice, and Wrong
Betray us in ourselves; and Doubt
Fills all the unknown place about
With phantom shapes—and ponders long

Whether the golden grain will be
Of greater value than the mast
Shaken to swineherds by the blast
That rocks the moss-grown, dark'ning tree.

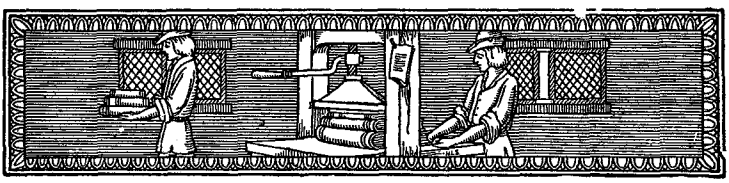
The work is great. Ah! clasping hand,
Be here the ancient trust renewed,
Be here the ancient hate subdued,
Here strengthened all fraternal bands!

Still striving forward, let us land
Our avocation with our deed—
Not perfect words, but actions plead
Of good intents to man and God!

Remembering, while the dollar flames,
And ever up the nightly skies
The calm and patient stars arise—
To look above with loftier aims;

Remembering, when we fear to move,
Our way is safe to onward tread—
Behind us quake the sands we dread—
The rock is firm we shrink to ove;

Remembering, in sore need a. pain
The struggle is the victory—
For none that struggles to be free
Deals any lightest blow in vain!



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

G. K. Chesterton's "Manalive"*

Mr. Chesterton seems to have a good deal more sympathy with the academic mind than the academic mind has with him. He shows this in a passage of his new volume entitled *Manalive,* on the subject of puddles:

> A puddle reflects infinity, and is full of light; nevertheless, if analysed objectively, a puddle is a piece of dirty water spread very thin on mud. The two great historic universities of England have all this large and reflective brilliance. They repeat infinity. They are full of light. Nevertheless, or rather on the other hand, they are puddles. . . . The academic mind reflects infinity and is full of light by the simple process of being shallow and standing still.

Rather a handsome thing to say of a type of mind that commonly dismisses Mr. Chesterton as trivial. To a great many highly educated persons, if we may judge from the most ponderous of the literary periodicals, Mr. Chesterton is and must always be merely a buffoon. Some call him a "master of the monstrous." Others complain of his turn for paradox which, they say, arises merely from a desire to cause astonishment and consists chiefly in the assertion of the opposite of what is commonly believed. To a great many well-schooled minds there is too much flash and noise about him. Academic reviewers seem flustered when they write about him and somewhat indignant, as if a large Newfoundland puppy had jumped into their laps. Not to imply that scholars necessarily dislike Mr. Chesterton. On the contrary among scholars both here and in England will be found his warmest admirers. The late William James, for example, was a loyal Chestertonian. But these numerous exceptions have not the qualities which we associate with the academic type. The typical academic mind is not inquisitive about any new aspects of persons and things; its vitality is wholly absorbed in holding fast to old, accepted aspects. Nor are the best examples of the academic mind by any means to be found in the colleges and universities. Newspapers often furnish the most perfect specimens. A stand-pat Republican editorial writer shaping the destinies of this nation by the simple process of imagining what Alexander Hamilton might have said has never been surpassed in scholarly circles. It is true that in the old days a scholar once cited the authority of Beza for the doctrine that water is wet; but at present a New York editorial writer would almost accept the word of Thomas Jefferson as proof that it isn't. At least he would not wish rashly to decide that or any other question without first ascertaining what was in the minds of the framers of the Constitution.

Now it is not strange that this class of minds reject Mr. Chesterton; it is even commendable. They are designed by nature as repositories, or, as he says, puddles, and not as instruments for the discovery of any new thing. It is no more essential to human variety that some minds should be open than that others should be shut. And there is often a pleasing trimness about a tightly closed mind that is not to be found in an open one, like the round finality of a shining bald head, secure forever from the disarray of any growing thing. But while Mr. Chesterton has never quarrelled with these people for standing still, they, on the other hand, have assailed him with great bitterness merely because he hops about. We have read many sneers at Mr. Chesterton that were directed solely at the rapidity of his movements, implying that this of itself was matter for reproach. They read like the malign whisper of an old maid that somebody is rather fast. It comes, of course, from that intolerance of diversity in which critics contrast so unfavourably with other forms of animal life. Cut off as completely by nature from a certain writer as a cow is from a cat, they nevertheless condemn that writer for his exaggerated activity. It is as if the cow,

*Manalive. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company, 1912.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

instead of quietly refusing to climb a tree herself, should curse the cat for doing so. There is no doubt that a good deal of the academic criticism of Mr. Chesterton springs from a sort of injured bovinity. One London reviewer wound up what was meant for a savage attack on Mr. Chesterton by saying that he was like the young Greek gentleman who stood on his head on the table and waved his legs in the air. He led carefully up to that point which he evidently regarded as conclusive. One might have supposed that that was where the interest in the situation began. He did not say whether Mr. Chesterton and the young Greek gentleman gave pleasure to themselves and others by standing on their heads. He did not even answer the natural question whether he himself and many other literary critics would not, after all, be making a better use of their heads if they stood on them.

Manalive is another of Mr. Chesterton's fairy tales for grown up people, successor to *The Napoleon of Notting Hill, The Man Who Was Thursday,* and *The Ball and the Cross.* Now you cannot surprise a grown up person by making a toad turn into a princess or exhibiting a giant with three heads. So Mr. Chesterton's fairy tales do not turn on what is physically impossible. They turn only on what is socially improbable, which to a grown up person is a far wilder thing. They represent men as acting logically upon some natural impulse which, though innocent and even praiseworthy, it is customary to repress. He delights in the startling effects produced by this simple expedient. Leap-frog is, for example, an innocent sport. The desire to play it is inherent in the human breast and may endure for aught we know in middle age. Yet the bare thought of the president of a large insurance company joining the United States Commissioner of Education in this genial game on the lawn of the Capitol at Washington is more startling to the adult mind than the wildest visions of romance. It is in just these situations that Mr. Chesterton delights. He brings them logically to pass and points a moral with them. He shows that they have come about not from madness, but from a higher and more courageous form of sanity. In this instance, probably, he would not only prove that the Commissioner of Education was perfectly reasonable in playing leap-frog. He would end by convincing the reader that if the Commissioner of Education had not played leap-frog he would have sinned against his higher nature. He would somehow or other create a strong presumption that playing leap-frog was the only way open to a Commissioner of Education for praising God, the alternative being a lapse into the horrid pessimism and inhumanity of a soul constrained forever to express itself only in black bound volumes of Biennial Reports on the statistics of American education. This, we admit, sounds very foolish as we put it. But as Mr. Chesterton would put it, it would have about it the force of commonsense and the charm of a dream come true. For Mr. Chesterton has excelled the poet's wish—"so might I standing on this pleasant lea, have glimpses that would make me less forlorn." He can get such poetic glimpses in situations carefully avoided by poets hitherto—not standing on any pleasant lea, but standing beside a high hat, standing beside a Commissioner of Education. It seems a more difficult feat to perform and in view of the unavoidable contacts of civilised life more useful.

In *Manalive* the hero applies himself to the task of learning how to do everything with the same zest as if he were doing it for the first time. By incessant and varied activities he contrives to preserve this early and innocent relish—

> For Smith was really, so far as human psychology can be, innocent. He had the sensualities of innocence; he lov'd the stickiness of gum and he cut white wood greedily as if he were cutting a cake. To this man wine was not a doubtful thing to be defended or denounced; it was a quaintly coloured syrup, such as a child sees in a shop window. He talked dominantly and rushed the social situation; but he was not asserting himself, like a superman in a modern play. He was simply forgetting himself, like a little boy at a party. He had somehow made a giant stride from babyhood, and missed the crisis in youth where most of us grow old.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

His antics were attributed to madness, and naturally enough, as they often took the form of violent practical jokes on other people, but it gradually appeared that through them all ran the single purpose of breaking up these other people's uncomfortable mental habits.

The sun seemed to set each object alight with a different coloured flame, like a man lighting fireworks; and even Innocent's hair, which was of a rather colourless fairness, seemed to have a flame of pagan gold on it as he strode across the lawn toward the one tall ridge of rockery.

"What would be the good of gold," he was saying, "if it did not glitter? Why should we care for a black sovereign any more than for a black sun at noon? A black button would do just as well. Don't you see that everything in this yard looks like a jewel? And will you kindly tell me what the deuce is the good of a jewel except that it looks like a jewel? Leave off buying and selling and start looking! Open your eyes and you'll wake up in the New Jerusalem."

"All is gold that glitters,
Tree and tower of brass
Rolls the golden evening air
Down the golden grass;
Kick the cry to Jericho,
How yellow mud is sold;
All is gold that glitters,
For the glitter is the gold."

"And who wrote that?" asked Rosamund, amused.

"No one will ever write it," answered Smith, and cleared the rockery with a flying leap.

"Really," said Rosamund to Michael Moon, "he ought to be sent to an asylum. Don't you think so?"

"I beg your pardon," inquired Michael, rather sombrely; his long swarthy head was dark against the sunset; and either by accident or mood he had the look of something isolated and even hostile amid the social extravagance of the garden.

"I only said Mr. Smith ought to go to an asylum," repeated the lady.

The lean face seemed to grow longer and longer, for Moon was unmistakably sneering. "No," he said; "I don't think it's at all necessary."

"What do you mean," asked Rosamund quickly. "Why not?"

"Because he is in one now," answered Michael Moon in a quiet but ugly voice. "Why, didn't you know?"

"What," cried the girl, and there was a break in her voice; for the Irishman's face and voice were really almost creepy. With his dark figure and dark sayings in all that sunshine he looked like the devil in paradise.

"I'm sorry," he continued, with a sort of harsh humility. "Of course we don't talk about it much . . . but I thought we all really knew."

"Knew what?"

"Well," answered Moon, "that Beacon House is a certain rather singular sort of house. A house with the tiles loose, shall we say? Innocent Smith is only the doctor that visits us; hadn't you come when he called before? As most of our maladies are melancholic, of course he has to be extra cheery. Sanity, of course, seems a very bumptious, eccentric thing to us. Jumping over a wall—climbing a tree—that's his bedside manner."

"You daren't say such a thing," cried Rosamund in a rage. "You daren't suggest that I——"

"Not more than I am," said Michael soothingly; "not more than the rest of us. Haven't you ever noticed that Miss Duke never sits still—a notorious sign? Haven't you ever observed that Inglewood is always washing his hands—a known mark of mental disease? I, of course, am a dipsomaniac."

"I don't believe you," broke out his companion, not without agitation. "I've heard you had some bad habits——"

"All habits are bad habits," said Michael, with deadly calm. "Madness does not come by breaking out, but by giving in; by settling down in some dirty, little self-repeating circle of ideas; by being tamed. You went mad about money because you're an heiress."

"It's a lie," cried Rosamund furiously. "I never was mean about money."

"You were worse," said Michael in a low voice, and yet violently. "You thought that other people were. You thought every man who came near you must be a fortune-hunter; you would not let yourself go and be sane; and now you're mad, and I'm mad; and serve us right."

"You brute," said Rosamund, quite white. "And is this true?"

With an intellectual cruelty of which the Celt is capable when his abysses are in revolt, Michael was silent for some seconds, and then stepped back with an ironical bow. "Not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

literally true, of course," he said, "only really true. An allegory, shall we say? A social satire?"

We have quoted the passage in full because it sums up so well the author's main contention, which is simply that the advantages of a scientifically authenticated, commercially profitable, and socially successful sanity in the modern world are grossly exaggerated.

Innocent Smith's endeavours to keep himself alive and enliven others lead naturally to a belief that he is mad. He makes his first appearance leaping a wall and climbing a tree in the garden of a boarding-house. Soon afterward he shoots two holes in the high hat of a very respectable physician, who, aided by an eminent American expert in criminology, investigates his record. They find the clearest evidence that Smith is a criminal lunatic of the most dangerous type. He has been expelled from Cambridge for an attempt to murder the warden of a college. He has committed burglary, bigamy, and probably murder. They are for hurrying him immediately off to court and securing a commitment to an asylum, but finally are induced by the other boarders to try him first before an informal tribunal of their own. Mr. Chesterton's art of making the fantastic seem plausible has never been employed more effectively than in the account of this absurd trial and the preposterous incidents that lead up to it. Needless to say all the prisoner's hideous crimes turn out to be the innocent experiments of a man bent on the singular mission of reminding himself and others that they are alive. He fired bullets past the Cambridge don, because the don was a pessimist and needed to be reminded that life after all had some value to him. He shot off the doctor's hat for the same reason. The burglary consisted in breaking into his own house, that he might learn to covet his own goods, instead of his neighbour's. The young women with whom he successively eloped and whose mysterious disappearance gave rise to the suspicion of murder turned out to be his own wife in successive disguises.

The High Court of Beacon that tried Innocent Smith consisted of the landlady of Beacon House as judge and her lodgers as counsel and witnesses. It grew out of Smith's fantastic proposal that every house should be a sovereign State, and judge its children by its own law. "You believe in Home Rule for Ireland," he said, "I believe in Home Rule for Homes." When the time came for ascertaining the guilt or innocence of Smith, the boarders reasoned that they might as well conduct the inquiry themselves.

"It is really true," said one of them, "that human beings might often get some sort of domestic justice where just now they can only get legal injustice—oh, I am a lawyer, too, and I know that as well. It's true that there is too much official and indirect power. Often and often the thing a whole nation can't settle is just the thing a family could settle. Scores of young criminals have been fined and sent to jail when they ought to have been thrashed and sent to bed. Scores of men, I am sure, have had a lifetime at Hanwell when they only wanted a week at Brighton. There is something in Smith's notion of domestic self-government."

The person who took this remarkable court most seriously was the American criminological expert, Dr. Cyrus Pym. This is how Mr. Chesterton accounts for it:

Cyrus Pym belonged to a country in which things are possible that seem crazy to the English. Regulations and authorities exactly like one of Innocent's pranks or one of Michael's satires really exist, propped by placid policemen and imposed on bustling business men. Pym knew whole states which are vast and yet secret and fanciful; each is as big as a nation yet as private as a lost village and as unexpected as an apple-pie bed. States where no man may have a cigarette, states where any man may have ten wives, very strict prohibition states, very lax divorce states, all these large local vagaries had prepared Cyrus Pym's mind for small local vagaries in a smaller country. Infinitely more remote from England than any Russian or Italian, utterly incapable even of conceiving what English conventions are, he could not see the social impossibility of the Court of Beacon. It is firmly believed by those who shared the experiment, that to the very end Pym believed in that fantasmal court and believed it to be some Britannic institution.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here it would seem that Mr. Chesterton, like other island folk, has overlooked, among minor actualities, one rather comprehensive fact in human nature—namely, the tendency of the native inhabitants of almost any corner of the earth to find a certain gullibility in foreigners. We feel in exactly the same way toward the British visitor as Mr. Chesterton does toward Dr. Pym.

The following passage, explaining the antics of Innocent Smith, supplies the keynote to the book:

Yes, Innocent Smith has behaved here, as he has on hundreds of other occasions, upon a plain and perfectly blameless principle. It is odd and extravagant in the modern world, but not more than any other principle plainly applied in the modern world would be. His principle can be quite simply stated: he refuses to die while he is still alive. He seeks to remind himself by every electric shock to the intellect that he is still a man alive, walking on two legs about the world. For this reason he fires bullets at his best friends; for this reason he arranges ladders and collapsible chimneys to steal his own property; for this reason he goes plodding round a whole planet to get back to his own home. And for this reason he has been in the habit of taking the woman whom he loved with a permanent loyalty, and leaving her about (so to speak) at schools, boarding-houses, and places of business, so that he might recover her again and again with a raid and a romantic elopement. He seriously sought by a perpetual recapture of his bride to keep alive the sense of her perpetual value, and the perils that should be run for her sake.

So far his motives are clear enough; but perhaps his convictions are not quite so clear. I think Innocent Smith has an idea at the bottom of all this. I am by no means sure that I believe it myself, but I am quite sure that it is worth a man's altering and defending.

The idea that Smith is attacking is this. Living in an entangled civilisation, we have come to think certain things wrong which are not wrong at all. We have come to think outbreak and exuberance, banging and barging, rotting and wrecking, wrong. In themselves they are not merely pardonable, they are unimpeachable. There is nothing wicked about firing off a pistol even at a friend; so long as you do not mean to hit him and know you won't. It is no more wrong than throwing a pebble at the sea—less; for you do occasionally hit the sea. There is nothing wrong in bashing down a chimney-pot and breaking through a roof, so long as you are not injuring the life or property of other men. It is no more wrong to choose to enter a house from the top, than to choose to open a packing-case from the bottom. There is nothing wicked about walking around the world and coming back to your own house. It is no more wicked than walking round the garden and coming back to your own house. And there is nothing wicked about picking up your wife here, there, and everywhere, if, forsaking all others, you keep only to her so long as you both shall live. It is as innocent as playing a game of hide-and-seek in the garden. You associate such acts with blackguardism by a mere snobbish association; as you think there is something vaguely vile about going (or being seen going) into a pawnbroker's or a public-house. You think there is something squalid and commonplace about such a connection. You are mistaken.

This man's spiritual power has been precisely this: that he has distinguished between custom and creed. He has broken the conventions, but he has kept the commandments. It is as if a man were found gambling wildly in a gambling hell, and you found that he only played for trouser-buttons. It is as if you found a man making a clandestine appointment with a lady at a Covent Garden ball, and then you found it was his grandmother. Everything is ugly and discreditable, except the facts. Everything is wrong about him, except that he has done no wrong.

C. M. Francis.

II

Robert Grant's "Convictions of a Grandfather"*

In this book, the author of *The Reflections of a Married Man* and *The Opinions of a Philosopher,* renews consideration of those problems of matrimony and life in general to which, throughout his life as a writer, he has been mildly addicted. "Mildly," because although there is plenty of seriousness in the present book, plenty of breadth and of moral and intellectual receptivity in

*The Convictions of a Grandfather. By Robert Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the outlook, there is little fire or force of conviction in the statement. He is touched, in the person of his elderly, but by no means fossilised, grandfather, by the generous sentiments, sympathies, and aspirations of an age already markedly socialistic, to which, indeed, he gives a radical expression that sometimes startles his wife, his friends, his children, and his grandchildren—except for a few who are even a trifle more radical than himself, as he notes with a trace of gentle deprecation.

For instance, by a neat literary artifice, he quite disclaims all responsibility for the opinions he advances in his discussion of old age pensions, and places the whole burden of the position he maintains for purely controversial purposes, upon the shoulders of an absent son-in-law, Luther Hubbard. A touch of unfairness is involved in the portrayal of this individual, by making his advocacy of social reforms seem in some measure dependent upon his lack of business ability. All this partakes of what betting men call "hedging," and weakens the effect of a shrewd and witty book by turning its tone too often to flippant indecision, feebly mistaken for social amenity and intellectual irony.

It also weakens the literary effect as well. Judge Grant's style is neat in verbal and syntactical texture; but since his thought follows a calm and equable course throughout, without sudden excitement and enthusiasm, the even flow of his sentences, with their excess of an almost mechanical habit of qualification, grows very monotonous at times. There is as little variety or relief in his expression as there is in his method of dispassionately weighing both sides of a question; and it is amazing that a novelist, turning for the third time to this form of literature, should manage to lend so little reality to his characters, or to introduce so little piquant dramatic episode or descriptive detail into his exposition and analysis of ideas.

His use of the word "symposium," to describe one or two of his colloquies, invites invidious comparisons with other writers who have recently adopted this style of dissertation; and in his handling of it, Judge Grant shows that, in spite of his grandfather's capacity for copious quotation, he shares something of that deficiency in the quality of literary background, with which American life is charged in general. If his symposia lack the æsthetic charm, their sensitiveness to the external scene of life, of Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson's, they are also without the wealth of literary and historical allusion which lights up the pages of Anatole France, and gives them true philosophic interest and value. Judge Grant has read his law books, the standard classics of English and ancient literature, and also, presumably, since he states one of its broad formulas, much recent French drama and fiction. But, for all the evidence he here offers, this is about all.

In the chapter in which he treats of divorce—as a side issue to the question whether the modern woman is "as intrinsically unselfish and lovable as her predecessor"—he drags in the threadbare comparison with ancient Rome. Much more interesting and suggestive would have been an examination of some of the proposals that have been made in modern times to deal ideally with the divorce question. For example, a country that maintains a Reno as a refuge for broken hearts might well ponder Stendhal's "chimerical" plan, as its author himself calls it. Beyle would have had, near Paris, "an *elysée* for unhappy women, a house of refuge, where, under penalty of the galleys, no man should enter except the doctor and the almoner. A woman who wished to obtain a divorce would be required, first of all, to become a voluntary prisoner in this *élysée;* she would pass two years there without going out once. She could write, but receive no response." After two years of such total separation from the world, during which a properly constituted council would be charged with the legal proceedings in her name, a woman would be free to marry again.

Such a plan would seem to have in it something to commend itself to a thinker who accepts divorce, yet condemns its abuses, and concludes his discussion of the subject by making a woman state the following paradox: "If the adage be true that the American hus-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

band is less of a despot than any man in the world, why does the American wife so constantly divorce him? Undeniably," she decides, "the burden is on us women to prove that our circumstances require it—that it is best for civilisation that we should so frequently put away one husband and presently marry another. Are we thereby holding men up to some nobler ideal of marriage than the rest of the world entertains? Or does it mean that the American woman is more capricious than her sisters, less tender in her affections, and shallower in her social intelligence . . . ?"

This is extremely well put, and it is not the least of the author's merits that, with his well-ordered legal mind, he can thus reduce a problem of social conscience or moral conduct to a clear antithesis and pack it away in a nut-shell. If only he could leave a trifle more of the burr on it! But Judge Grant is a "grandfather" whose best "convictions" fail to cling because they are too refined away to fairness and abstraction.

Horatio Hartford.

III

Hilary A. Herbert's "The Abolition Crusade and Its Consequences"*

Now that veterans in blue and veterans in grey can march contentedly in the same Memorial Day procession; now that a G. A. R. post can parade in New York City to the strains of "Dixie" and to the greeting of the "rebel yell," or what passed as such, without arousing the slightest trace of protest or resentment, or even evoking a sense of incongruity, such a book as *The Abolition Crusade and Its Consequences* can receive the unimpassioned, impartial attention it deserves. For it is not, as might perhaps be inferred from the title, a book in behalf of Garrison and his followers, but a severe arraignment of Abolitionism by a Southerner, from the Southern point of view.

That the South fought bravely and well has been recognised freely and generously in the North, even from the days of Bull Run and Appomattox, and is not a matter that needs further advocacy. But what the South fought about; why it took up arms; why five and one-half million Americans, the equals of their compatriots in religion, morals, regard for law and devotion to the common Constitution, should sever themselves from the rest of the nation and fight to the end for the principles they believed in; these are questions that have never been very clearly understood in the North. It is commonly supposed, for example, that the South took itself gladly out of the Union; that Southerners hated and despised the United States of America. On the contrary, few in the North realise the strength of Union sentiment in the South, before the war began, and how slowly the old ties were snapped. Few know the feelings that persisted in many Confederate soldiers throughout the war. If an aside be permitted, the writer recollects that an ex-Confederate officer once said: "I could never see the old Stars and Stripes coming along in a charge without a thrill of pride. I might be going to shoot it to pieces the next minute, but I could never see the old flag without wanting to get up and cheer." And it is largely because the military skill and valour of the South have been appreciated, and its political principles misunderstood or overlooked, that while Southern soldiers, Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, and others, receive hearty and generous recognition, Southern political leaders, Jefferson Davis at their head, still rest under a cloud of suspicion in the North.

It will come as a shock to many readers of *The Abolition Crusade and Its Consequences* to learn that Secession first reared its head in the North, and that till a certain date anti-slavery was more actively agitated in the South than in any other part of the country. New England's threats of Secession in connection with the Embargo Act, and her position throughout the War of 1812, are matters of historical record. As regards anti-slavery, there were in existence in the United States, in 1826, one hundred and forty-three emancipation societies, of which one hundred and three were in the South.

*The Abolition Crusade and Its Consequences. By Hilary A. Herbert. Charles Scribner's Sons.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is not within the scope of a brief review to show how a long line of Southern leaders, beginning with Washington and Jefferson, were opposed on principle to slavery. "Nothing is more certainly written in the Book of Fate," said Jefferson of the negroes, "than that these people are to be free." Nor is it possible to outline the difficulties of the negro problem, difficulties which are very far from being settled even to-day; nor how the South, in its way, was meeting them. But in 1831 came a fire-brand, William Lloyd Garrison, preaching that slavery was not a calamity but a crime, to be extirpated by the most ruthless and violent methods. From that year, anti-slavery sentiment in the South declined, and from that year hostility between the North and the South began to grow. The violence of Garrison and his followers was met with violence, and from one stormy episode to another sectional distrust and hatred increased apace.

During the thirty years of bickering which culminated in the Civil War, the South stood squarely on its legal rights. Nothing in the law prohibited slavery, and Southerners had every right to resist a movement which was aimed to dispossess them forcibly of their property. The abolitionists, on the other hand, stuck at no obstacle, legal or otherwise; they did not hesitate to incite the slaves to insurrection; they made the cause of anti-slavery impossible in the South by advocating social equality and racial intermarriage for the liberated negroes; they gave the cause of Secession a vast impetus by raising and reiterating the cry, "No Union with Slavery." In short, they rendered impossible any settlement of the slavery question except a resort to arms.

The keynote of Abolitionism, sounded by Garrison in the first number of his newspaper, *The Liberator,* was this:

> I shall strenuously contend for the immediate enfranchisement of our slave population; I shall be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice on this subject. I do not wish to think or speak or write with moderation.

Years later, another American, wiser, more far-seeing, greater, — Abraham Lincoln—said:

> When our Southern brethren tell us they are no more responsible for slavery than we are, I acknowledge the fact. When it is said the institution exists and it is very difficult to get rid of it in any satisfactory way, I can understand and appreciate the saying. I will surely not blame them for not doing what I should not know how to do myself.

The question asked in *The Abolition Crusade and its Consequences,* asked in all fairness and moderation, is this: If, instead of the rancour and intolerance of the abolitionists, Lincoln's spirit of fair play and brotherliness had prevailed, would not slavery have disappeared just as surely as it has disappeared, and without the awful sacrifice of a million lives?

Arthur M. Chase.

IV

The Riverdale Hymn Book*

An inspiration of selection, without which the anthologist is as other men, would seem to have attended the editors of *The Riverdale Hymn Book* in drawing together some four hundred and fifty pieces so admirably adapted to the requirements of the modern service of worship. With nearly four hundred thousand hymns extant, and with stern typographical limits imposed for any practical book, the compiler's constructive skill calls for the accompaniment of a cheerful courage of omission. In any anthology the seeker is bound to miss some favourite or other, and it is sufficient praise of the present collection to say that the hymn lover will find in it an extraordinarily good proportion of hymns that have been canonised by admiration and use. While the groupings centre chiefly in the characteristic Actions of Faith, provision is made for special occasions; for the opening of the year, for harvest thanksgivings, for young people's services and for patriotic observances. The section for children includes Christina Rossetti's "The shepherds had an angel, the wise men had a star," and an excel-

*The Riverdale Hymn Book. Edited by Ira Seymour Dodd and Lindsay Bartholomew Longacre. New York: The Fleming H. Revell Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lent arrangement, based on a tune of Sir George Elvey's, of William Blake's "Little lamb, who made thee?" A place is found for Sir Henry Wotton's tonic lines, "How happy is he born and taught, that serveth not another's will." Amid national hymns, Kipling's "Recessional" appears to the air of the Pilgrim's Chorus in *Tannhäuser,* and this promises to make a good match.

As to the main body of the book, the range of the compositions is broad. This is as it should be, seeing that in hymnody the catholic width of religious aspiration is reflected more clearly than elsewhere. Modern Unitarians and Methodists, German mystics, poets of the Anglican traditions, Puritan psalmists and mediæval pietists blend their voices here, but whatever the period put under tribute the editors do not readily suffer the standard of lyric worthiness to lapse. The third century Greek, "O gladsome light," is given in Robert Bridges's translation. From the Latin we have, among several poems, St. Ambrose's "O splendour of God's glory bright," the Communion Rhyme of St. Thomas Aquinas, Peter Abelard's *"O quanta qualia"* and the well-loved hymns of Bernard of Clairvaux. It is satisfying to observe a tendency to restore some of the old metrical psalms and paraphrases with their strength and reverent dignity. The sixteenth century Thomas Sternhold's rendering of Psalm XVIII is an example, and it is printed much as the author wrote it, a paraphrase which in its time has suffered many things at the hands of the tinkers. To a tune from Daye's Psalter we have John Mason's hymn of heedfulness and awe, "How shall I sing that majesty, which angels do admire?" The same author is credited with the stanzas beginning, "My Lord, my Love was crucified." Francis Quarles's "Thou art my life," with an Orlando Gibbons accompaniment, is among the welcome surprises in *The Riverdale Hymn Book,* but if in such instances what was remote is brought near the collection as a whole is of what is familiar to churchmen of many creeds.

In the choice of tunes the editors have shown both independence and responsibility. The result is that very few, if any, settings would prove unsingable in an ordinary congregation. Mid-Victorian composers are often invoked, without being permitted to tyrannise the scene. Plainsong, German and other chorals, old psalmody and Welsh melodies are duly employed. Faber's hymn of the Cross is now for the first time interpreted by an exquisite melody from Beethoven, Op. 2, No. 2. An ideal medium for George Herbert's "King of glory, King of peace" is forthcoming in the Cambrian "Gwalchmai." As an alternative tune Dr. Joseph Parry's "Aberystwith" is assigned to Charles Wesley's "Jesus, lover of my soul." Although the editorial contribution of music is modestly limited the quality revealed in the tunes "Riverdale" and "Radiant Morn" fully warrants their presence in this book, which for its solid attractiveness deserves to achieve a cordial reception "in quires and places where they sing."

David Baines-Griffiths.

V

J. H. Fabre's "Social Life in the Insect World"*

On such a delightful title only, a book might travel further than across the water. But its material and manner are alike fascinating. Original research is here recorded, or narrated—since the record reads like a romance—in an original style. This is one of those books, scientifically precise yet playful, spicy, and imaginative, which it would seem impossible for any one but a Frenchman to produce, although Grant Allen nearly touched the secret—the book at once of a scientist, a social observer, a child, and a poet.

It presents the incredible histories of fourteen insects, the first of which is the cigale. So far from the cigale pleading starvation at the door of the ant (that terrible filibuster who devours the young of everybody with frantic greed!) the author says that the ant preys upon her from the cradle to the grave. Impudently she darts between the cigale's legs when with her delicate augur she has bored a well into the tender twig of

*Social Life in the Insect World. By J. H. Fabre. Translated from the French by Bernard Mial. New York: The Century Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a bush; coolly she drags the cigale's body away to her granary, when, after six weeks of intoxicated song, the sun shrivels it up. The strident unvaried cry we hear is but a feeble vibration upon a pair of interior cymbals—the air-chamber which re-enforces the sound being nearly one-half the total volume of the insect. Truly a real passion for song, says the author, when one empties one's chest and stomach to make room for a music-box! But there is no sign that their unending orgy is a lover's cantata. For one does not spend weeks calling a person who is at one's elbow, and never does a female rush into even the most ear-splitting orchestra. Indeed, it is likely that the cigale is quite deaf. Their song appears to be felt rather than heard by other members of the flock. The cymbals of the cigale, like the violin of the grasshopper and the bag-pipe of the tree-frog, seem to be vociferous avowals not of sex passion but of the joy of living—merely to feel themselves alive they vibrate. The experiences of centuries has taught the cigale nothing. She no sooner deposits her eggs in the chambers she has pierced for them in a twig, than a midge she could crush with her foot introduces into the same passage a disastrous egg, whose quicker-hatching grub will nourish itself on her prospective family. The peaceable giantess will not modify her instincts even to alleviate her maternal misfortunes. If the egg is fortunate enough to escape this just-born bandit, it hatches into a preliminary larva, which hangs like a tiny gymnast by its tail and sways in the air until it falls from its wrappings to the earth. If then it is again fortunate enough to fall on a very soft soil, which, with its still tender pick and talons, it can excavate at once, it has another chance of life. It burrows to such depths as will safeguard it from frost and sleeps till spring. Then, nourishing itself on roots, it begins its unending galleries leading one knows not whither; and after four years' hard labour underground it emerges once more for its six weeks' songful feasting in the sun.

The mantis is the tiger of the insect peoples. It has an appearance of graciousness and, instead of ferocious jaws opening like shears, a fine-pointed muzzle which seems made for billing and cooing. Its majestic attitude of prayer is but a hypocritical folding of its weapons against its thorax; let a victim come within reach, and prayer is at once abandoned. Its thigh is a double-edged saw, terminating in a strong hook as sharp as the finest needle and with a double and fluted blade. The deadly fore-limbs shoot out, and hook the victim, and drag it back to the saw-blades of the thighs. If the prey is very powerful, she terrorises it with a menacing and spectral pose. Yet this ferocious lady knows phenomenally the arts of peace. Her nest is a marvel of intricate construction, in which she has outstripped humanity in her knowledge of calorics.

As learned in matters of architecture, and a socialist besides, the wise bee becomes quite an imbecile in presence of its hereditary enemy, the philanthus. It pays no attention whatever to an insect for which ages of slaughter should have implanted in it an instinctive horror. Although better armed and more powerful, the bee, when attacked, uses her dagger only at random, and always without effect, against an assailant who for centuries on centuries has stabbed her to death by one identically directed thrust. If the one has learned from the prolonged exercise of attack, why not the other? The bee would seem to have merely the instinct it was created with, nothing more. The victorious philanthus now proceeds to manipulate the stomach of the dead bee until it is forced to disgorge the honey it contains. This she greedily devours, and drags the carcass to her nest to feed her coming larvæ. But though it is true that she is gluttonously fond of honey, she knows that if she left it in the body of the bee it would be fatal to her future household. How does she know that a food in which she herself delights is noxious to her young? Perhaps by the instinct which has taught the fertility of all insect-mothers to be commensurate with the gauntlet of extermination which the offspring will have to run.

The importance of the females in the insect world should hearten the suffra-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gette. Yet it is to be hoped their tactics in entirety will never be imitated. The ferocious lady mantis devours her timid husband almost before she can dispense with him, and proves a widow easily consoled. When the mating season is over, the lady of the Golden Scarabæus eviscerates the smaller male, who allows himself to be eaten without retaliating, as though an invincible repugnance prevents him from offering resistance. Even the vegetarians are not guiltless—they will devour as much of their now needless spouses as their appetites will allow; and even the cheerful cricket attacks the mate who lately wooed her with such impassioned serenades. The practice of post-matrimonial cannibalism is fairly common in insect life. Yet man may take courage, even with the prospect of the female of his species daily becoming more militant, if he will but be wary how he abdicates the duties of paternity. For it is just because there are none in insect society that the female quickly disposes of him. Though the mating-instinct is almost a frenzy, it terminates all domestic relations. In the serious business of laying eggs the father would only be in the way. Let him, then, be devoured or, at the most, pursue his flirtations elsewhere. Only the fathers of the tribes of dung-beetles are irreprochable: they assist the mothers in preparing the patrimony of their larvæ, and consequently remain unassailed. Nor can ladies point to insect-mothers with unlimited pride, for they, too, are totally without love for their offspring. Since in the case of the majority of insects education is unknown, once the eggs are deposited the mother is likewise indifferent. Even the marvellous nest of the mantis concerns her no longer when it is finished.

Algernon Tassin.

VI

JOHN MASEFIELD'S "THE EVERLASTING MERCY"*

Gifted with an extraordinary power of vivid phrasing, a keen understanding of all sorts and conditions of men, and a marked sympathy for the under-dogs and wild things of life, John Masefield has revealed himself as one of the most interesting figures in our contemporary letters. That he is a true poet of fine feeling and delicate perception has long been obvious, and *The Tragedy of Nan,* if nothing else, has shown his strong instinct for dramatic expression. This latter play, in fact, is one of the finest blends of poet and dramatist our stage to-day possesses. It is, therefore, natural that a new volume should arouse expectation. *The Everlasting Mercy,* which contains two long poems, fulfils our hopes.

The title poem, told in the first person, is a study in conversion, contrasting the form with the substance of true religious feeling. The story, briefly, narrates the experiences and reactions of one Saul Kane in his rise, via the "second birth" route, so intimately analysed by William James, from the dregs of depravity and drink to the security of the religious conviction that is emotional and not mental. There is no mincing of words in this; indeed, it is one of the frankest poems of which we know. Good round Anglo-Saxon, without the thin veil of latinised circumlocutions, struts across the page. No rules of niceties are observed; the author picks up the slang of the gutter and some of its stench; yet he can find a flower even there. As is usual with themes of this type, Mr. Masefield has made the vice more convincing than the virtue, and the scenes of the fist fight, the ensuing debauchery at the inn, stay with one. There is in this poem, too, an incident full of riotous comedy, where, drunk and reeling, yet full of the sure intuitions often lurking in alcohol, Saul rings the village fire-bell, and rushes stark naked through the startled town, telling the people what they really are. This leads to a fierce denunciation of professional religion as personified in the parson of the church, to whom this extract, which may serve as a fair example of the author's manner, is addressed:

> I don't believe in prayer nor Bible,
> They're lies all through, and you're a libel,—
> A libel on the devil's plan
> When first he miscreated man.

*The Everlasting Mercy. By John Masefield. New York: Macmillan and Company, 1912.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You mumble through a formal code,
To get which martyrs burned and glowed.
I look on martyrs as mistakes,
But still they burned for it at stakes;
Your only fire's the jolly fire,
Where you can guzzle port with Squire,
And back and praise his damned opinions
About his temporal dominions.
You let him give the man who digs,
A filthy hut unfit for pigs.
You teach the ground-down starving man,
That Squire's greed's Jehovah's plan.
You get his learning circumvented,
Lest it should make him discontented.
(Better a brutal, starving nation
Than men with thoughts above their station).
You let him neither read nor think,
You goad his wretched soul to drink;
And then to jail, the drunken boor;
O sad intemperance of the poor.
You starve his soul till it's rapscallion,
Then blame his flesh for being stallion.

The way to Saul's conversion to a truer understanding of religion is opened by a pretty little episode with a mother who fears what influence he may have on her child. He begins to see his sin as a contamination: surmise at his own uselessness in his present life becomes fact when in a beautiful passage he meets the Salvation Army girl. Then through taking himself to the calm of Nature, in a series of scenes which disclose a distinct Meredithian love of "Mother Earth" on the part of the author, Saul obtains what he calls "The Everlasting Mercy"—Christ. Though there are reminiscent touches of Meredith—"The green earth stirred," for example—and reflections of Ernest Dowson in phrasing, the poem is distinctly and uniquely the work and expression of one who understands without hesitation the surges of a distressed and questioning soul at odds with the things as they are, and finding complete harbourage in the first firm conviction that has flooded his life.

While *The Widow in the Bye Street* is full of the same frankness and vividness, it is more of a story, since its theme is better suited for plotting as such. Basically, it is a dirge on Fate. In this tragic poem there seems to be no escape from the inevitability of life. One suspects the author himself feels this by the white-hot phrases that flare through every scene. The widow ekes out a bare living sewing shrouds, and—

The dead were better dressed than that poor soul.

She wears her fingers raw that her only son, Jim, may grow to strength and manhood. After he has begun, through his own labour, to make her life easier, her persistent fear that some woman may steal him from her is realised. He learns his deepest lesson of women, as so many men, from the useless parasite of passion—and Jim has no background of experience to which he may retreat. He is swept into life with one glance, and, like the motif in *Tristan,* it is but a variation of the fate marked out for him.

All the tides triumph when the white moon fills.
Down in the race the topping waters shout,
The breakers shake the bases of the hills,
There is thundering where the streams go out,
And the wise shipman puts his ship about.
Seeing the gathering of these waters wan,
But what when love wakes the high tide in a man?

She is a common prostitute who throws him over for an old lover whom she has won back with Jim as pawn. Jim kills the man and pays the penalty on the scaffold: the mother is left alone. Life can be bitter to the very bone when one is poor, and woman, and alone. One feels, somehow, the mother should make his shroud: the poem is so brutal it seems to need just that final touch which the author has not given. In this also, marred occasionally by forced rhymes—as "nuisance" with "Susans"—Mr. Masefield has limned little pictures in a phrase; also one finds sustained subtle psychological delineation of the most compelling conviction. The claims of motherhood and all its sacrifice blown away by the cloying words of a stranger, the complete breakdown of the habit of living before the altered temperature of a sex madness, and the utter deterioration of a fine soul beneath the thwarting of an unrequited demand of the flesh, are intimately and keenly described. Mere interpretation, however, of the themes in this poem can but indicate the high lights of the author's treatment: a final quotation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

referring to the mother's reaction after her son's death may suggest something of the observation it contains:

Some of life's sad ones are too strong to die,
Grief doesn't kill them as it kills the weak,
Sorrow is not for those who sit and cry
Lapped in the love of turning t'other cheek,
But for the noble souls austere and bleak,
Who have had the bitter dose and drained the cup,
And wait for Death face fronted, standing up.

George Middleton.

VII

Samuel Merwin's "The Citadel"*

The Citadel is more the story of a political campaign than a novel and, one is tempted to say, more an exposition of "progressive" ideas than the story of anything. As one of the authors of *Calumet K*, Mr. Merwin ranks as a pioneer in the field of the business and political novel. In *The Citadel* he has pushed its development to such extremes that the writer of political editorials would be a more appropriate critic of the book than a literary reviewer. If the reader believes with John Garwood, the hero, that the Constitution of the United States is "this citadel of reaction and restraint," "an instrument devised to hold a people down forever," the novel will furnish him with fresh enthusiasm; if his politics chance to be quite the opposite, he will hardly find in the story itself sufficient to recompense him for what amounts to a prolonged stump speech to which he must listen without the privilege of interruption or protest.

The Citadel opens with an excellent picture of the consternation created in the Capitol at Washington by John Garwood's daring and radical speech against the Constitution; it closes with the prospect before him of spreading his doctrines by lectures and articles, incidentally earning a sufficient income to support himself and his wife. In the interval he has been driven from his seat in Congress by the power of allied wealth, has broken his engagement with one girl and married another in full sympathy with his ideas. It is the story of his campaign for the seat in Congress that is the real story of the book, and on it Mr. Merwin has expended his very considerable powers of creating verisimilitude. The episode of Garwood's engagement to Ethel Buchanan is remarkable chiefly for its bareness and insignificance, for the young reformer appears to have taken what old-fashioned persons used to describe as the most important step in a man's life with a thoughtlessness and an indifference singular in one so earnest. In his succeeding courtship of Margaret there is much real passion, which Mr. Merwin, in the effort to raise to a spiritual plane, succeeds in diluting with rather tiresome essays on the new economics. Such phrases as "sex-lure," "sex-attraction," "money-dependence on a man," "bourgeois scandal-mongering tongues," smack too strongly of the jargon of socialism not to strike a false note in this connection. There is no need of pseudo-scientific language to describe Margaret's awakening to the beauty and significance of human love, and its use only serves to emphasise the author's personal point of view.

This weakness, indeed, is apparent throughout the whole of *The Citadel*. Mr. Merwin is not so much a narrator as a controversialist. His whole story is based upon an assumption—which may or may not be true—and upon this foundation he proceeds to place one assumption after another—which also may or may not be true. One consequence is the persistent impression that John Garwood is battling with men of straw. The capitalists against whom he wages war are continually proclaimed to be men of supreme ability, yet they act continually with supreme stupidity, and this despite the power Mr. Merwin brings to individual scenes, his natural dialogue, and his evident knowledge of many phases of prevailing conditions. Unfortunately, instead of contenting himself with the task, well within his powers, of describing these conditions through the medium of fiction, he has insisted on tagging them with the causes assigned to them by his school of political thought. The same mental rigidity is apparent in the creation of the characters, in the conventional attack upon the conventions. The

*The Citadel. By Samuel Merwin. New York: The Century Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shrewd railroad attorney, the silk-hatted banker, the wealthy manufacturer, the great national boss, thinly disguised under the pseudonym of Mark Hadley, the vulgar local boss, the keen-witted, kind-hearted Socialistic cigarmaker—they are all capable members of a stock company that has become quite familiar to us in recent years.

Mr. Merwin has written of problems of the most vital importance, of problems on which the attention of the whole country is now centred, but he has written of them from his own standpoint alone. Like *The New Machiavelli, The Citadel* is primarily a novel of ideas, but the breadth of view that permits H. G. Wells to grasp many sides of many subjects, and the intellectual agility that enables him to express, if not to share in, diverse opinions are lacking in the latter work. In *The Citadel* Mr. Merwin is an orator, vigorous and effective in arousing enthusiasm but not persuasive. His audience will protest or applaud according to its previous beliefs; it will not be converted. And the merit of a novel should not be dependent upon the truth of political theories.

Edward Bedinger Mitchell.

VIII

Bettina Von Hutten's "Sharrow"*

Sharrow—rhyming with Yarrow, Harrow, and other names of venerable and hallowed associations—has the right English ring, yet it turns out to be merely the phonetic corruption—though doubtless its origin in this respect is by no means singular—of Charreau, the French patronymic of the family with whose later fortunes this story by the author of *Pam* is concerned. Its founder on English soil was a French noble who crossed the Channel with King John. Thereafter, his descendants, though loyal to the backbone, and following the royal standard in all other fights and forays, refused to participate in the French wars. They also refused elevation to a higher rank than their original barony, for their motto, *Ce que Charreau possède, Charreau garde,* they interpreted literally in every sense, moral as well as physical,—in the preservation of their spirit of rancorous resentment, as well as of their proud traditions and magnificent domain.

This helps us to understand how the old Baron Sharrow could carry his hatred of the girl who jilted him even unto the third generation; and, in order to prevent his grandnephew, who at that time was not even his heir, from marrying her granddaughter, could countenance a diabolical plot to work upon an inherited taste for brandy, and turn him into a drunkard. The Baron was himself a drunkard, and, we are informed, a sinister old man; though, to tell the truth, except in this one instance, and in his paternalistic resemblance to the Roi d'Yvetot, he seems to have been rather an arrant old sentimentalist, with gruff manners, thus reminding the reader of the harsh old grandfather in *Little Lord Fauntleroy,* to which, indeed, this book, in its early chapters, bears a certain resemblance. Even in the case of the plot, the responsibility really falls upon the shoulders of pretty Maggie Penrose, a young governess employed for Sandy Sharrow's little brother, Sid.

Sandy, red-haired and ugly, loves Sharrow, with all its associations, and for that reason, the Baron would gladly have had him for his true heir in place of the other Sandy, who is merely a "nice" English schoolboy cricketer. But he runs away with Maggie to Paris, when his downfall in the eyes of his fiancée, Viola Wymondham, is accomplished, and for nine years he "wallows." The worst of the wallowing comes after Sandy's discovery of the part Maggie has played in his disgrace, and his abandonment of her. It is perfectly clear where he would have gone straight to in the end, if he had not finally been found by the faithful old family retainer, Dingle, bearing the important announcement that, owing to the discovery of a marriage certificate which regularises the marriage of Sandy's great-grandfather, he is now the real heir to Sharrow. So Sandy walks to Rome to sober up, and finally returns to the side of his nonogenarian grandfather. It is characteristic of the family feeling that there is no talk of forgiveness on either side, but that both play

*Sharrow. By Bettina Von Hutten. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their difficult parts toward each other with perfect taste and breeding.

Sandy, of course, regards his life as ruined, although Viola has married another, and his love for her is gone. But, of course, this is not so. There are some other interesting complications after the death of the old Baron, due to Sid's marriage to a reptilian little Spanish pianist, Marie Paz Suarez, from Barcelona, where the least desirable Spaniards hail from. Sharrow comes near being obliged to accept a little Catalonian heir for its title and estates, but an impudent imposture is prevented, and—well, in short, Sandy's heart proving perfectly intact after all, he provides suitably on the last page for the perpetuation of the family name.

It is an interesting and very romantic story, rather complicated and long drawn out at times, and attempting to cover too much ground for complete coherence as an artistic piece of fiction. Many of the characters, too, as has been hinted, lack reality. They are apt to change their habits and their traits to meet the requirements of situations as they arise, until we sometimes rather doubt whether they really are either quite so good or quite so bad as they are painted. With the sentimentality of the author's mind and manner, there is mixed an unusual amount of plain speaking on sexual matters. In fact, the dénouement of the imposture episode is a rather risqué bit of writing. *Cleveland Palmer.*

IX

Leonard Merrick's "Whispers About Women"*

The confirmed reader of Leonard Merrick—and the number of such readers seems to be increasing steadily—very soon reaches the point where he can speedily follow a new tale back to its original influence; for really the literary influences which have moulded Mr. Merrick are very few. Nearly all of them are French, and those of them who are widely known are Maupassant and Murger. In fact Merrick may be considered as having, in his Tricotrin, his Pitou, and their comrades and light loves, come nearest among all later writers to the Schaunards, Marcels, Collines, and Rodolphes; the Mimis and Musettes, the spirit of exaggerated romance of the *Vie de Bohême.* For, somehow, all the short stories that leave the most lasting impression seem either to have been written out of the experiences of a very middle class Englishman with an extensive knowledge of barnstorming life in the provinces; or of an Englishman in Paris trying to rebuild and repeople the city as it first appealed to him in the books of Henry Murger. Of course, Murger's Bohemia was a highly coloured Bohemia, seen across a temperament, and so these Montmartre stories of Leonard Merrick ring fantastic and a little artificial.

This does not in the least imply that *Whispers About Women* is either uninteresting or unimportant. In his short stories, if not always in his novels, the man is a thorough workman. He has humour, fancy, a style—in short, the touch. And this touch is at its best in treating of the whimsical. When, as in *Lynch's Daughter,* he tries to treat materially of material things, he is a failure and a somewhat sordid failure. So long as he is content to carry reality into an unreal world, or unreality into a real world Leonard Merrick is a writer to be reckoned with seriously.

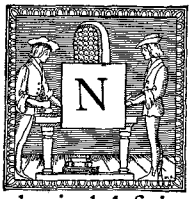
Andrew Wharton Nash.

*Whispers About Women. By Leonard Merrick. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PATHOLOGY IN FICTION AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



OT infrequently we hear some novel stigmatised as "too pathological," branded as unwholesome, abnormal, morbid, because the plot hinges upon the mental or physical deficiencies of one or more of its characters. In some cases, the reproach is merited, in others it is not; and the interesting question arises: is the element of disease a legitimate theme for fiction, and if so, is there any general principle that may be laid down to distinguish its legitimate use from its abuse?

The answer to the first of these inquiries is a good deal simpler than that to the second. If an author wishes to tell the truth about life, disease can no more be ignored than sin or sorrow or death itself. If only as a matter of contrasting light and shade, as the element which teaches us the value of good health, or reveals the beauty of a patient spirit in a tortured body, disease and pain must always find a place in novels of the first magnitude. But they must be structurally justified,—that is the crucial test. Malaria and typhoid germs often strike blindly and when least expected, in real life,—like lightning and earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. But that is no reason for killing off a superfluous wife or husband with some unforeseen germ disease, that is in no way a direct consequence of a deliberate act on the part of the victim. In *Daisy Miller,* Mr. James kills his heroine by Roman fever, but it is the consequence of her foolhardy obstinacy in visting the Colosseum by moonlight. Similarly, in *Mr. Isaacs,* it is jungle fever that causes the death of Miss Westonhough; but Mr. Crawford is careful to foreshadow the tragedy,—Isaacs is warned that he should not "take the yellow-haired lady into the tiger's jaws."

Perhaps a better way to get at the distinction between the proper and the improper use of disease in fiction is to demand that it shall be used very sparingly if it is not clearly either the cause or the consequence of character and temperament. A soul that year by year grows stronger and more patient and self-sacrificing, because of a bed-ridden body, is a pretty good excuse for inflicting the details of crippled limbs or a twisted spine upon the reader's attention; and similarly, the slow but pitiless ravages of gout, claiming a human body joint by joint, because the will power was too weak to resist a gluttonous appetite, is another good case of disease that is structurally justifiable. In all these cases, it is to be noted that the interest lies, not in the disease itself, but in its effect upon the victim, and less directly upon those whose lives are interwoven with his own. It is when a novelist makes the mistake of being interested in illness for its own sake, as a physician is interested, seeing the patient not as a man but simply as a "case," that his novel becomes pathological in the wrong sense, and ceases to be good art.

Secondly, there is no merit in rare, curious, recondite diseases, monstrous deformities, secret and nameless obsessions,—maladies of which our own experience furnishes no fragmentary flashes of memory to help us understand and sympathise. However minutely a writer might describe his hero's death from the sleeping sickness or the bubonic plague, he could never strike quite the same responsive chord that he might have set vibrating if the cause of death had been the same as in the case of your own Uncle Henry or Cousin Kate. Rare diseases, like rare vices, require too much effort of the imagination to visualise them. The commoner ailments, those that we have constantly before our notice, need no such effort, even though we personally never suffered from them. We do not need to have lost an arm, in order

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to imagine with painful vividness what it means to go through life with an empty sleeve. But although the dime museums occasionally show such monstrosities as three-legged men and two-headed children, no novelist has thought it worth his while to try to describe their inner psychology, for it would lie too far outside of normal human experience. Or, for the sake of one more example: a story dealing with an abnormal appetite, such as that of the Digger Indians or the clay eaters of the Southern States, would be not only pathological but futile. But on the other hand, a story of cannibalism, like Mr. Conrad's *Falk*, in which a shipwrecked sailor saves himself by feeding on human flesh, is not pathological, but normal and perfectly comprehensible, even though the comprehension has a shudder in it,—because the sailor in question was simply obeying one of the primeval and fundamental laws of life, the struggle for existence.

Accordingly, when any one tells you that a certain book is "pathological" do not condemn it unheard, but first ask yourself whether the disease or deformity or obsession is structurally necessary; whether, because of it, the author has been able to tell a stronger, better, more convincing story than if he had dealt only with sound minds in sound bodies. And if you are forced to answer in the affirmative, then the book is one to be commended, even if it is redolent of ether and iodoform.

"In Cotton Wool"

One of the very few contemporary novelists who are adepts in the art of making the absolutely right use of pathological conditions in fiction is Mr. W. B. Maxwell, who, for some curious reason, has not yet received anything approaching the recognition due to him in this country. In *The Rest Cure*, for instance,—to mention only one of a long series of novels of distinction,—he gave us a very remarkable study of an overworked business man, whose shattered nerves forced him to spend the closing years of his life in prolonged inaction and to indulge in the unwonted pastime of thinking instead of doing. And the result of this new feebleness of body and alertness of mind is gradually to make clear to the dying man certain happening of his past life that he never before understood, to roll aside the heavy curtain of blindness and misconception, and bring about a final explanation with the wife from whom he had long been estranged. And now Mr. Maxwell gives us another kindred study, but stronger and more vital, because less exceptional, less individual in its application. It is one of the greatest curses of modern civilisation, he says in a brief preface, that a man with a moderate but assured income can find others who, in exchange for his money, are willing to perform for him nearly all the duties of manhood, and thus, little by little, he wraps himself, as it were, in cotton wool, guarding his pampered self from all outward jars, quite blind to the fact that all that is best in him is being slowly atrophied, leaving only a worthless husk. Such is the central idea, and it is worked out with a merciless and incisive force, a vividness of detail that makes his picture refuse to be forgotten. At the opening of the story, we see an old man and a young one, the former in an invalid chair, making their way along the windy sea-front of a small English coast town. They are Mr. Calcraft and his son, Lenny,—the former frail, shrunken, almost at death's door, yet still the same hard, obstinate, cynical old tyrant that he always has been; the latter tall, broad-shouldered, the picture of young English health and courage and energy. Lenny's filial devotion, his unwearied patience under cutting sarcasm and querulous fault-finding, has passed into a legend. Every one wonders at the uncomplaining sacrifice he has made of all his ambitions, resigning his commission in the army, giving up all thought of a business or professional career, putting marriage aside as something not for him; in short, making himself the hourly drudge of an incurable invalid, who might pass away at a moment's warning, and then again might linger on for another score of years. It is only by slow degrees, a hint at a time, a sneer from his father, a shamefaced acknowledgment to his own conscience, that we grasp the truth about Lenny,—that his conduct is not noble, not generous and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

self-sacrificing, but simply due to his love of ease, his inborn and growing laziness. Without enough money for his immediate wants, without a sick father as an excuse for being idle, Lenny might have aroused himself, might even have gone to the Boer War and done some of the heroic deeds that he saw himself doing in imagination. But the excuse existed, everybody praised his conduct, and when at last his father died, when Lenny was on the brink of forty years, the harm had been done. He had so long reposed in cotton wool that he could not imagine what life would be without it. Now, there was a young woman, Alma Reed, whose heart had been Lenny's plaything for the past seven years. For his sake, she left home and lived the life of a bachelor girl in London, losing social caste in her native town, and holding herself ready to make any and every sacrifice that Lenny's selfishness might exact from her. Just what sacrifices he did exact, the author passes over with euphemistic vagueness. At all events, there is a rather vague understanding that when the father dies Lenny will marry Alma. But when the time comes and she gently tries to hold him to his promise, Lenny pleads his health as an excuse: the doctors have warned him, marriage is out of the question, he must go away, Alma must be reasonable; perhaps some time in the future, but not now, not for a long while. Puzzled, frightened, at last desperate and heart-broken, Alma grasps the truth: Lenny is too comfortable in his selfish bachelorhood, too rooted to his little solitary routine, to accept the intrusion that a wife would make. Yet when she has passed out of his life, when she has found, if not love at least peace and contentment with another man, Lenny wakes to the consciousness that he has missed something essential to him, and basely tries to lure her back. The unspeakable caddishness of his treatment of Alma, coupled with other craven acts, —first his promise to divide fairly with his two sisters the property his father intended them to share in but failed to secure by will, and his subsequent repudiation of that promise; and secondly, his offer of marriage to a charming and vivacious widow, his jilting of her on the eve of the wedding, and her subsequent suicide,—acts of this sort, tending to multiply as the years pass, little by little force us to recognise that a serious change has taken place in Lenny, that he is not merely eccentric but physically and mentally ill,—that he has pampered himself to the point where a tragic breaking down of reason seems imminent. And this, in fact, soon follows, and we have our last pitiful glimpse of Lenny in a private asylum, babbling inanely, a pitiful, foul-mouthed, senile wreck. If the book has a fault, it is that the purpose behind the story sticks out a bit too patently.

"The Forest on the Hill"

The Forest on the Hill, Eden Phillpotts's latest volume, offers a sharp contrast, as all of Mr. Phillpotts's books would do, because of the splendid sense of health and clean, normal virile strength that permeates them. The breath of outdoor life, the fragrance of growing things, the sense of nature's inexhaustible resources, exhales from every page of the volume, which, in spite of the tragedy of its specific human story, is full of fine, clean, tonic optimism. The story may be briefly told. Old Lot Snow, who never in his life has had his will successfully crossed, thinks that because he has secured his nephew Timothy a position as game-keeper, he has a right to dictate to him, decides that Timothy shall marry the champion coquette of the neighbourhood, Audrey Leaman, because this would unite two adjacent pieces of property. He ignores the fact that Timothy is already affianced to Drusilla Whyddon, a dreamy girl who shares Timothy's almost mystic understanding of the forest and the spirit of nature, and who seems intended by providence for his mate. But Timothy comes of the same indomitable stock as his uncle. So the latter, finding his nephew obdurate, appeals to Drusilla, and forces her to promise to break with Timothy, to save him from being disinherited. There is another man, John Redmond, whom Timothy's uncle hates, whom he drove out of his job as game-keeper, in order to give it to Timothy, and whom he still pursues vindictively, threatening to foreclose a mortgage and rob him of his one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

remaining hope, a small sheep farm. Timothy has done no intentional harm to Redmond, but he has unwittingly taken from him first his position and secondly his sweetheart, Drusilla. Such is the situation when, on a certain day after Drusilla has broken with Timothy, refusing to give her reason, he meets his uncle, quarrels violently with him and is overheard to utter threats. The uncle leaves him, and later meets Redmond in the heart of the woods, quarrels about the mortgage, and having goaded Redmond beyond endurance is struck down by the latter and killed. Timothy, later coming upon the body and ignorant of the murderer's identity, but realising that he is likely to be suspected, hides his dead uncle in an abandoned mine and flees to America. Many months afterward he returns home, to find that his rival has won Drusilla and married her. Uncle Lot's disappearance has all this time remained a mystery; but chance at last leads to the discovery of his hidden body, Timothy is arrested and, after a trial, the result of which is obvious from the beginning, is sentenced to be hanged. Hereupon Redmond, with the approval of his wife, who knows his secret, confesses himself as murderer and commits suicide. The volume closes with the last farewell between the widow and Timothy, who realise that too black a shadow lies between them for time ever to efface.

"The Penitent"

A wise Frenchman, who is well-nigh as sensitive to the influence of environment in his own country as Mr. Phillpotts is in Dartmoor, is René Bazin, two of whose novels happened to have been issued almost simultaneously this season in translation: namely, *The Penitent* and *The Children of Alsace*. *The Penitent* is an extremely simple story, and tragic as the stories of simple and primitive people are so apt to be. Its setting is Brittany; its principal actors are Jean Louarn, a sailor by breeding, who has turned farmer, laborious but unsuccessful; his pretty, young wife Donatienne, and three children, Noemie, Lucienne and Joël. The family are almost destitute when an unlooked-for bit of luck comes to them. Donatienne is summoned to Paris as wet-nurse to a wealthy family in the most fashionable quarter. Although her departure seems to solve their difficulties, the husband sees her go with a sinking heart; something seems to forewarn him of the truth,—that she will not come back, that she will succumb to the lure of Paris. It is not often that one runs across, in fiction, a more pathetic episode than Jean Louarn's wanderings through France with his three children after being evicted from his farm because the wife has failed to send the promised rent from Paris; and, helpless as only a peasant in a strange district can be helpless, he impotently seeks work, a crust of bread, a little timely charity for the helpless children who, one by one, fall ill. As to the conclusion of the story; the attempt to excuse the mother's heartlessness, to justify her flagrant infidelity, and to persuade us that she would have left a prosperous business in Paris and gone back after a lapse of eight years, not merely to the poverty from which she previously fled, but to act as nurse to a crippled husband who has had both legs crushed by an accident in a quarry,—all this is rank sentimentalism which well-nigh spoils what at the outset promised to be an exceptionally strong picture out of humble

"The Children of Alsace"

The second of the two books above referred to, *Les Oberlés*, translated under the title of *The Children of Alsace*, is a picture painted on a far broader canvas. It is a book which, in justice to the author, ought to have been given to us some years earlier, for it is one of the foundation stones of his reputation. Like all his work, it emphasises the influence of environment upon destiny; but it chooses a bigger, more dramatic setting,—perhaps the biggest setting which a Frenchman could choose. It chronicles the life history of a family living in Alsace, and divided against itself: the husband's sympathies all German, the wife's all French, the son in arms against his father, the brother against the sister. The specific story is too minutely developed, too complicated to lend itself to a brief epitome. It suffices to say that the book attained the dignity of a prose epic, presenting the tragedy of two races at war in time

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of peace and within the shelter of one family circle.

"The Goodly Fellowship"

The Goodly Fellowship, by Rachel Capen Schauffler, is a volume toward which the reviewer, without quite knowing why, is inclined to be indulgent. It narrates the experiences of a very rash and unconventional young American woman who, starting to encircle the globe quite alone, becomes stranded in a small Persian town, is shut in for the winter in a colony of American missionaries, and is well repaid for her folly by falling in love with one of their number and bestowing upon him her hand and her rather ample fortune. One cannot escape the conviction that this well-intentioned, yet rather clumsy story was written from first-hand knowledge of the scenes described. Yet how any person of average intelligence could cover several hundred white pages with black ink and produce a net result so colourless that it all might have happened in a setting of Rhode Island instead of Persia, is one of those mysteries which challenge the gods themselves to explain. The exasperating feature of it all is this: that the author is unmistakably writing in a foreign environment, and that she either cannot or will not show us what she sees.

"Views and Vagabonds"

Views and Vagabonds, by R. Macaulay, is a queer, elusive sort of book and unquestionably caviare to the general. The author has amused himself,—or perhaps he has certain underlying purposes so serious that we owe him an apology for the word "amuse"—by taking a number of harmless freaks out of various paths of life and bringing them into almost painfully incongruous associations. A certain Benjamin Bunter, who has every reason to believe himself the eldest son of a family of considerable social importance in London, becomes imbibed with socialistic notions during his last year in Cambridge, and upon graduation leaves home and settles himself as a blacksmith on the road between Cambridge and London. He really knows very little about life, but he is pathetically sure of just a few things: that every man ought to earn his living with his hands, and that he ought to marry the woman, who, within his circle of observation, works the hardest with hers. The net result, at first, of these theories, is that he makes the undeniably common young woman of his choice exceedingly unhappy. Her martyrdom at the hands of his fashionable London connections is rather painful reading. But when we get a little further on in the story and discover that Benjamin is actually a foundling of unknown parentage, and adopted out of charity, we realise that the author has all the time been saying, Class has always existed and it always will; and however much a man may delude himself, his true happiness lies in marrying within his own rank.

"Unclothed"

In conclusion, a few brief lines may be devoted to a novel which bears an extremely appropriate inscription, *Unclothed.* The author's name is Daniel Carson Goodman. There is something approaching an unwritten law that the novelist should not "talk shop"; in other words, that a novel should not concern itself primarily with authorship, with the struggle of an aspirant for literary fame to gain a hearing. The story entitled *Unclothed* is the story of a man's struggle to gain a footing in the New York magazine. Incidentally, it is also the story of his relations, more or less unashamed, with two women, one of whom is a help to him professionally, while the other is not. One suspects that this is a first novel. If this conjecture is correct, it may perhaps help the author to be told that, while the book itself is quite unimportant, it nevertheless shows certain qualities that promise rather well for the future.

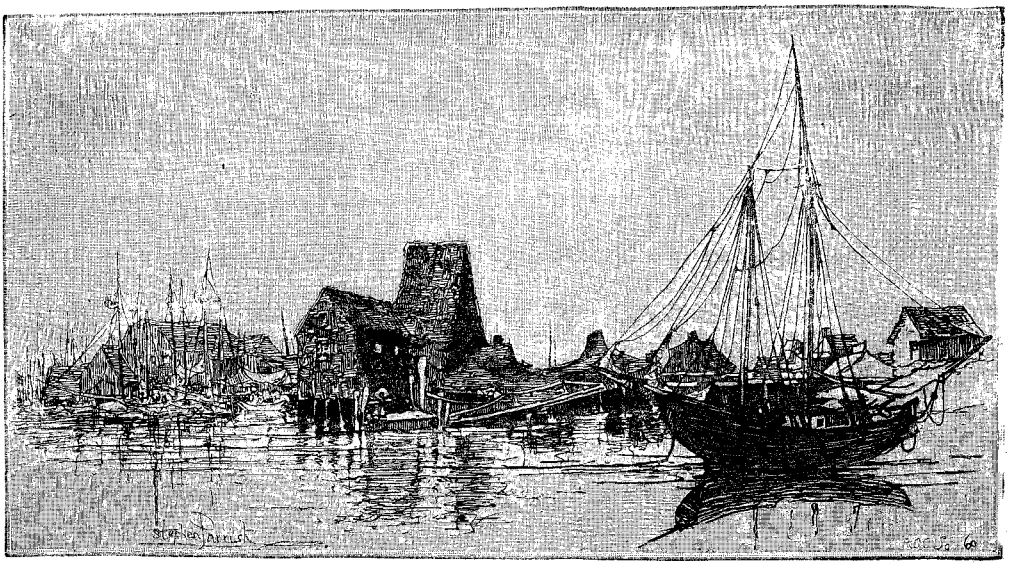
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PASSING OF THE WOOD ENGRAVER

BY WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

N a recent number of *Scribner's Magazine,* Mr. John Galsworthy drew a picture of "The Old Shoemaker," a fast disappearing type of a great industry which has been transformed by the complication of mechanical processes. In the same way might be drawn to-day the portrait of "The Old Wood Engraver," the story of whose rapid rise and fall in the field of American magazine illustration is surely as dramatic and as full of deep human interest as any of its kind ever written. Indeed, it is nearly unique in the history of great economic changes affecting the welfare and happiness of a whole class of trained workers and those dependent upon them. For the making of wood blocks has this important difference from the making of shoes, hats, or any other mere utilitarian commodities, that the former, at least in its higher branches, is fully entitled to be regarded as a fine art; and it is not often in the history of mankind that the spectacle has been presented of an art, *i.e.,* something that ministers to man's *pleasure,* suddenly snuffed out in mid course of its technical development and in its full vigour as a means of expression.

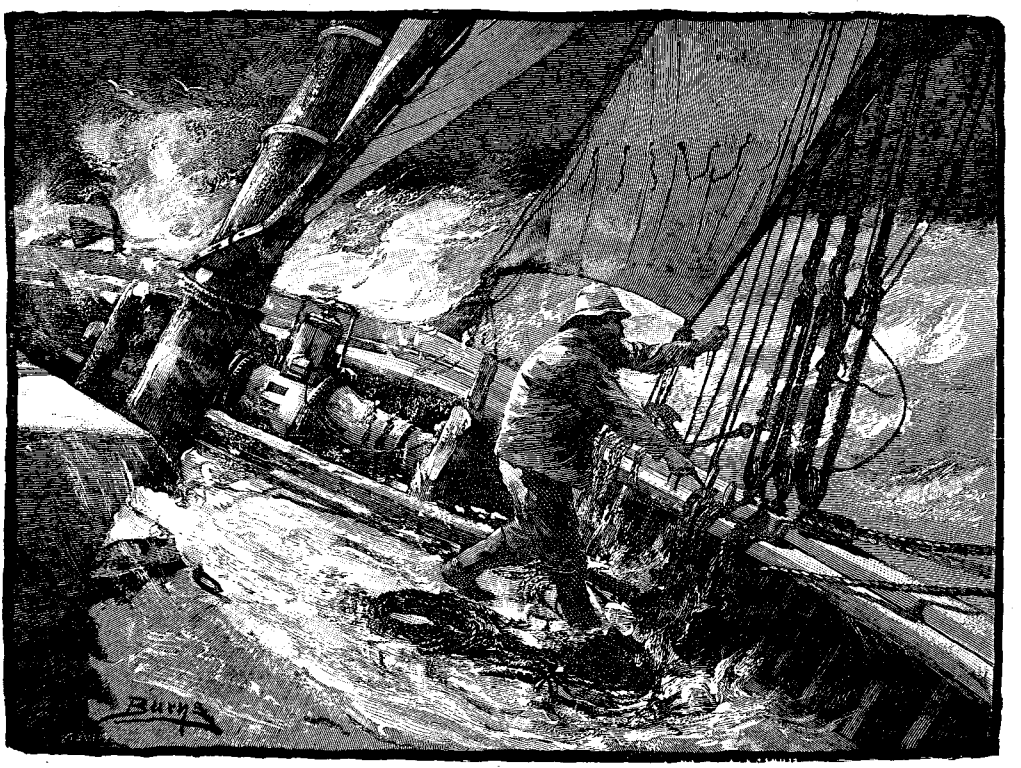
This is what happened to wood engraving here in America, and it is even possible to assign the precise moment of its disappearance. It is true, of course, that for some years before the arrival of this moment, wood engraving had suffered considerably through competition with the process block, and that the latter would have eventually forced it from the field because of the great saving in the cost of production effected. But under ordinary conditions this change would have taken time, and time would have offered opportunity for gradual readjustment to the engravers. As it was, the blow fell with startling unexpectedness. This fact will be strikingly illustrated by the story which one engraver told of his own personal experience. In 1893 he found himself



Copyright by the Century Company

"GLOUCESTER FERRY." ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS FROM AN ETCHING BY STEPHEN PARRISH

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Copyright by the Century Company

"STRUCK BY A SQUALL." BY M. G. BURNS. ENGRAVED BY JOHN W. EVANS

tired out by steady work for twelve and fourteen hours a day, and decided to visit the World's Fair at Chicago, for a vacation of three weeks. Before leaving, he called at the offices of two leading magazines for which he had been working steadily. At each a picture was offered to him for an important page block, which he refused because his plans had already been perfected, and he had taken his rooms in Chicago. He went away, and during his absence occurred the great panic of 1893. On his return he found his occupation practically gone. In the crisis of financial depression, the magazines, seeking ways in which to retrench, found only too excellent an opportunity in the sweeping substitution of the halftone for the wood engraving.

After this, only a few engravers found it possible to continue at their profession. Mr. Cole, who was in Europe at the time, was one of these. Mr. Henry Wolf was another. Wood engraving became a dainty *hors d'œuvre* for a few of the leading magazines, instead of the *pièce de resistance* as before. Mr. Frank French wrote some descriptive articles and illustrated them with engravings by himself from his own drawings, until even he, irony of ironies, succumbed to the halftone in the reproduction of his own work. School book work kept a few more men fairly busy; while one or two more, like Mr. W. G. Watt and Mr. Walter Aikman, found it possible to make blocks for small societies of art lovers, and for private subscription organised by themselves. By far the greatest number of the engravers were either forced to drop their graver's tools entirely and enter other occupations, or to utilise their technical skill and knowledge in the treatment of halftone plates for the press. Although some of the latter still do this work on an independent basis, dealing directly with the publishers as in the past, the majority are employed in the large photo-engraving houses. It is upon these, of course, that the change, which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Copyright by the Century Company

"THE LILY POND," ORIGINAL ENGRAVING BY FRANK FRENCH

has reduced them from the rank of recognised artists to the level of skilled workmen in the semi-servitude of industrialism, has fallen most heavily; and it is from among them that one would select, for purposes of dramatic contrast, the model for his portrait of "The Old Wood Engraver."

The writer knows more than one such, and he knows how their souls revolt as, working over their pad, day by day, on the common run of commercial work, they think of the old times when they walked freely into publishers' offices, worked on their blocks in the quiet of their own homes, and carried them carefully to be proved—"two 'Japs' and a dozen 'common' "—at Bauer's, the printing shop in Frankfort Street, which was the great rendezvous of engravers—in short, led the easy and independent lives of artists and men-about-town. And the writer knows them well enough, these old engravers, to feel sure that what they regret most is not their former affluence compared with the miserable pittance for which so many now work, and the long, dreary confinement of shop hours and mechanical routine, but the opportunity to practise the art which they love, and which is for them full of glorious traditions.

And they are glorious, for the school to which these men belonged—the "new school," as it is still called to distinguish it, in its methods and ideals, from the style of engraving which ruled prior to about 1870—played an important part in American art life during the latter decades of the nineteenth century; and if our magazines once achieved an international reputation for the excellence of their illustrations, it is in no small measure to the engravers, who did much to render such success possible, that the credit is due. But they, in turn, owed much to photography; for it was the use of the camera in placing the picture on the block that constituted the essential feature of the "new school." The effect of this innovation was twofold. In the first place, without *necessarily* placing any greater restriction on the engraver, it ensured a far greater degree of fidelity

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the original than when the picture was drawn directly upon the block by the artist. In the latter case, after the first proving, the picture totally disappeared, so that there was no check on the work of the engraver, between whom and the artist there consequently arose frequent hot disputes. On the other hand, when the picture was photographed on the wood, the original remained for purposes of comparison and correction, and the work of "retouching" became as important as the first engraving. The second effect was on the aim and ideal of the engraver. When the picture was drawn on the block, it was merely necessary to follow the indicated lines, so that the work was more or less mechanical. With the new method, however, and with the possibility which it presented of reproducing from any medium, there developed an ambition not merely to reproduce the original, but to indicate the precise medium in which it was executed. The more enterprising men began to study textures and ways of rendering them, and to attempt effects of tone and colour that the older engravers had never dreamed of approximating, and against which, led by W. J. Linton, they vigorously protested.

Of the abuses to which this new ideal led from the first, in encouraging servile imitation and over-refinement, it is not the place to speak here, though they were not without their influence upon the final fate of wood engraving. When the aim of the engraver became truth, not merely to the spirit of a picture, but to its very surface, so that every brushmark, as well as every speck and spot on the canvas was rendered with Chinese fidelity, then he was entering into dangerous competition with mechanical process work, from which he was sure to issue worsted in the long run. Yet even so, it is impossible to refuse admiration to the extraordinary virtuosity of even those engravers who were most completely controlled by a wrong conception of their art. And it was this virtuosity that not unnaturally first captured the attention of artists, editors, publishers, and the general public.

The "new school" is sometimes dated by engravers from 1871, when Mr. Timothy Cole came from Chicago after the great fire. The tradition is that Mr. A. W. Drake, himself an engraver, and then art editor of *Scribner's Monthly,* now the *Century Magazine,* placed one of Mr. Cole's proofs on the wall of his office to the bewilderment of those present, who were unable to determine whether it was an original pencil drawing or a lithograph. It looked like either rather than a wood engraving. But there were others who carried this imitation of textures even farther than Cole. Fred Juengling, a German, who is regarded by many engravers as the real founder of the "new school," created a sensation by his rendering of charcoal, and there are some amazing representations by him of bronze bas reliefs, which, in the dark sheen of the metal, and in the crisp strokes of the chisel, almost deceive the eye. As a technician, Juengling was an absolute anarchist. He threw off the yoke of the pure linear system, which was insufficiently elastic for his purposes, and used his tools with complete freedom to secure the desired effect. In varying measure, this individualism was characteristic of all the engravers of the "new school," which, besides Juengling and Cole, included, among its pioneers, Smithwick, A. Whitney, King, Evans, and Kingsley; while later it gathered in Wolf, Davis, J. W. Whitney, Closson, French, Kruell, Johnson, Davidson, Putnam, Tinkey, and many others. Wonderful feats were performed by these men. Etchings by Pennell, Parrish, and Bacher were reproduced so that they could be mistaken for nothing but etchings. Pastels by Whistler kept not only their delicacy of colouring, but their exquisite butterfly fragility. Famous paintings from the great galleries of the world, the possibility of whose reduction to any size was another of the practical advantages of the application of photography to wood engraving, began to appear in the magazines, thus giving a new function to popular periodical literature.

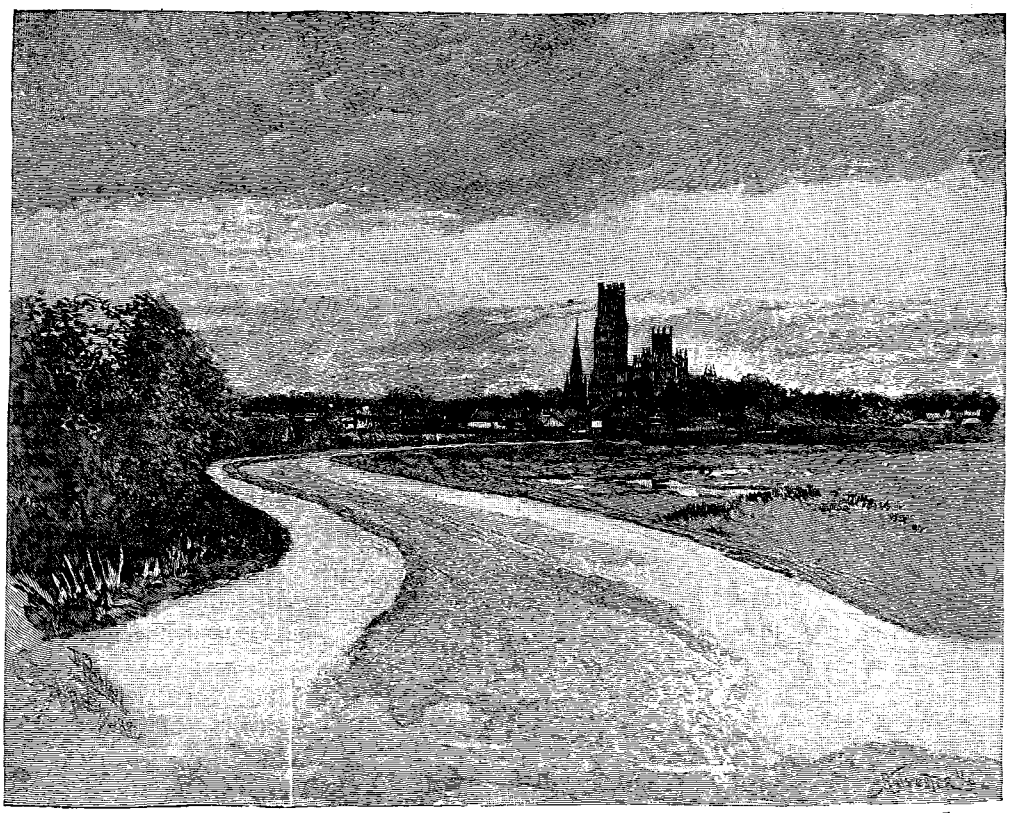
Even more important, however, in its far-reaching effects, was the influence of this movement on contemporary American art. Men who had gone abroad to study painting, and who had never

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Copyright by the Century Company

"BROADWAY AND FOURTEENTH STREET." BY ANDRE CASTAIGNE. ENGRAVED BY M. HARDIE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



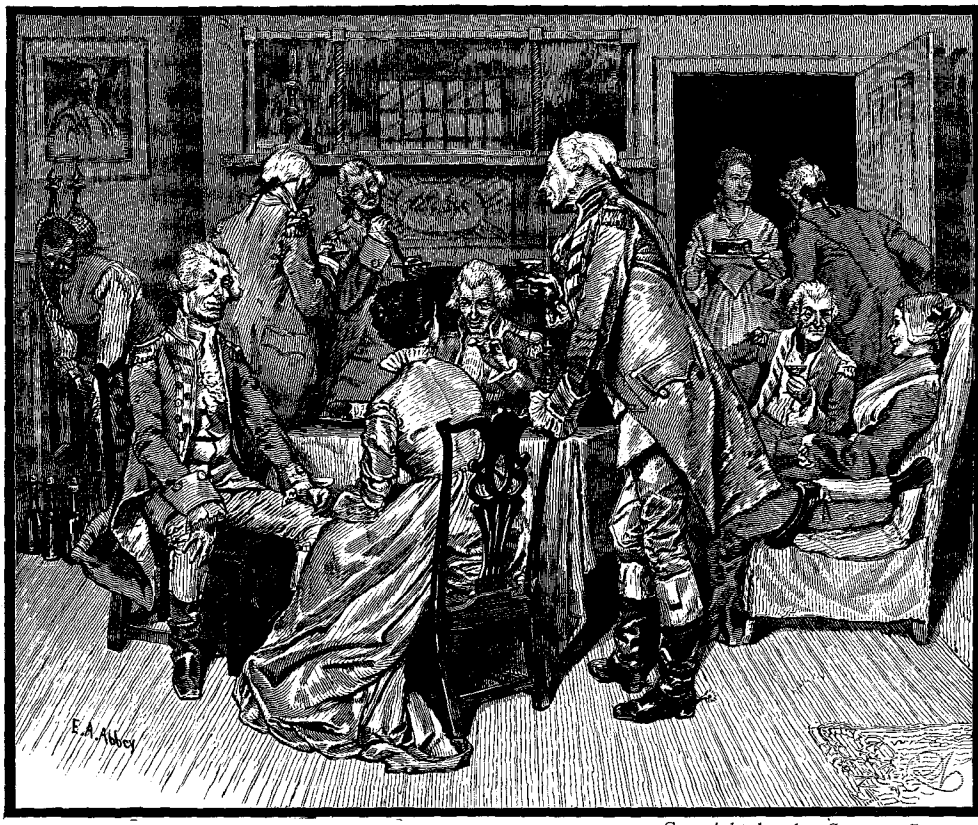
Copyright by the Century Company

"ELY CATHEDRAL." BY JOSEPH PENNELL. ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER

dreamed of entering the magazine field, began to permit the reproduction of their pictures and sketches. Then, delighted with the results, they undertook to draw for publication. Illustrative work took on a new dignity, and soon gained recruits among the younger men, many of whom, like Mr. E. A. Abbey, received their first training in the magazines. Sometimes single engravers became associated with the work of individual artists, as in the great ages of painting, and it would be interesting to trace these associations, which often led to pleasant personal intercourse and to friendship. Thus, for example, F. S. King engraved practically the whole painted work of Church; Elbridge Kingsley won the approval of George Inness in the reproduction of his landscape drawings; J. W. Evans became nearly the exclusive engraver of the two popular illustrators, Burns and Kelley, and F. H. Wellington, who died last year, again in harness, and one of the best of the surviving engravers, was a protégé of Pyle; though the work of that prolific producer, like the output of Remington, W. H. Gibson, Zogbaum, and a score of others, was too great in bulk to be executed by any one man.

Moreover, specialists were developed for different styles of work and of subject. Some men worked better in broad treatment, others in little finicking detail, and the blocks were assigned to the engravers with a view to this differentiation and diversity of talents. Indeed, two men would occasionally work together upon the same block, one doing the figures and the other the natural objects and the background, as in the case of the great two-page Remington pictures for *Harper's Weekly*, on which Attwood and Wellington sometimes collaborated. Such associations, which remind one of the school-work of the middle ages and renaissance, even matured into business

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



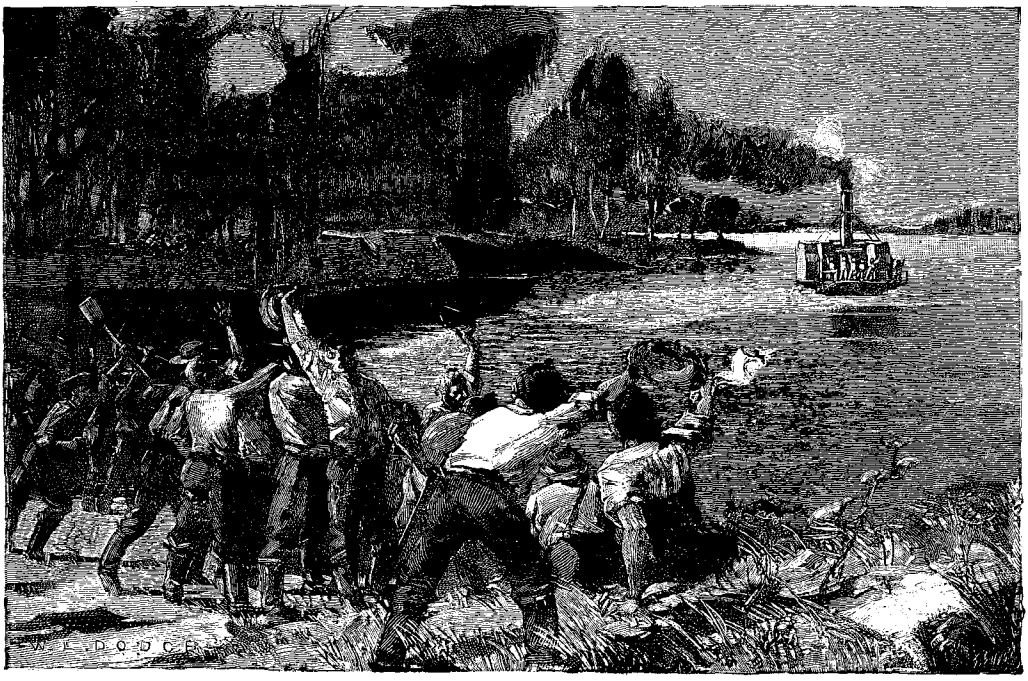
Copyright by the Century Company

"MRS. ROBERT MURRAY ENTERTAINING BRITISH OFFICERS WHILE PUTNAM ESCAPES." BY E. A. ABBEY. ENGRAVED BY DAVID NICHOLS

partnerships, though this was less common in the days of the "new school" than of the "old," when big engraving firms, like Andrews' in Boston, and Anthony's and Orr's in New York, supplied nearly all the engraved work for the magazines. But the "new school" produced one famous concern, that of Smithwick and French, which turned out many of the best of the younger engravers: Aikman, Wellington, Anderson, Witte, Merrill, and others. Smithwick eventually became head of the Harper art department, and continued his "shop" methods there, having a staff of engravers under him; but Mr. Drake, from the first, insisted on dealing directly with the individual engravers, and this attitude had an enormous influence in raising the status of the whole engraving profession to artistic rank.

Still, some of the older men took apprentices, and kept them working on blocks at home. Thus Willy Miller, another German, was the disciple of Juengling, as was also Chadwick; Peter Aitken of Cole; Northcote of Evans and Heineman—an excellent engraver who died last May and who was also the master of Mr. W. G. Watt. Like Heineman, many of these older men were foreigners by birth and training, and among them may be numbered Wolf, Schwarzburger, Bernstrom, and Clément. And there were several women engravers, Miss Caroline A. Powell, who recently made the frontispieces for the "Riverside Montaigne," probably deserving first place among these. A close bond of interest in their work held all together, and a number formed the "Society of American Wood Engravers," which, in 1887, published a "Portfolio of American Wood Engravings," Mr. W. M. Laffan furnishing the text. Collections of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Copyright by the Century Company

"ARRIVAL OF THE 'EDWARD EVERETT' AT SACRAMENTO." BY W. L. DODGE. ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY T. SHUSSLER

their work were sent abroad to Paris and Berlin, where they created a sensation and established a reputation for American wood engraving that was frequently attested thereafter by the award of medals to American engravers. In this country notice came later, and was aided by this European *réclame*. A travelling exhibition was sent across the continent, and lectures were delivered by Kingsley and others.

Meanwhile, the lot of the engraver was a pleasant one, and was not without its opportunity for adventure. After the publication of *Picturesque America*, a team of engravers was sent to Australia, under the leadership of Horace Baker, for a companion volume on that country. At home their life centred at Bauer's and the various publishing offices, where there were endless discussions on engraving, and many friendly criticisms were passed back and forth on each other's blocks as the proofs came from the press. There was one man, however, who would never listen to any criticism, and of whose irascibility, under fire, the engravers still tell stories to-day. This was the sturdy German, Gustav Kruell, the greatest of all the portrait engravers, who, if any one ventured a suggestion that his drawing was at fault, would cry: "It is just like I want it, just like I want it!" and who, in his outbursts of temper, would shout and jump up and down on the floor.

Like many of the other engravers, Kruell died poor. But in his case this was due partly to financial misfortunes after the *débâcle;* for he was thrifty, and saved a good share of his earnings. Engraving was a profitable profession, and it was possible to make much money. But the tendency was to spend it freely. Richard A. Muller received what is said to have been the record price of two hundred and fifty dollars for a three-quarter page block for *Harper's Magazine*. The average block for a full page brought from one hundred and twenty-five to three hundred dollars. Such a block could generally be executed in a fortnight, though there were those men, prodigies of skill and speed, who could turn out a block, under pressure, in less than twenty-four hours. Thus an en-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

graver could readily make as much as four thousand dollars a year, and would not have to work hard to do that, according to a veteran to whom the question was referred. "The only trouble was," he continued, "that money came too easily in those days. We would get a block to do, get paid for it, and then not work any more till we had spent the money."

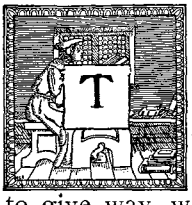
That was the way with the engravers in those good old carefree days, when the source of their wealth seemed inexhaustible, so long as they kept their eyesight, and their hand remained true. Comparatively few of them put anything substantial by. Those, more provident, who bought houses and reared families, were scarcely any better off when the crash came, unless they had something else to fall back upon, and they have remained more or less pinched in their circumstances ever since. It is a pity, for they are a superior class of men—easily recognised as a class by one who has met a number—quiet, reserved, studious, hard-working, and cultivated. Some paint as an avocation—indeed, several successful artists and illustrators have risen from their ranks,—and others have drifted into various professions and business enterprises. All, however, stay engravers at heart, and from time to time take out their tools and try them once more. For there is always the hope of some "revival of wood engraving" to buoy them up and spur them on, or, failing that, of some period of leisure in their lives, when they may be able "to do a little engraving for their own amusement."

THE ANTAGONISTS

BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON

Book I

CHAPTER X



THIS was the first and only rift in Dicky's love for his mother. But it was a long estrangement, lasting through six painful months, in which Christina, never seeming to give way, won him slowly back into her heart.

She had forbidden him ever to see Bertha Geddes again, and, though it was impossible for him to break this command, yet he kept burning the flame of his hysterical passion. They wrote to each other. Her letters came by arrangement with the first post in the morning. Dicky secured them from the postman before ever they had entered the house. The two pennies which he received in weekly pocket money were both spent now upon stamps and, locked away with his sketches, he kept the letters she wrote him. Every night when he went to bed he read them again and again. They were full of wise counsel, telling him how he might make his life. At her conclusion, when she always ended—yours in Christ—Dicky closed the letter up. There was something in that termination which disinclined him to read again. Yet for six months his opinion of her never altered, his anger with his mother remained the same. He did not try to bring himself to forgive her for what she had done, and with a patience that seemed almost inexhaustible, Christina waited, ever watching for that moment when he would let her take him back into her heart.

Almost every evening of those days she played the piano when he and Anne had gone to bed. A thousand other things she did which might have seemed to Dicky to have no relation with him, for when he came to kiss her in the morning and at night, she offered her cheek in no way as she used. But the

Copyright, by 1912, E. Temple Thurston.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

struggle within her to keep her arms from clinging round him was sometimes almost beyond her power of endurance. There were days when, in anticipation of that struggle, she would leave the room before Dicky could say good-night, or purposely be late for breakfast in order to avoid this heart-breaking ceremony. Never was any wooing so determined as hers. When a man desires the love of a woman, all reason takes flight and leaves him; but when a woman means to win a man, the power of cunning redoubles in her breast. A panther in pursuit of prey is not more stealthy in his movements, more patient or more watchful for the moment when he may spring.

"What is the matter with Dicky?" Mr. Furlong asked her one night when they were alone.

"Dicky?" said Christina; "he's in love."

Mr. Furlong laid down his book upon his lap and took off his spectacles.

"What nonsense you do talk sometimes, Christina," he said with irritation. "You want to make a man of that boy before he's in his teens."

"Do I?" she answered. "What a very little you do know about me. Why, I'd give all I know to keep him the little boy he was two years ago. A boy of nine has got all in him that a woman wants in a man. He's brave, he's true, he's got a code of honour all his own, from which scarcely any temptation can make him depart. He's chivalrous; he can love and, with it all, he knows nothing. Life—what's called life—has never touched him then. His mind is as clean as a flower. It's women like that men sometimes marry. It's men like that women would give their souls to marry, but never meet."

Mr. Furlong gazed at her in astonishment. Never had Christina spoken out her mind to him like this before. At first he was bewildered. He could find in himself no answer to oppose her statement; something in it rang more true than he was able to refute. After a moment's silence he returned to what she had said of Dicky.

"I suppose you know best what you mean by all that," said he. "I don't want to put you to the trouble of explaining it. But you can explain what you mean about Dicky. How can a boy who's not yet twelve be in love? Who's he in love with. Some little girl of his own age—Dorothy Leggatt, I suppose—or somebody like that?"

"No," she replied quietly, "nobody like that."

"Then who?"

"A woman of twenty-nine. A woman who, in only a few weeks, has killed all the childhood in him and made him the man you say I'm trying to make him, before he's got into his teens. Oh, can't you see it, Joseph? And if you only knew how it was hurting me! I'd give my whole soul to win Dicky back again; to make him what he was just two years ago."

Mr. Furlong left his chair and crossed to Christina's side. Whenever she spoke with that pain in her voice all emotion in him was roused. In this way he had been moved when she had spoken so bitterly of the forgiveness of Mrs. Leggatt; now again, he felt that perhaps he did not understand her as well as he might. He believed in the popular convention that no man really quite understands a woman, not grasping the fact that it is often because they are so concerned with the understanding of themselves.

He sat down on the arm of her chair and laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"Who do you mean, Christina?" he asked gently, "it's not a woman in Eckington, is it?"

"Do you mean to say you don't know, Joseph?"

"No—you don't mean Miss Geddes, do you?"

"Of course I mean her."

"But, my dear child—she's a woman of twenty-nine! Besides, she's a good woman. Look at her letter to me."

"Do you think because a woman mentions the name of Christ that she's good?" asked Christina.

"Oh, but I can't believe any woman being so great a hypocrite," he replied warmly. "There doesn't live such a woman. Besides, she's my sister-in-law by marriage."

Christina rose quietly from her chair.

"We must say nothing to Dicky,"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said she. "That would only make it worse. I'm afraid even now he writes to her. I saw him early the other morning from the bedroom window—he was talking to the postman."

"Well, ask the postman if he receives letters," suggested Mr. Furlong. "We shall know then quick enough."

"Yes, and then Dicky will know too. Please don't do that, Joseph. It would be terrible if he lost his faith in us. Promise me you won't do that. He's nearly lost his faith in me."

She recounted to him then their meeting at the station.

"He's never been the same to me since that day."

"What do you mean, Christina," said her husband, suddenly realising that Dicky had consciously adopted an attitude toward his mother and a critical attitude at that. Without knowing it, he felt it reflect upon the power of his own authority. "Do you mean to say that boy has the impudence to treta you with disrespect? I never heard of such impertinence. That boy wants a caning, and that's the first thing he shall have to-morrow morning from me."

Christina had been about to leave the room; now she came swiftly back. Her eyes were full of apprehension. This was a danger she had not thought to find.

"Oh, whatever you dŏ, don't do that!" she begged and her fingers clutched upon his arm. "He'll hate you, but it'll be nothing to the way he'll hate me!"

"Hate me!" exclaimed Mr. Furlong irately, "but I won't be hated by my children. It's the duty of a child to love his parents, not hate them. 'Honour thy father and mother.' I will be honoured, Christina, and so shall you."

Christina looked him straightly in the eyes.

"If you cane Dicky to-morrow morning," said she slowly, "I shall come and wrench the cane out of your hand and you'll never see me in this house again."

She left him with those words and went to her bed. Mr. Furlong stood in the middle of the room gazing at the closed door and wondering what the world had come to.

"A boy of eleven!" he muttered as he went back to his chair and, strive as he might, it was all beyond him. "A boy of eleven!" he repeated protestingly. But he could say no more than that.

Chapter XI

It was impossible that this should continue for long. It marvelled Christina that it should have lasted with Dicky as it did.

But next year's spring saw an end of it. Dicky's love for Bertha Geddes cooled. With a seeming malicious humour, Nature sometimes kills her highest emotion with the cheapest and most worldly weapon she can find. There came a day in April when the warm winds were blowing the shadows of the clouds over Bredon Hill; when in the meadows down the valley, the cuckoo-flowers were laying out their fairy carpet in the sun. Dicky wanted a new sketch-book then, and Anne's coffers were empty.

"Why don't you save up yourself?" said she, "you're always asking me for money."

"I want my money for something else," said Dicky.

"For what?" said Anne.

Dicky gave her no reply.

"You needn't tell me if you don't like," said she, "I know."

"Bet you don't," he answered quickly.

"Bet I do. It's to post your letters to that woman."

How did she know that? He seemed inevitably to be confronted with this strange way women had of knowing things. How had his mother known about Bertha Geddes? She must have known to take him away that day, as she did, on the platform—known without ever having seen Bertha Geddes before. For by this time he knew he had been doing wrong—knew with that animal instinct which has no power of reason. What sort of wrong it was, or why it should be so, he did not understand. It had never been entered in his category of sins; yet intuitively he know it should be there.

It was the first realisation of this which blew a cooling breath upon his infatuation. Shame is a great factor in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one's life when one is as young as Dicky. In the first heat of their separation, Dicky would have cried out his wrongs to the whole world. But as the months went by and he received those letters of good counsel wherein the name of Christ was so freely used, a sense of shame began to creep into his mind. The secrecy in writing those letters of his became more necessary than ever. He had been cunning before in order that he should not be prevented; now he was cunning lest he should be found out.

Love cannot prosper in such an atmosphere as this; and when the demand of a new sketch-book first brought cessation to the writing of his letters, the matter was ended then. Dicky was in love no more.

How Christina found it out, it would be almost impossible to say. An idle word from Anne, a sudden look from Dicky, and she knew all that was taking place. Morning after morning, she watched from her bedroom window down the road. The postman came up to the wicket gate alone. She learned that Dicky was only getting up and had not yet been out.

Then it had come at last, this hour for which so tenderly and so patiently she had been waiting. Dicky was free again, and she knew full well that Dicky could not do without love. For love is a food, the manna in this wilderness of ours; and once a human creature has tasted of it, none other can so well sustain him. Without his letters to write, without his letters to read, without the numberless thoughts of Bertha Geddes which for the past six months had filled his mind, Dicky was now disconsolate. He refused the companionship of Anne. He ignored the friendship of Wilfrid. It was the moment when Christina knew her chance had come, and with a sure hand took it in her grasp.

It was one afternoon, in the early part of May, when Christina saw Dicky set off alone with his sketch-book. By the wide-open window of the best parlour she had been playing the piano that morning—the most joyous of Chopin's Preludes. Every glad note of it was in her heart. The world seemed as young again as did the year. And as she had played, it suddenly was brought to her senses that all the birds in the garden were silent. She had lifted her hands from the keys. For an instant everything was still until they took up the burden of the music she had laid down. Her eyes and lips had turned to a sudden smile and—

"Oh, Dicky," she had whispered.

It was when she saw him start out alone in the afternoon that she went hastily to that watch tower, the window of her room, stood there until she knew in which direction he had gone, and then put on her hat and coat.

No one saw her depart. Mr. Furlong heard the snap of the catch on the wicket gate, but when he looked out of the mill, Christina was hidden behind the bushes of laurel already on the road to Bredon Hill.

She walked slowly, for it was not her wish to overtake him at once. She meant silently to come and sit beside him while he was painting one of his little pictures; those pictures of which he had never made a present to her, not since the day when he had picked the roses from the wall-paper in her room. The apple orchards were all in bloom, the may-trees massed with the pale green of a million breaking buds. Her step was light, her head high. You would have thought her a girl of twenty-one, had you come up behind her on the road.

She was less than twenty-one that day. No little maid going to meet her lover could have been lighter of heart than was Christina then. And when she saw the slight figure of Dicky on the hillside, her pulse stood still, then raced away, a canter in her breast. Like the little maid again who goes to meet her lover, trembling in the thought that that day perhaps she will be kissed, Christina's hand shook, and her breath came short and quick with the hasty beating of her heart.

She had made a wide detour to reach him, and for some moments had lost him from her sight. When she came within view of him again, she found he was quite close. Then she stood still. Dicky was lying flat upon his chest, his head in his hands, his shoulders shaking and, on the ground by his side, a few scattered pieces of paper were lying in idle confusion.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the sound of her sudden footsteps, he turned round and sat up. His eyes were red. The smearing lines of tears were on his cheeks. At the sight of him there alone upon that hillside, Christina thought her heart would burst.

"Dicky!" she said; "O, Dicky, are you as unhappy as all that?"

With a brave gulping he swallowed his tears. There was yet his pride to be broken down and it was with him strongly then.

"I'm not unhappy," he said; "how did you know I was here?"

"I saw you," Christina replied—"but you've been crying."

He pointed to the torn-up scraps of paper on the ground.

"It's no good my trying to paint," he complained with bitterness, "I do them worse every time."

Christina took that willingly as the reason of his tears. It was probable she knew the aching of his heart far better than he did himself.

"Put the pieces together," she whispered, "and let me see."

In fear lest she should do it for herself, he raked them together quickly in his hand and thrust them in the pocket of his coat.

"No—please not," he said, "it's so silly."

He was a difficult lover, this Dicky of hers. She wooed him first this way and then that. And all the time, when he thought she was not looking, his eyes would wander to her face. There would creep over him the longing to throw his arms about her neck. Christina was not ignorant of what was passing in his mind. Time and again she gave him the opportunity he sought; but like a timid colt in an open field, he kept shying at it, just when she thought she had won him to her heart.

Perhaps it made the struggle all the dearer to her heart, the conquest all the greater when it was won. For at last, in a beating silence, while they both looked out over the far country, his hand stole into hers as it lay upon her lap. Christina swallowed something in her throat. She could not have been certain whether it were laughter or whether it were tears. The next moment she knew, for his arms were tight about her. It was both.

Chapter XII

When Dicky was thirteen, Mr. Furlong sent him away to school in the north of England. Here a friend of Christina's was headmaster of the grammar school in the town, and certain reductions were made which enabled Dicky's father to meet the greater expense.

"You'll only have the mill when I die, Dicky," said Mr. Furlong. "All money that I save will come eventually to Anne, so you must make the best advantage you can of the education that I give you."

Dicky promised to do his best. He would have made a world of promises rather than continue at Leggatt's school. The thought of leaving Christina was certainly disturbing when it came to him; but in the desire to see new worlds, he put it from him as often as he could. There were times at night when, lying awake, listening to the sounds of the piano in the house below, Dicky realised how nothing in this life was gained without some loss to counterbalance it. In time to come he was to learn still yet a wider knowledge than this; he was to find that no success is won without some failure made; that when a man shall fail, he may be nearest to success. There would be no sound of a piano as he went to sleep at that school in the north. This was one of the things he must lose. But by degrees he made up his mind to that. Already he was entering that phase of stoicism when to be manly in everything is the heart's desire of a boy.

For a ransom he would not have shown to Anne or even to Christina the doubts that sometimes threatened all his joy at going away. Sometimes Mr. Furlong thought him callous, and Anne wondered, believing he had no heart. But for the few days before he left, Christina watched him narrowly, growing in jealousy of life until she knew. Then she comforted herself with that sorry counsel which bids a woman tell herself that hers is not the only heart left aching. She knew that Dicky felt his going. He had all the heart she needed for him and for herself. If he were brave, what

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could she be but proud? And so these two acted their little comedy of deception—Dicky for the sake of that vague and elusive virtue called manhood, Christina for the reason that most women are brave, in order that some man may keep up his heart to the last.

At last the day arrived for Dicky's departure. Christina drove him in the trap to the station at Pershore. It was the same trap, the same horse which, two years before, had sped one morning into Eckington. At the sound of the horse's hoofs upon the road, Christina remembered that morning, thinking how many changes had come to Dicky since then.

At the moment of parting from the mill, Dicky had held his head high. He had wanted merely to shake hands with his father. This is one amongst the first signs of manliness when a boy realises that between men, a shaking of the hands is all that is consistent, even with the greatest parting in life. But this had ruffled Mr. Furlong's sense of the fitness of things. He was not the man to understand so fine a point as this.

"Aren't you going to give me a kiss, Dicky?" he asked, but there was more command than question in his voice. He was thinking of what Christina had told him when Dicky was at enmity with her.

Dicky obeyed, but the blood was hot in his cheeks. Yet Mr. Furlong was satisfied. The principle of obedience meant a great deal to him. Even the feeling that Dicky was annoyed did not make bitter the kiss he had received. He had been obeyed. It was, however, that sensation of annoyance which helped Dicky through much of the trial of parting at the mill. He kissed Anne without flinching, though the tears were perilously near her eyes. Over Pilgrim in his barrel in the yard, he felt the wrench worst of all. Pilgrim was so sublimely unconscious of what was taking place. He believed that Dicky was going to take him out for a walk, and danced in such a wild exuberance of spirits that Dicky realised another pleasure in life which he was leaving behind him. There would be no more walks in the early morning with Pilgrim. He set his teeth and turned away, looked once round the yard with all its familiar sheds and corners, and then came back to where the trap was waiting in the road. He caught sight then of the new hat box, containing the tall silk hat which he would have to wear on Sundays, and, setting his teeth again, swore bravely beneath his breath that he would not cry.

This was all very well so long as he knew that Christina was still with him. It was when the trap had been spinning along the road for some distance, and not a word had passed between them, that it was suddenly borne in upon Dicky's mind how soon he would even be parted from her. Tears in a volume then had almost taken him unawares. He held very tight on to the handrail at his side and swallowed quickly, trying his utmost to think of other things.

The whole country-side as they passed was yielding to the warmth of summer. A luscious note was in the song of every bird, and all the trees were swollen in their pride of leaf. The river gurgled through the rushes, while, up and down the glittering water, the martins sped in rushing flights that swept them out of sight beyond the bend.

As they approached the old stone bridge at Eckington, Dicky sat up in his seat.

"There's old Wilfrid," he said, "waiting on the bridge."

"Who's that with him?" asked Christina.

"Oh—that silly little ass Dorothy, I suppose."

Despite the trouble in her heart, Christina smiled. There was something healthy in that brief summary of what Dorothy Leggatt was to him.

"Good-bye, Dicky!" Wilfrid called out as they went by; "write and tell us about the cricket."

"Course," Dicky shouted back. "You write too."

"You never said good-bye to Dorothy," said Christina.

Dicky looked back a moment over his shoulder. Dorothy was still standing on the bridge with Wilfrid, looking after them. The long strands of her dark brown hair were blowing out in moments as the wind caught it.

"She isn't a patch on Anne," he replied as he turned back again, and there-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in lay his answer to Christina's statement.

As they drew nearer and nearer to the station, Dicky became more and more uncomfortable in his seat; Christina's lips set to a thinner line.

"Can I get a funny paper?" he asked as they walked into the station. Until it was time for him to get into his carriage he was so restless that Christina had difficulty in keeping near him.

At last he stood up in the doorway of the carriage, while the last luggage was being thrown into the vans. He looked down at Christina below him.

"Will you write to me about everything, Dicky?" she asked.

He nodded his head.

"Write every week?" she added.

He nodded his head again. It would have been very dangerous to speak just then. His grey eyes were glittering suspiciously already; his lips were closed very tight. There was an unnatural pallor in his cheeks. After those few words of Christina's, they said no more but, whenever their eyes met, each looked quickly away. There came the moment when the doors of the carriages were being slammed. Christina put her foot on the step, raising herself on a level with Dicky's shoulder.

"Good-bye, Dicky," she said bravely.

"Good-bye," said he, and his voice cracked. The sound of it was unmistakable, but he looked at her with a wry smile, the last effort he could make, and—

"That must be my voice breaking," said he.

"Oh, Dicky!" she exclaimed. "How soon you'll be a man!"

It was just that sentence of hers which sustained him until the guard's whistle was blown and the train moved away from the platform. After that it was an easy thing to lean out of the window and cheerfully wave his hand to Christina all the while that hot tears were tumbling down his cheeks.

Chapter XIII

At that grammar school in the north Dicky began to learn the things which Circumstance builds to make the corners of life. He made few friends. For most of the boys there, he was far too old. Often he wondered what they would think of him if they knew all his secrets; how he had loved a woman of twenty-nine before any one of them were good enough for the first fifteen at football.

In those days he must have been very old, for he kept that secret to himself, when many another boy would have boasted of it. But one friendship there was he made which, at such an impressionable time as that, meant much to the moulding of his future. Mr. Hollom was the master of the upper fourth, a man more suited to the study than the schoolroom. Amidst a lot of boys, he was like a shepherd without his dog. Strive or storm as he might, he could not keep them in order. The moment he entered the room, he was at their mercy. Only in the constant fear of those sudden visits of the headmaster were they amenable at all to the studies that he set them. Once when the headmaster was away, they reduced him to tears.

He was a young man of twenty-three, made for a scholar, with ill-set shoulders, a stooping back, and spindle legs. He never played in their games on the football field. They made their judgment by that and, on this occasion, when no danger of a visit from the headmaster was imminent, they played with him as a cat plays with a mouse. Trap after trap they laid; trap after trap he fell into, and then a rippling tremor of laughter would quiver through the class. At length, when he upset an ink-pot which had been cunningly placed behind his elbow, the quiver of laughter became a shout.

With burning cheeks, and flinging back the long sleeves of his gown, Mr. Hollom jumped down from his desk.

"Who put that pot of ink at my elbow?" he cried.

The biggest boy in the class, the heaviest forward they had in the first fifteen, a boy who could never in his life have been so ingenious even with a pot of ink, rose at once to his feet.

"Plea-sir—I did, sir."

Before he knew what he did; before he considered its consequences, Mr. Hollom swung round his open hand across the boy's face and dropped him with a stinging cheek into his seat.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Through the whole class then there was a moment's hush. But instead of being satisfied with what he had done, the next instant the wretched man was a slave to its reaction. He stood there with white lips, his eyes nervously twitching, his breath coming fast. He gave no impression of control. There was no sense of deliberation in what he had done. In a moment there was not a boy there in that class who did not know it, who did not murmur approvingly when Butcher primus leaped up again to his feet with squared fists and a look within his eyes which some of them there had reason to know too well.

"If you want a fight, sir," said he, "we can have it here, or outside—whichever you like."

That had been the moment to repeat the blow; repeat it with calm and calculated deliberation. Instead, Mr. Hollom said that he was sorry, and when the class broke up for the hour of dinner, he remained behind seated in his chair.

Five minutes later Dicky came back quietly into the room and found him with his head in his hands, leaning forward dejectedly upon his desk. Instantly, though he had been among the worst of them, Dicky went up to his chair.

"Don't cry, sir," said he.

As though it were a sting from another of these hornets, the young master lifted his head, preparing to face them again.

"What do you mean, Furlong?" he demanded.

"I beg your pardon, sir; I thought you were crying."

"And you were as bad as any of them—weren't you?"

"Yes—sir."

He turned away.

"My God!" he muttered thoughtlessly; "they'll never keep me on after this!"

Then realising the words he had used, he turned quickly again to Dicky.

"I suppose you heard what I said then?" he asked.

"Yes—sir," said Dicky. "And I wouldn't stay to be cheeked by Butcher primus, if I were you."

Mr. Hollom smiled.

"Oh—wouldn't you?" said he; "what would you do?"

"I'd go to another school."

"With the reputation of being unable to keep order amongst boys? What school do you think would have me?"

"But you're awfully clever, sir."

Somehow or other the incongruity of talking to this little boy of thirteen did not make itself clear to Mr. Hollom. Without his knowing it, it was the same quality of understanding Dicky had once proved to Christina which was showing in him now. The fact of the matter was, it was good to speak to any one.

"Boys don't want to be clever," replied Mr. Hollom. "It's no good having brains. Brains won't teach boys. You want the fist of a prizefighter, and the nerves of a prizefighter too, to teach a pack of boys. The brains you can get for yourself out of a book."

"But I want to be clever, sir."

"Do you? What do you want to do?"

"Paint," said Dicky. "Pictures."

"What sort of pictures?"

Dicky shook his head.

"Don't know yet," said he.

"Do you learn drawing here?" asked Mr. Hollom.

"Only a rotten sort of free-hand," said Dicky.

"Well—I wouldn't despise it if I were you. It'll teach you little or nothing about shape, but it'll do what it purports to do—it'll give you a free-hand with a pencil."

Dicky looked thoughtful.

"I didn't know it meant that," said he, and in one moment had grasped the first principle of education. Many boys may do this, but few apply the knowledge they have gained. Dicky applied it. He wasted no more moments in the drawing classes when they came.

The next term Mr. Hollom invited him one day to his rooms to tea. Dicky's heart was big with importance when he went. He was shown drawings and sketches that Mr. Hollom had done. In all the gentler arts, he dabbled in a *dilettante* way; played the piano, acted on speech days and, late in the night, wrote stories which the London papers occasionally printed in their columns.

Dicky thought that he was the cleverest man he had ever met. His portraits of boys that he sometimes drew in school were wonderful. Dicky recognised them

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all. But it was in his landscapes in water-colour that Mr. Hollom liked himself. Mostly to him they represented long, peaceful hours in the sun, by the bank of some river or the rise of some hill, far from the penitentiary of school. When he had painted those pictures, he could look his God in Nature in the face. He liked them for that reason; he liked them, too, because when mounted and placed in little gold frames, he thought they looked rather well. He was not ashamed to put his initials to them and hang them on his walls. His landlady had the good taste to like them, too. She wished her daughter could paint like that, and had asked him one day to give her a picture. Concealing both pride and pleasure, he had promised that he would, but not even then had made up his mind which he could spare.

All these he showed to Dicky, saying: "Of course I never took lessons, so they're naturally very poor. One of these days we must go out together and see what we can do."

"Next Wednesday, sir," said Dicky, answering to the suggestion as the report of the pistol answers to the trigger that is pulled.

Mr. Hollom smiled. He was not quite so keen as that himself.

"Isn't there a football practice next Wednesday?"

"No, sir."

"Nothing at all?"

"No, sir."

"Very well, then," he agreed, "next Wednesday. You've got a box of water-colours, have you?"

"Yes, sir—my mother gave me it, birthday before last."

"And a sketch-book?"

"Yes, sir."

"And a stool?"

"I can sit on the grass, sir."

On Tuesday evening, Mr. Hollom looked out his paraphernalia, his leather satchel, his stool, his best sable brushes, and his expensive water-colour paper. The next day then they set out, telling each other all they knew about the history of nature as they walked. Mr. Hollom found that he had made a companion who interested him so much as to take him out of himself.

As soon as they had selected a place, they began to work at once. In less than half an hour Dicky had finished.

"I can't do any more, sir," he said, and he threw his book on to the grass by his side. "It's all started running—it's just a beastly mess, that's all."

Under great persuasion he showed it at last. The master took it, saying cheerfully:—

"Well now, let us see."

Then, for a time that seemed to Dicky interminable, he was silent.

"Why did you make those near trees there that funny grey?" he asked at length.

"They're willows, sir."

"Yes—yes—I know that—but why that colour? Willows are distinctly green."

"Not when the wind's blowing their leaves back," said Dicky at once.

"Yes—well—perhaps that is so. But they're only occasionally like that. You ought to paint them as willows, and therefore should paint them surely as you most often see them."

"But it's windy to-day, sir."

"Yes, I know—but you're not trying to paint the day—are you?"

"I was trying," said Dicky.

Mr. Hollom smiled.

"You might as well say," he suggested, "that you were trying to paint the wind."

"But I was, sir."

"You try and paint the wind?"

"Yes, sir—it's as much there as the willows—in fact, it's everywhere. The willows are only by the side of the river."

"Furlong," said Mr. Hollom suddenly—and then he stopped. He was about to say—"Furlong—one day you'll be a great painter."

"Yes, sir," said Dicky.

"Oh—nothing," said Mr. Hollom.

Chapter XIV

Whatever Destiny it was which shaped the ends of Dicky Furlong, it never faltered in its course. Some Destinies there are, shaping the ends of men, which seem at times to weary of their labour, casting aside their tools because the work is dull. Upon some men even it would seem that Destiny never laboured at all. She passes them by in the great counting and,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

like straws upon a stream, they drift in whatever direction the eddies carry them.

But the Destiny that shaped the soul of Dicky Furlong never rested. Who is there to say why Mr. Hollom that morning was reduced to the dejection of tears? Was it to be of that service to him, which only some far-seeing Providence could arrange? Or was it to be in the service of that young animal who, with squared fists, drew from him his pitiable apology? Yet the only seeming benefit it brought was to Dicky, who thereby made a friend.

That Wednesday afternoon was the first of many which Mr. Hollom employed in taking Dicky out to sketch. He never told him what he thought of his future. There was a vein of common sense in him, unusual in so young a man. To the headmaster, however, he ventured to speak his mind.

"Of course I may be quite wrong, sir," he said, "but it seems to me that one day he might do anything with his brush."

"Let me see one of his paintings," said Mr. Blaithwaite.

"You wouldn't gather anything from them," replied Mr. Hollom. "It's not so much the effects he gets, it's the effects he tries to get. They're mere daubs, of course. But I try my hand at it in a small way, and I shouldn't dream of attempting to paint what he does. The whole secret of art is expressing the moments of everlasting things. It's only in moments that things are everlasting. I asked him what something was that he showed me the other day, and he said: 'When the wind is blowing very high and there are a lot of clouds in the sky, their shadows keep racing across the meadows—' 'Well?' said I. 'Well,' he said, 'that was what I wanted to do—only it looks all wrong.' Movement, mind you—movement in shadows! Fancy a boy of his age trying to do that! Of course the result was ludicrous. But if he sees it like that, he'll get it. He's always trying to paint the wind as he calls it. And one of these days he'll do it."

"How old is he?" asked Mr. Blaithwaite.

"Just fourteen."

"His mother was a capable woman," said the headmaster; "played the piano beautifully when she was twelve."

He wrote home to Christina that night.

"Would you like your boy to be an artist?" he asked.

Christina wrote back as it were in a whisper, saying she would, but begging him not to mention it to her husband. The next vacation Mr. Hollom was asked to stay at the mill. Mr. Furlong was more than agreeable. The young man played chess and played it well. They sat long together in the evenings over the chess board. But Mr. Hollom seldom won. He was listening to Christina playing Beethoven.

"It's a funny thing," said Mr. Furlong one night, just after he had declared check-mate; "but I've noticed amongst chess-players, that when a man is a good musician too—they sometimes go together—he's generally a most vicious man. There was a young organist here at Pershore—young Allen—he was a good chess-player. You don't play the piano—do you?"

Mr. Hollom gave out his lie with a truthful face.

"Oh—no," said he.

"Neither do I," said Mr. Furlong, but then he spoke the truth.

Those evenings of Beethoven at Trafford Mill lived long in Mr. Hollom's memory. In the three weeks that he was there, he discovered a secret in his heart. He discovered that he loved Christina. What is more, she discovered it too.

They talked often and long together about Dicky. A secret there was already between them. Dicky's father must never know that one day he might be an artist. She firmly instilled into Mr. Hollom's mind that he must never tell Mr. Furlong that. Now a secret, even of so harmless a nature as this, is a fatal bond between any man and woman. It necessitates glances of understanding which are swift to be read to other things. Sometimes they would take long walks together, talking of Dicky all the while. In was in his appreciation of Dicky's future that his intelligence showed to the best advantage in Christina's eyes. She knew the value at that moment that he was to Dicky. Therein lay Christina's snare.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One evening, when Mr. Furlong was compelled to drive into Eckington to see a farmer about some corn that was to be delivered at the mill next day, she played Beethoven to him as usual. Really it was to Dicky lying upstairs in his bed that she played. But a man in love can lose sight of these things. He can confuse the real meaning of the smallest incident. Mr. Hollom lay back in a deep armchair, his thin legs stretched out straight in front of him and, with clasped hands and closed eyes, he listened to the last dying chords of the first movement of the Moonlight Sonata, believing that she played it for him. Then, as Christina came to the door, he knew he was in love.

He rose quickly to his feet as he saw her standing there. To a woman who, after some years of marriage, has forgotten them, they are always pleasing, such little attentions as these. She begged him not to move.

"Is that all you're going to play?" he asked, for he realised by then that he feared her near him in the room.

"Yes—that's all," said she; "I'm tired to-night. And that piano! It's rather sad—isn't it? I wonder if I'll ever have a really good one."

"In a few years," said Mr. Hollom, "Dicky'll be selling a big picture for some hundreds of pounds—then he'll give you one."

He prophesied the gift to Dicky; but in his heart he was longing that he might say: "Let me save up all my money and buy you one."

And as yet Christina had not guessed. Her eyes lit up with excitement at the thought of the prospect he had raised.

"Do you really think that'll ever be?" she asked. "Do you think he's going to be as great as that?"

"Of course it's all very speculative," said Mr. Hollom guardedly. "How can one possibly say? The things he says and does now are just those sort of things which are quoted of a man's childhood when he becomes great. He must become great for them to mean anything at all. They may mean nothing but a certain amount of precociousness."

"I suppose he is precocious," said Christina. "I've always known that. Ever since he was eleven."

They sat in silence then, and in the square hall outside the old Cromwellian clock that had been in Mr. Furlong's family past all memory ticked out its hollow moments in ironical contrast to Mr. Hollom's ears to those pregnant moments within himself. He felt as though every instant he must clasp Christina's hand in his. Nothing, had he known it, was more unlikely. He sat there quietly in the deep armchair, a slave to the doubt of what she would do, obedient also to a better impulse which keeps a man from stealing until his hunger be too great.

The sound of that clock outside in the hall, the sound of the silence there in the room, drove him at last to speak.

"Once upon a time," said he, "they thought I was going to be clever. I did well up at Oxford—wrote for their magazines—wrote for the Oxford papers. They printed an article of mine in the *Saturday Review*. I followed it up with another in the *Hibbert Journal*. I thought I was rousing the world then. I seemed to hear it echoing with what I'd done, resounding with all I was going to do. Now I'm a schoolmaster at a hundred and twenty pounds a year—completely, hopelessly unfit for my job."

"No!" interrupted Christina; "how can you say that? Look at all you've done for Dicky! You've encouraged him in his painting more than any one else in the world could possibly have done."

"Even if that were true," he replied, "and willingly I'll take it to my credit if you like—but what have I done for myself? Imagine what it is to be a man of twenty-five at the beginning of your career, as they like to call it, yet at one and the same time at the end of it. To see the years a thin, gaunt, failing line drifting away into nothingness."

He buried his face in his hands, just as he had done that day in the classroom when Dicky had come to his aid. So now Christina came. With an impetuous and a full heart she leaned toward him, and with her hands took his hands from his face. For some long moments they looked into each other's eyes, and then, before Christina knew—she knew.

As long as he dared, he bore it, realis-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing that this was the first and the last time he would feel the touch of her hand.

"Please take your hands away," he said at last.

Knowing, she took them away quickly—not knowing and in surprise, she asked him why.

"Because I love you," he said quietly. These he knew were his last moments in the house. A mood of desperation was with him then. It was going to be the one glorious moment in his life, this hearing himself say to Christina that he loved her.

"I know I have no right to say this," he went on quickly. "I'd only ask you to try and imagine that I have said it of some other woman—telling you about it as I would make a confidence. I know no other woman in the world I'd sooner make a confidence to than you. So I'm just telling you that I love a woman, and the mere telling of it is going to be the best moment I've ever lived. With all the knowledge of my failure, I love her. With all the dim hope of what for her sake I might still be able to do, I love her too. It means nothing to me that she belongs to some one else. Marriage is a property act, it protects the jewels we possess, the pictures and the books that we have bought. But it cannot prevent a man from standing outside the case in which that jewel is kept and loving that jewel as I love you—in all admiration, in all respect, in all devout obedience.

He rose slowly to his feet.

"Now I've told you," said he, "I can touch your hand again—if, of course, you'll shake hands with me. To-morrow morning I shall go. Good-night and good-bye. I shall look after Dicky at school. He brings you to me. I can't do too much for him to show my gratitude for that. Good-night."

The ticking of the clock became louder as he opened the door; it died away as he closed it again. Christina sat on in her chair, staring far through the wall before her.

Half an hour later, when Mr. Furlong came in, he found her still seated there.

"Not in bed yet?" said he.

She shook her head and rose to her feet. At the door she turned.

"Mr. Hollom says he has to go to-morrow," she said.

"Oh—I'm sorry for that. He's a good fellow."

"Yes," said Christina, "he is."

The stairs creaked under her as she walked up to her bedroom. She counted them one by one.

Chapter XV

Sorrow is a great master. No man truly learns the lesson of life without such a teacher as this. For though there is pain, as well there is gentleness, and when the day comes that time has healed, then Sorrow has taught, and a man may go out into the world with a new knowledge in his heart.

Dicky began his lesson at an early age. At the end of his fifth term, just as his heart was rising to the anticipation of his holidays at home, Christina wrote to say that she would not be at the Mill. A sister of hers—a worker, too, as she had been—was lying alone in some wretched lodging house in Dublin at the point of death. Christina had gone over the sea to nurse her. It was that going over the sea which made it seem so far away to Dicky. He came back to the Mill feeling that in her absence the real meaning of his holidays was gone.

Anne did her best to cheer him—Anne, growing now swiftly toward that moment when she was to put up her hair and be a girl no longer. But it was the consolation of Christina that he needed. At the end of that term he had failed miserably in a Cambridge local examination. The only subject in which he had passed was that of chemistry, a subject to which his inquisitive mind had quickly taken. In all classics and mathematics his papers had been beneath contempt.

His father had written sternly but justly to say that he saw no purpose in keeping him on at school.

"You are well over fifteen," he wrote. "At that age I left school with, I hope, a better equipment than you have now. Through Mr. Blaithwaite's kindness, I am not paying the full amount for your schooling and, therefore, since you are doing so badly, cannot in justice to him impose upon his kindness any longer."

It was that last sentence which burned

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into Dicky's mind. He tore the letter up. Whenever Mr. Blaithwaite's eyes rested on him, he felt the blood hurrying to his cheeks.

In such disgrace as this, the consolations of Anne, given with her whole heart, though sadly limited by her imagination, were of no avail at all. He needed Christina and, in her absence, was driven to the company of himself. For long hours of the day he would wander alone across the hills that overhang this valley of the Avon, watching the winter mists rise up from the river's edge like ghosts of the summer that had passed away.

In the midst of these days of depression came the disquieting news that Christina had caught typhoid fever and had been taken to the fever hospital in Dublin. Mr. Furlong was asked to come over at once.

Even in the short time in which he was preparing for his departure his face grew thin and pinched. His eyes fell into deep hollows and, from them, looked out in fear and apprehension. Dicky and Anne moved silently about the house, afraid to watch the things he did. And then he was gone. The house was more empty than ever. Certainly the common fear drew them closer together. They walked to the hills; they walked far across the country. But they had little to say.

"Should we have to see mother if she died?" asked Dicky once.

Anne shuddered.

"How can you talk like that, Dicky?" she exclaimed.

"I don't know," he replied. He did not know. He could not appreciate the meaning of what he said. He only knew that he could not bear it.

But in a few days there came better news. Christina was getting well. There was still some danger, but her improvement was constant. Dicky's heart rose up and, like a lark in early spring, tried with beating wings to lift above the surrounding mist.

They heard at last that she was approaching convalescence; had, in fact, been moved to a convalescent home, but was looking so fragile that they would scarcely know her. A date was mentioned when they might return. Upon that day, Dicky's mind swiftly fixed itself, seeing there once more the breaking of the sun.

Two days went by in silence, and then from Eckington on his red bicycle came a telegraph boy. He brought a telegram addressed to Anne, standing by while she read it, watching her face, for he knew the news it bore.

Christina had had a relapse. The danger was worse than it had been. Anne turned away with a sense of dread and went alone to her room. Dicky went down to the river, where for an hour he stared into the water. The tears were never farther from his eyes. They glittered like glass, but it was not with wetness. His mind was already steeling itself for his bitter enmity with God.

It was Anne at length who found him by the side of the river, and begged him in her common sense to come back home to their meal. They sat then down to table, eating little and in silence. Dicky made numberless pellets with his bread, building them one upon another in a pyramid on the table before him.

When the meal was cleared away they took the two big armchairs, with books upon their laps. Neither read a word from the printed page before them. And the clock in the hall ticked and ticked and ticked. At last the hammer rose and it struck the hour of nine.

Dicky sat up suddenly in his chair. His face was grey as ashes. The pupils of his eyes were large and black as coal.

"Anne," he said in a hoarse voice, "I'm sure mother's dead. I'm sure. I'm sure."

CHAPTER XVI

Dicky's vision had been a true one. Almost at that very hour the soul had quivered from Christina's body. She lay quite still in Mr. Furlong's arms, and when, with bowed head, he saw the nurse leave the room, he knew that he was alone.

The next morning the telegraph boy came once more to the mill. Anne took the yellow envelope, but could not open it. She turned away with it in her hand and the sickness at her heart overcame

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her. Dicky took it from her and tore the paper.

"I knew," said he strangely, and gave it back to Anne.

The telegram had contained an order for money, and ended with the words: "Get mourning and come to Dublin at once for funeral."

The sudden necessity for so long a journey was a salvation to Dicky and Anne. There was no time for thought, no time even for comprehension. They must go, and at once.

When the question of expenses was gone into, it was found that Mr. Furlong had not sent enough money. Only by travelling third class and steerage on the boat, by having no meal over the journey of sixteen hours, by buying nothing in the way of mourning, neither gloves, nor ribbons for Anne's black hat, only by this could they make the money just suffice to bring them to Dublin.

"We must do that then," said Dicky, who talked without tears as one who talks in a dream.

It was blowing almost a gale from the northwest when they reached Holyhead that night. The rain whipped and stung their cheeks as they both, with the cardboard boxes containing the few things they had brought, walked down from the train to the landing-stage. In the violent gusts of wind the flames of the lamps were blown to a blue light, whistling and hissing in the semi-darkness.

Neither Anne nor Dicky had ever been to sea before. The boat seemed like a great hotel. They could see the rich people entering the saloons, which were glittering with lights, and looked, to Dicky, like a glimpse he had obtained through the windows of one of the hotels in London. But these places were not for them. When they showed their tickets they were hustled into a fore part of the boat, the few bunks in which were already taken. The rest of the space below the deck was occupied with crates of fish yielding a strong odour. They were piled one upon the top of the other, leaving narrow passages to the companion-way up on deck.

Dicky clutched their cardboard boxes very tightly, for people in Eckington had warned them that they could never know whom they might meet on a long journey such as that. Soon there was a loud clattering as the gangways were cast off, a busy hurrying of feet upon the deck above them. At last the deep note of the siren vibrated through the ship, and a shudder passed through all the passengers at the thought of the night they had to face.

A man looking round about him for some one to speak to, saw Dicky's eyes in his direction and said, with chattering teeth, "It may not be bad over the other side."

"Are we off?" asked Dicky.

"We are indeed, sorr," said a sailor; "but shure 'tis only two hours and three-quarters—ye wouldn't be mindin' that. If we're up to time that's what we'll be doin' it in. But I'm afraid we'll be late. They say 'tis blowin' the best part of a gale off the Kish."

"I thought it was generally smoother that side," said the man with the chattering teeth.

"Well—it is and it isn't," replied the sailor ambiguously; "it dipinds on the wind."

He spat on his hands cheerfully and looked at Dicky.

"It dipinds on the number o' knots in the wind," he repeated. "Did ye ever hear o' knots in the wind before, sorr?" then he saw the look in Dicky's eyes as the first wave struck the bows and the ship lurched out into the night. He bent down to Dicky's ear.

"D'ye want to be sick?" he whispered.

"I'm not going to be sick," said Dicky bravely.

"Well, thin, go up on deck and I'll find ye a place close to the mast. Ye'll be sick down here as shure as water runs."

"I can't leave Anne," said Dicky.

"An' who's Anne?"

"My sister—she's over there—sitting on that box."

That was a night that lived forever in Dicky's memory. He knew all the time that Christina was dead, but either the knowledge had come too suddenly, or his surroundings were so strange, whichever it may have been, he could not bring his mind to think of it. This sudden facing of God in the wind, this roaring battle with the sea, occupied all his thoughts.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beyond the realisation of his surroundings, he was dazed.

There was no light in the sky; there was no light across the sea. They ploughed onwards through the everlasting darkness. When the waves had drenched him through, so that he felt the water trickling down his body inside his clothes, then Dicky began to believe that the world was a terrible place—a chaos of shrieking sounds. For the shrouds rattled like pistol shots against the mast above his head; the ventilation funnels screeched as the wind swung them round in its madness—the whole ship tossed and moaned like a woman in her agony, and Dicky wondered if it would ever end.

When they came in between the heads and reached the harbour of Kingstown, Dicky was a shadow of himself. His eyes were dull and sunken. A fit of shivering had caught him. His teeth ached and chattered in his head. He found Anne below, guarding the two cardboard boxes. She had been sorely ill, but now, in the smoother water was the better for it. When at last they found their carriage in the Dublin train, they sat close together under the flickering oil lamp, and then Anne, touching his coat, found out that Dicky was wet through.

"Oh, Dicky," she whispered, "I wish you weren't so wet."

"It doesn't matter," he replied. "Don't you worry—we'll soon be there."

With a tearing of brakes and a groaning of springs, the train at last came into the station at Dublin. Anne looked out of the carriage window for her father. He was standing there on the platform, a black figure with drawn cheeks and bloodshot eyes. She began to understand it all then.

As she stepped down from the carriage, he kissed her; in silence took her arm affectionately, and led her away. For the first moment for many hours, Dicky felt the hot blood in his face. There rose no pride in him then. He had been ignored, left behind and, with a trembling lip he followed silently behind them. He questioned his mind for no reason for this injustice. Whatever he had done could not allow of punishment—of such punishment—at a time like this. With all the strength of his being he cried out inwardly against God and his father then. This was more than he could bear.

Suddenly Mr. Furlong turned round. Anne had said something to him. He came back quickly to Dicky.

"My dear boy," he said—there were tears falling from his red eyes—"I didn't know—not till Anne said something about you. You see I only meant Anne to come, she was the eldest. I only sent enough money for her. She says yqu've had nothing to eat. Why didn't you speak? I should have seen you then."

Dicky did not explain why he had kept silent. It still remained. He had not been expected. In a vivid rush of his imagination he saw all his life an intrusion now that Christina was dead.

"I'm not hungry," was his reply.

"Hungry or not," said Mr. Furlong, "you must eat something." And in his voice, the quickness of Dicky's ear detected even then the note of authority.

But for the rest of that time in which they remained in Dublin, Mr. Furlong was gentle as a child to both of them. Taking Dicky aside from Anne as they walked to the Convalescent Home from which the funeral took place, he told him with quivering words of the last moments when Christina was alive.

"She had never been very religious, Dicky—not very. She was a true, good woman, but when she died, I think she knew—I think she knew the love of her Maker."

"Did she say anything—about me?" whispered Dicky.

"Yes," said Mr. Furlong, "her last words were——"

"Were what? Were what?"

"Just — Dicky — Dicky — Dicky — three times, like that."

The poor man's heart ached as he told them. He had known then; known how much more Dicky was in the world to her than any one else besides. He would eagerly have kept that secret to himself; but that night, upon his knees, he had prayed for help to reveal it, if revelation there were in the recounting of Christina's last words.

"It must be my duty to tell Dicky," he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said to himself. Once he was convinced of that, he followed his duty to the last. The only ease he found from the pain of it was when he considered that it was not necessarily his duty to tell it to Dicky before Anne. Anne need never know.

After a long silence as they walked together, Dicky summoned the courage to put at last the question that had been occupying all his mind since their arrival.

"Shall we have to see mother before she's buried?" he asked. The first thankfulness he felt for anything that day was when he heard that they would not. The coffin had been sealed. The light of day would never fall on his mother's face again.

When he first saw the coffin being lifted on to the hearse, his mind vibrated with imagination. In that he could not see with hs eyes, he had been saved the terror of death, yet that case of polished oak, with its gaudy brass fittings, made no obstacle to the vision of his mind. It was his mother's body only they were lifting on to the hearse. He saw her face, with eyes closed in sleep, as plainly as last he had seen it when awake.

Two wreaths of white flowers were laid upon the coffin. Dicky wondered what she would have said if she could have seen them; wondered if she would have cared that flowers should die with her.

At last they started from the Convalescent Home to the cemetery, the hearse, on the driving seat of which sat three men, followed by the single closed carriage in which Dicky sat with his father and Anne. They sat in silence. It reminded Dicky of the moments when they walked up the aisle in church to the Communion Table. He could not feel that it had anything to do with the loss of his mother. It was a strange ceremony that rather kept his mind from the thought of death. He felt no sympathy with it, as often he felt no sympathy with going to church.

As they drove back again in the carriage, Mr. Furlong leaned forward and took both their hands.

"My dear children," he said brokenly, "you've lost your mother. Nothing can ever repair that loss. But you've still got me, and I'll try and be mother and father to you both."

(To be continued.)

THE BOOK MART

BOOKS RECEIVED TO DATE

HISTORY, TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

The Central Committee on the United Study of Missions:
China's New Day: A Study of Events That Have Led to its Coming. By Isaac Taylor Headland, D.D.

The Century Company:
Changing America: Studies in Contemporary Society. By Edward Alsworth Ross, Ph.D., LL.D.

Small, Maynard and Company:
A Woman's Winter in South America. By Charlotte Cameron.
The Last Episode of the French Revolution: Being a History of Gracchus Babeuf and the Conspiracy of the Equals. By Ernest Belfort Bax.

Student Volunteer Movement:
The Chinese Revolution. By Arthur Judson Brown.

EDUCATION

A. S. Barnes Company:
The Handicraft Book, Comprising Methods of Teaching Cord and Raffia Constructive Work, Weaving, Basketry and Chair Caning in Graded Schools. By Anna L. Jessup and Annie E. Logue.

Government Printing Office:
Report of the Commission of Education for the Year Ended June 30, 1911. Volume I.

D. C. Heath and Company:
Selections from Chaucer, Including his Earlier and Later Verse and an Example of his Prose. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Clarence Griffin Child, Ph.D., L.H.D.

Longmans, Green and Company:
Studies in History, Economics and Public Law; Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University:
A Hoosier Village. By Newell Leroy Sims.
The Politics of Michigan. 1865-1878. By Harriette M. Dilla, Ph.D.
The United States Beet-Sugar Industry and the Tariff. By Roy G. Blakey.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Encyclopedist of the Dark Ages: Isadore of Seville. By Ernest Brehaut, Ph.D.

A. C. McClurg and Company:
Working One's Way Through College and University. A Guide to Paths and Opportunities to Earn an Education at American Colleges and Universities. By Calvin Dill Wilson.

FICTION

D. Appleton and Company:
The Price She Paid. By David Graham Phillips.
The Postmaster. By Joseph C. Lincoln.
In Cotton Wool. By W. B. Maxwell.
The Nameless Thing. By Melville Davisson Post.
The Charioteers. By Mary Tappan Wright.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:
The Minister of Police. By Henry Mountjoy.

Broadway Publishing Company:
The Sport of Kings. Racing Stories. By Mrs. John C. Clay.
Out of the Ruts. A Story for Girls and their Elders. By Julia Willis Kempshall.
The Mills of the Gods. By George P. Dillenback.

Cassell and Company:
Fox Farm. By Warwick Deeping.

The Century Company:
The Citadel: A Romance of Unrest. By Samuel Merwin.

The G. W. Dillingham Company:
The White Ghost of Disaster: The Chief Mate's Yarn. By Captain Mayn Clew Garnett.
Memory Corner. By Tom Gallon.
Kindling: A Story of To-day. From the Play of Charles Kenyon by Arthur Hornblow.

Dodd, Mead and Company:
Midnight at Mears House. A Detective Story. By Harrison Jewell Holt.

Doubleday, Page and Company:
A Son of the Sun. By Jack London.

Duffield and Company:
Cheap Turkey. By Ward Macauley.

Harper and Brothers:
From the South of France: The Roses of Monsieur Alphonse; The Poodle of Monsieur Gáillard; The Recrudescence of Madame Vic; Madame Jolicoeur's Cat; A Consolate Giantess. By Thomas A. Janvier.

The Jewish Publication Society of America:
Yiddish Tales. By Helena Frank.

Mitchell Kennerley:
Whispers About Women. By Leonard Merrick.

The John Lane Company:
No Surrender. By Constance Elizabeth Maud.
The Snake. By F. Inglis Powell.
Queen of the Guarded Mounts. By John Oxenham.
The Forest on the Hill. By Eden Phillpotts.
The Children of Alsace. (Les Oberlés.) By René Bazin.

J. B. Lippincott Company:
Fate Knocks at the Door. By Will Levington Comfort.

Little, Brown and Company:
My Demon Motor Boat. By George Fitch.
A Candidate for Truth. By J. D. Beresford.

McBride, Nast and Company:
The Lovers of Sanna. By Mary Stewart Cutting.

William Ricky and Company:
Downward: A "Slice of Life." By Maud Churton Braby.

Charles Scribner's Sons:
George Wendern Gave a Party. By John Inglis.

Small, Maynard and Company:
Unquenched Fire. By Alice Gerstenberg.
Toby. A Novel of Kentucky. By Credo Harris.
The Ten-Thousand-Dollar Arm, and Other Tales of the Big League. By Charles E. Van Loan.
Georgette. By Marion Hill.

Sturgis and Walton Company:
The Judgments of the Sea and Other Stories. By Ralph D. Paine.

The John C. Winston Company:
The Log House Club. By Robert Eggert.

JUVENILE

Doubleday, Page and Company:
The Ben Greet Shakespeare for Young Readers and Amateur Players:
The Merchant of Venice.
As You Like It.
Fairy Tales a Child Can Read and Act. Children's Classics in Dramatic Form. By Lillian Edith Nixon, M.A.

Harper and Brothers:
Harper's Boating Book for Boys: A Guide to Motor Boating, Sailing, Canoeing and Rowing. Consulting Editor Charles G. Davis.

Hurst and Company:
Molly Brown's Freshman Days. By Nell Speed.

The Macmillan Company:
In Those Days. A Story of Child Life Long Ago. By Ella B. Hallock.

MISCELLANEOUS

D. Appleton and Company:
The Initiative, Referendum and Recall. Edited by William Bennett Munro.

Broadway Publishing Company:
The Baldheaded Man. By Andrew Simpson.
Jesus Christ Science of Healing and Living: A Book of Remembrance. By Mary G. Borden.

Burnett Publishing Company:
Altar Fires Relighted. A Study from a Non-Partisan Standpoint of Movements and Tendencies at Work in the Religious Life of To-day. By Stephen Hasbrouck.

Central Publishing House:
Shadows and Realities. By Albert Gehring.

The Century Company:
Social Life in the Insect World. By J. H. Fabre. Translated by Bernard Miall.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Dodge Publishing Company:
The People's Books Series: Henry Bergson; The Philosophy of Change. By H. Wildon Carr.
Paul Elder and Company:
Modern English Books of Power. By George Hamlin Fitch.
Desmond FitzGerald:
Life's Response to Consciousness. By Miriam I. Wylie.
Forbes and Company:
Cutting it Out. How to Get on the Water-wagon and Stay There. By Samuel G. Blythe.
The Fun of Getting Thin: How to be Happy and Reduce the Waist Line. By Samuel G. Blythe.
False Modesty, That Protects Vice by Ignorance. By E. B. Lowry, M.D.
Funk and Wagnalls Company:
Economic and Moral Aspects of the Liquor Business, and the Rights and Responsibilities of the State in the Control Thereof. By Robert Bagnell.
The Griffith and Rowland Press:
Miscellanies. In Two Volumes. Volume I Chiefly Historical. Volume II Chiefly Theological. By Augustus Hopkins Strong, D.D., LL.D.
Harper and Brothers:
Socialism and the Great State: Essays in Construction. By H. G. Wells, Frances Evelyn Warwick, L. G. Chiozza Money, E. Ray Lankester, C. J. Bond, E. S. P. Haynes, Cecil Chesterton, Cicely Hamilton, Roger Fry, G. R. S. Taylor, Conrad Noel, Herbert Trench, Hugh P. Bowles.
The Greatest English Classic. A Study of the King James Version of the Bible and Its Influence on Life and Literature. By Cleland Boyd McAfee, D.D.
Great Religions of the World. By Herbert A. Giles, LL.D., T. W. Rhys Davids, LL.D., Ph.D., Oskar Mann, Sir A. C. Lyall, K.C.B., G.C.I.E., D. Menant, Sir Lepel Griffin, K.C.S.I., Frederic Harrison, E. Denison Ross, The Rev. M. Gaster, Ph.D., The Rev. Washington Gladden, D.D., LL.D., Cardinal Gibbons. (A New Edition with Introductions.)
Charles H. Kerr and Company:
Stories of the Great Railroads. By Charles Edward Russell.
J. B. Lippincott and Company:
Garden Design and Theory and Practice. By Madeline Agar.
A. N. Marquis and Company:
Who's Who in America. A Biographic Dictionary of Notable Living Men and Women of the United States. Volume VII, 1912-1913. Edited by Albert Nelson Marquis.
McBride, Nast and Company:
Making a Garden to Bloom this Year. By Grace Tabor.
Making the Grounds Attractive with Shrubbery. By Grace Tabor.
The New Century Press:
The A. P. A. Movement: A Sketch by Humphrey J. Desmond.
G. P. Putnam's Sons:
The Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature:
The Migration of Birds. By T. A. Coward.
Prehistoric Man. By W. L. H. Duckworth, M.A., M.D., Sc.D.
Earthworms and Their Allies. By Frank E. Beddard, M.A. (Oxon.), F.R.S., F.R.S.E.
The Natural History of Clay. By Alfred B. Searle.
Charles Scribner's Sons:
There are Crimes and Crimes: A Comedy. By August Strindberg. Translated from the Swedish with an Introduction by Edwin Björkman.
The Great Analysis: A Plea for a Rational World Order. With a Preface by Gilbert Murray. Anon.
Practical Dry-Fly Fishing. By Emlyn M. Gill.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of May and the 1st of June.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
4. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Chain of Evidence. Wells. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
6. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Recording Angel. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
4. Pleasures and Palaces. Tompkins. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Brute. Kummer. (Watt.) $1.25.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. Flower Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.
3. Land Birds. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.
4. Love and Marriage. Ellen Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys on the Wing. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. Rover Boys in the Air. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. Peter & Polly. Wilkinson. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
4. Woman's Part in Government. Allen. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Girls of Friendly Terrace. Smith. (Page.) $1.50
2. Greyfriar's Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.
3. Track's End. Carruth. (Harper.) $1.00

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
3. Pleasures and Palaces. Tompkins. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
2. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. Sharrow. von Hutten. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. A Chautauqua Boy in '61 and Afterward. Parker. (Small, Maynard.) $3.00.
4. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. Harper's Boating Book for Boys. Davis. (Harper.) $1.75.
3. Young Crusaders. Atwater. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
3. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
4. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.30.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Maid of the Whispering Hills. Roe. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
5. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. All the Children of all the People. Smith. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. In the Amazon Jungle. Lange. (Putnam.) $2.50.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Bantam. Corcoran. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. Yellow Star. Eastman. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. Grandma. Gould. (Penn. $1.00.

CINCINNATI, O.

FICTION

1. His Worldly Goods. Tuttle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. From the Car Behind. Ingram. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
5. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn per Acre on Worn Soil. Smith. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.
2. Boccaccio's Decameron. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.00.
3. George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) $5.00.
4. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Historic Series: Holland. (Jacobs.) $1.50.
3. Grimm's Fairy Tales. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

FICTION

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
4. The Brute. Kummer. (Watt.) $1.25.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Freshman Dorn. Quirk. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Heidi. Spyri. (Ginn.) 50 cents.
3. Just Patty. Wells. (Century Co.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

FICTION

1. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Religion Worth Having. Carver. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. Ads and Sales. Casson. (McClurg.) $2.00.
3. Why We May Believe in Life After Death. Jefferson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
4. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Terrible Meek. Kennedy. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
3. Man's Birthright. Brown. (FitzGerald.) $1.50.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUVENILES

1. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
2. The Young Continentals at Trenton. McIntyre. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. The Motor Boys on the Wing. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

DES MOINES, IOWA

FICTION

1. The Recording Angel. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
2. The Old Nest. Hughes. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
4. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
2. The Spell of the Rockies. Mills. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.35.
4. The Secret of Achievement. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. A Child's Garden of Verse. Stevenson. (McKay.) $1.25.
2. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Fate Knocks at the Door. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
2. The Brute. Kummer. (Watt.) $1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Prince and Betty. Wodehouse. (Watt.) $1.25.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. The Pigeon. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.
4. In the Amazon Jungle. Lange. (Putnam.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Alma of Hadley Hall. Breitenbach. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Rover Boys in the Air. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. Dave Porter on Cave Island. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Fate Knocks at the Door. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Counsel for the Defense. Scott. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. Flower of the North. Curwood. (Harper.) $1.30.
6. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Democracy. Lloyd. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn per Acre on Worn Soil. Smith. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.
4. The Quiet Courage. Appleton. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
2. The Boy Scouts of Birch Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. Boys' Book of Model Aeroplanes. Collins. (Century Co.) $1.20.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

FICTION

1. The Last Try. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
2. Fate Knocks at the Door. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. The Green Vase. Castle. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Recording Angel. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. Natural Taxation. Shearman. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
3. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Iliad for Boys and Girls. Church. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Odyssey for Boys and Girls. Church. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
3. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. The Actor Manager. Merrick. (Kennerley.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The Yosemite. Muir. (Century Co.) $2.40.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. Toby. Harris. (Small, Maynard.) $1.25.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
4. Fate Knocks at the Door. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
5. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.30.
6. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
3. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
5. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. Pleasures and Palaces. Tompkins. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. Her Weight in Gold. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.00.
4. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Hero and the Man. Morton. (McClurg.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
2. The Sixth Sense. Brent. (Huebsch.) 50 cents.
3. The House of Harper. Harper. (Harper.) $3.00.
4. Love and Ethics. Key. (Huebsch.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Thompson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
3. The Airship Boys Series. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
3. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Jonathan Papers. Woodbridge. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. A Beginner's Star Book. McKready. (Putnam.) $2.50.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JUVENILES

1. Greyfriar's Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
4. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
5. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Miracle of Right Thought. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.
2. The Pigeon. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.
3. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. The Motor Boys on the Wing. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
4. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. When Tragedy Grins. White. (Watt.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Road to Joy. Willcox. (Harper.) 50 cents.
2. Kingdom Builders. Snope. (Bill.) 75 cents.
3. The American Government. Haskin. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
4. Lee the American. Bradford. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Andersen's Fairy Tales. (Dodge.) $1.50.
2. Indian Tales. Kipling. (Caldwell.) $2.00.
3. The Boys' Book of Warships. Howden. (Stokes.) $2.00.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Captain Martha Mary. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. The Testing Fire. Corkey. (Fly.) $1.25.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Billy Whiskers. Montgomery. (Saalfield.) $1.00.
2. The Motor Boys. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Aunt Sarah's Nieces. Van Dyne. (Reilly & Britton.) 60 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
4. The Beginning of Quakerism. Braithwaite. (Macmillan.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Banner Boy Scouts. Warren. (Cupples & Leon.) $1.00.
2. The Six Little Pennypackers. Swett. (Dana Estes.) 75 cents.
3. Peter Pansy. Warren. (McKay.) 50 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
6. The Touchstone of Fortune. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. In the Amazon Jungle. Lange. (Putnam.) $2.50.
2. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
4. George the Third and Charles Fox. Trevelyan. (Longmans.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Brute. Kummer. (Watt.) $1.25.
4. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Corporation Accounting and Auditing. Keister. (Burrows.) $4.00.
2. Sexology. Walling. (Puritan Co.) $2.00.
3. Automobile Education. Homans. (Audel.) $2.00.
4. Lee the American. Bradford. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys on the Wing. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. Dave Porter on Cave Island. Stratemeyer. (Lothrup, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
3. Young Alaskans on the Trail. Hough. (Harper.) $1.25.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. The Recording Angel. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
5. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.30.
6. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, MAINE

FICTION

1. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
2. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Midnight at Mears House. Holt. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The American Government. Haskins. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
3. The Adventure of Life. Grenfell. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, OREGON

FICTION

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. The Case of Richard Meynell. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.
5. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. Chanticler. Rostand. (Duffield.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Land We Live in. Price. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.
2. Peter and Polly. Wilkinson. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. The Wisconsin Idea. McCarthy. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Key to Trees. Collins & Preston. (Holt.) $1.35.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs Merrill.) $1.00.
2. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Toby. Harris. (Small, Maynard.) $1.25.
4. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
5. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. Spanish Gold. Birmingham. (Doran.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Alcott Books. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2. The Border Watch. Altsheler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Classroom and Campus. Eldred. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
3. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
4. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. Unclothed. Goodman. (Kennerley.) $1.20.
6. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. The Everlasting Mercy. Masefield. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. The Heart of Life. De Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Pigeon. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.
2. The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 40 cents.
2. The Submarine Boys Series. Durham. (Altemus.) 50 cents.
3. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
4. The L. T. Mead Series. Mead. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 50 cents.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. Why Should We Change Our Form of Government? Butler. (Scribner.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Battle of Baseball. Claudy. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Classroom and Campus. Eldred. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.50.
3. Mother West Wind's Children. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) $3.75.
2. Modern English Books of Power. Fitch. (Elder.) $1.50.
3. A California Troubadour. Urmy. (Robertson.) $2.00.
4. Do They Really Respect Us? Graham. (Robertson.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. The Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
3. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. Buttered Side Down. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. The American Government. Haskins. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
4. The Yosemite. Muir. (Century Co.) $2.40.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
2. Boy Scouts' Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. Track's End. Carruth. (Harper.) $1.00.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. A Weaver of Dreams. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

FICTION

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA.

FICTION

1. Tante. Sedgwick. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Briggs.) $1.50
3. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Langton.) $1.50.
5. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Briggs.) $1.35.
6. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Copp, Clark.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton. Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
4. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
5. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. Miss Minerva and Wm. Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. Three Wonderlands of the American West. Murphy. (Page.) $3.00.
4. Butterfly and Moth Book. Robertson-Miller. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Tale of Timmy Tiptoes. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Peter Pan Picture Book. Woodward and O'Connor. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. The Boy Scout Series. Payson. (Hurst & Co.) 50 cents.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Motor Boys on the Wing. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. The Rover Boys in the Air. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. Dave Porter on Cave Island. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	158
2. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25	134
3. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40	127
4. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35	113
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00	109
6. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00	91

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED